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HIGH STREET, GUILDFORD:
FROM A WATER-COLOUR
DRAWING BY A. H. POWELL.



GUILDFORD FROM ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.

SKETCH BY A. H. POWELL.

GUILDFORD: ITS ARCHITECTURE
AND BEAUTY: WRITTEN
AND ILLUSTRATED BY A. H.
POWELL.

AMONG the lesser towns of England, few, probably, can boast of more beauty—of ancient architecture and position—than this county town of Surrey.

Of the many streams that join the Thames before it reaches London, there are two coming from the south, that traverse, at points some twelve miles apart, the range of the North Downs. One is the Mole at Dorking, the other is the Wey. In the narrow cutting formed by the latter, and spreading to the north and east, lies the town of Guildford.

The river here is not above twenty yards wide, but generally of a good depth, and with steep banks below the water. Pope called it the "chalky Wey," but since his day its tone has deepened and the description become barely sufficient. In fact, the Wey is, at Guildford, a muddy-looking river—sometimes worse, sometimes only dark, but never clear like the Thames. Nevertheless, fish abound in it, to judge from the number of votaries that wait upon its banks.

The sources of the stream are many, and scattered over a wide district extending into Hampshire. Two of the more important of these join at Tilford, and here the valley spreads out to

some three or four miles in breadth, contracting again at Godalming, where it is joined by a tributary from Hambledon.

Leaving Godalming, it enters a broad green valley, and, joined at Shalford by another stream, the "Tillingbourne," heads straight for Guildford and the narrow passage through the great bank of the North Downs. Rounding a spur of the Hog's Back as it enters the enclosure, the river passes round the base of St. Catherine's Hill, under the white and russet walls of the old chapel.

It is now little more than a ruin, yet its four walls built of chalk and ironstone enclose still their tiny plot of earth. It is a building of little size but large beauty, and perfectly placed a little on one side of a high, dome-shaped knoll of sandstone, green and peaceful like a lawn, its open space bordered by old trees, and looking across the meadows to the towers of Guildford Castle and St. Mary's Church. From here the river skirts the western hill for a while, and then turns eastward across the meadows, bordered by willows and poplars, past Millmead and the Mill to the old arched bridge by the ford at the bottom of the High Street, the approach to the old ford being still recognisable on the western bank.

Below this to right and left once stood the old Friary and the trees of Walnut Tree Close. Every stone of the Friary and every tree from the Close

have disappeared in confusion of bricks and mortar. Leaving Guildford, the river wanders off north-eastward by Woodbridge and Stoke, and on by St. George's Hill to its junction with the Thames at Weybridge.

Guildford may be said to be in a transitional stage between the comfortable and the unwieldy in point of size. It is not yet impossible to stand upon the high ground to the north, and see, across the smoke of suburbs, how the town came about; the narrow furrow-shaped cutting in the long chalk ridge, with a glimpse through to the clear country beyond, the line of the river valley and the steep *arrête* of old housetops climbing the eastern hill; the grey towers of church and castle, too, all hold out to the traveller promise of a town of rich interest and beauty.

Of the many views of Guildford to be obtained from the hills which enclose it, perhaps the most full of interest is that from a point some hundred yards off the old Farnham road. From here the character of the town and the pass may be well seen. Below is the river, now shut in between the two slopes of chalk hill, but with a pleasant space of green meadow and garden land divided by three branches of the river. Opposite, climbing the hill, is the broad High Street, with its red roofs and irregular houses crowned by the tower and turrets of Holy Trinity Church and Hospital.

Branching from the High Street to the south is the long line of old red-tiled houses in Quarry Street, with their terraced gardens stepping down to the river. Beyond them, past the grey ruins of Henry III.'s Palace, above banks of elms and alder and surrounded by lighter seedling trees and brushwood is the great chalk quarry, from which the street takes its name.

The view of this westward bank, from the High Street on the north to the quarry on the south, would at any time be considered remarkable—at time of sunset it is invested with a grandeur and beauty belonging to great old towns with a high lineage of romance. Standing on Mount Street, as the light settles down behind us, and the river mists gather in the bottom along the meadows, this hollow in the hills is like a great bowl of precious colours slowly filling to its brim. Gradually the dark creeps up the hillside opposite, and the



COURTYARD, ABBOT'S HOSPITAL, GUILDFORD.

bright red and gold of the castle and the street turn pale and disappear. The warm colours that glowed for a moment, become shadowy places filled with mist, and stone by stone the lighted face of the chalk cliff narrows to a thin level rim of gold, and then vanishes upon the broad surface of the hillside.

This is a sight which has been for many hundred years one of the great attractions of Guildford. Everyone coming up to London from Portsmouth would pass the whole in review as they rounded the hill and came along above the river (where till late years were no houses to intercept the view) and down to the old bridge beside the ford. The age of the quarry is difficult to tell, but by a rough calculation some 500,000 cubic yards of chalk have been removed. There are prints of doubtful accuracy that show it considerably less extensive that were published in the last century. Whatever its age, it is a most romantic and beautiful place worthy of a better fate than seems to threaten it.

If we turn again into the road and follow it down the hill, it brings us in a few yards to a bend, whence opens to us a view of one of the most remarkable streets in the kingdom. From hill top to hill top it runs, following, as it bends to one side or the other, the shape of the ground, but nowhere enough to hide altogether the broad pathway between the houses, till it disappears over the first ridge of the hill by Holy Trinity Church. A notable street, and very ancient, paved with hard stone—the only material to endure such stamping and sliding of horse hoofs as must always

be at work upon it as their draughts go up or down.

Standing out from the general mass of the houses on either side is the old Town Hall with its clock thrust forth over the street: A homely old building of the seventeenth century, not without a claim to real beauty, and extremely picturesque. Further up the hill as you pass along are several fine old houses, with great lattice windows and show of woodwork, and at the top of the street, upon the level, stand facing each other the red brick church of Holy Trinity, with its far-seen tower, and the "Hospital of the Blessed Trinity," founded by George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1622.

Built of brick, with a broad front to the street, and a square central tower, it is, one might say, the only architectural display of any one date in the town. Beneath the tower archway the courtyard is entered: a refreshing vision from the street, of green grass and bright flowers, and the vista through into the great garden beyond.

The road after leaving this part of it narrows, and the name changes to Spital Street, from an old hospital that once stood in it at the parting of the Dorking and Epsom roads—beyond King Edward's School. This last, though considerably spoilt of late years, is still a beautiful old place; its enclosed and paved court shutting it off from the street and its traffic; its old garden and garden front behind retain still a measure of the beauty that not long ago they possessed in far greater fulness.

The High Street—interesting and delightful as it is—is rapidly changing. Year by year, the old features vanish or are smothered over. It is a street of great variety, hardly any two houses being really in line or alike, and from this fact principally is gathered the impression of picturesque beauty. Enough old houses are left with their fronts unaltered to give the savour of an ancient street, but a careful numbering would show that they are becoming a sad minority. It is a great deal that the town should have become so far conscious of the value of these old buildings as to have evolved the "Old Guildford Society," which has already saved from demolition a considerable portion of the older street frontages. It is abundantly evident that if there are any who have at heart this matter of the keeping of these buildings—for, after all, the meanest of them are generally better built than those that replace them, and are always distinguished by more agreeable qualities of disposition and decoration—should bestir themselves at once, for in the ordinary course of things they will soon be gone—all of them—and that too before we have learnt what they alone can teach us. It is little more than a fashion that keeps them standing; of this the rest of the street is sufficient evidence.

There is a marked difference, let us note also, between this street and the new streets of the town—the difference between an embanked canal and a country stream. That the High Street has preserved its present line and width since the thirteenth century—at all events in its lower part—is evident from the position of the two undercrofts, of one of which we give an illustration, which stand opposite to each other, one under the Angel Hotel, the other under a house opposite, and used as a wine cellar.

In the one illustrated the corbels in the wall are some of them carved with leaf work and faces, but for the rest the work is as plain as may be. There are traces of painting on one of the walls—red drapery and a horse's head. It is remembered also that there was once a painting of a rood here as well.

These two undercrofts, with the Castle, St. Mary's Church, and a few scattered fragments of sculpture and masonry, are all that is left to represent the Guildford of the thirteenth century, when Henry the Third and his Queen had their home here.

Of the still earlier history very little is known; it is certainly of ancient origin, but the first known record of the town is the will of King Alfred, wherein it is left to his nephew, Ethelwald, and it soon after became crown property under King Edward.

From an interesting series of notes published by



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Dr. G. C. Williamson, on the Regal Coinage of Guildford, we know that Ethelred, Cnut, Harthacnut, Edward the Confessor, Harold, William the First, and Second, maintained a mint here, from 978 to 1100 — an example is given in our illustration. These coins, the Tower of St. Mary's Church, and the keep mound, are all that has descended besides the hills and river, and perhaps the High Street from these early village days, and possibly the best comment on them, and contribution to this part of the archaeology of Guildford, will be to quote C. H. Pearson's description of Anglo-Saxon life, taken from his "Early Middle Ages" :—

"The Anglo-Saxon noble lived in a hall, intended, not for defence, but for hospitality, with a chapel attached and out-buildings for his followers. Hunting and hawking, in woods carefully preserved, occupied the days of peace. Asser relates with wonder that Alfred let his sons learn reading before they were taught hunting and such like "human arts," and although the grim statesmen of that reign, who groaned in their old age over the alphabet which their master constrained them to study, were probably the last specimens of complete ignorance in the highest places, there is no reason to suppose that book-learning ever flourished much among the Anglo-Saxons, songs and legends were their literature; the laws of their country their philosophy; attendance at mass and at the different gemots made up the whole duty of their civic lives. The worst consequences of this inactivity to a people naturally coarse and gross, was that they sank into evil from the mere want of employment; and the vices of the table prevailed in forms too disgusting to be described . . . the land

was rich, and the food simple, oats, beer, and pork being the common fare. Gloucestershire was famous for vineyards; wool the only article certainly exported to the continent."

Further on we learn that in the eighth century a labouring man was disgraced among his fellows if he could not sing to the harp. The history moreover after telling of the love of gay dress, and gold and silver ornaments; of the Saxon lady's use of rouge and crimping irons; of the gay dresses of the monks in spite of the rules of their order; adds that "the warm bath was indeed a luxury, but the cold bath a penance of the church," that they were fonder of dress than cleanliness, and that "the Danes are accused of having won the affections of the English ladies by combing their hair, by bathing once

a week, by frequent changes of clothing, and "such-like frivolities."

Descending towards the bridge, from which the long High Street rises eastwards, the sight is a difficult one to match for picturesqueness, especially at the close of a market day. Add to the romantic shape of this part of the town the uncertain light, half twilight, half of lamps and shop windows, the throng of countryfolk and townspeople, carts and hooded waggons, the movement and sound of voices and traffic, and you have a fair idea of a common aspect of this ancient street.

Whether the street is earlier or later than the castle is not known. The earliest settlement is supposed to have been upon the western bank of the river, and it is probable, if such were the case, that as soon as the castle was built the villagers would move across to the eastern bank to be under its protection. The castle mound, whether artificial or contrived, is with very little doubt Saxon, and upon this the Normans built their keep.

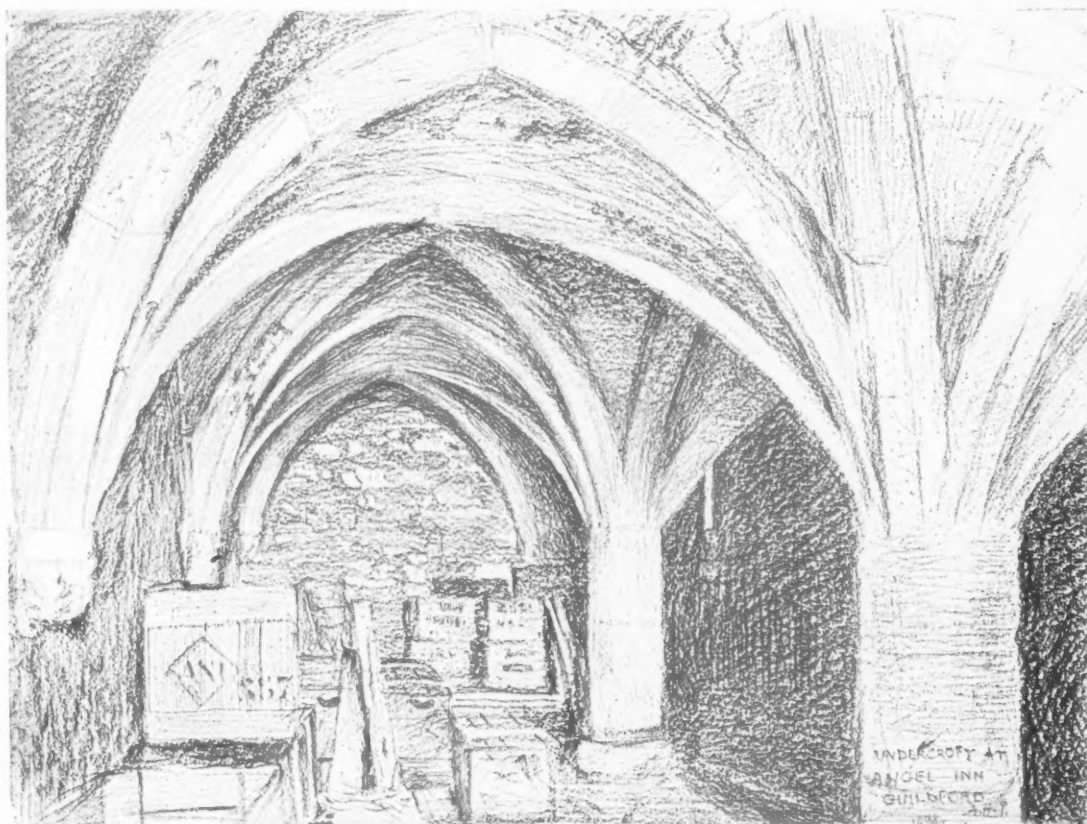
As to the date of the building of it, "Castle Galafort" was sufficiently well known in the twelfth century to figure in a popular romance, being one of the places mentioned by Chrestien of Troyes in his recasting of the Arthurian legends. "Astolat" is identified by Malory (Bk. xviii., chaps. 8 and 9) as Gilford, and his fair maid of Astolat is the same person as Tennyson's Lady of Shalott. Whilst seeking further sight of "Castle Galafort" in the Arthurian Wood, Mr. Alfred Nutt pointed out to us that "Malory certainly used a romance which must originally have been Anglo-Norman, the locale of it being distinctively that of London and the Home Counties, and that this

romance contained the episode of the Queen's Maying, which, as told in Malory, is wholly Thames valley in its setting." To turn to recorded history we find it was a Royal castle, though not often, except by John and Henry III., made use of as a residence. The keep, long used as a gaol, and occupied by prisoners, still shows, upon the walls of a mural oratory there, a number of scratchings in the chalk, chiefly of religious subjects, but rude and with little claim to beauty.

These would appear to be the work of prisoners in the time of Edward I. G. T. Clark has a note of a petition sent to Parliament "That a stronger

Turner's "Domestic Architecture," from which it would appear that the great arch in Quarry Street was inserted in the Earlier Norman curtain wall in 1272. This gate had a portcullis and a room over for the winches, etc., and a porter's lodge adjoining.

Of the various approaches to the town now, perhaps, the most beautiful is Quarry Street, passing to the south of the Castle, and is a street of old houses, some of them not above 100 years old, others between 200 and 300. The chief entrance to the castle from this street was through the gateway built by order of Henry III.



UNDERCROFT AT ANGEL INN, GUILDFORD.

SKETCHED BY A. H. POWELL.

prison be provided, the castle being insecure for so many prisoners. Edward's answer is also given: "Si carcer sit nimis debilis, faciat, Custos, emendari; Si nimis strictus, faciat elargari; quia Rex non est avisatus mutare locum prisonarum Suarum; vel saltem teneat eos in vinculis fortioribus."

Clark adds that it was probably under these circumstances of great pressure that the mural oratory was used as a prison.

A great number of most interesting records of the work done at the castle in the previous reign of Henry III. are given from the Liberate Rolls in

Passing St. Mary's Church, Quarry Street, or, as it used to be called at this point, South Street, ends in the steep slope of the High Street at Star Corner.

In old days the road from Farnham was the finest and most suggestive approach to the town, and even now its broad panorama exercises a strong fascination upon everyone. It is different now for two reasons; the first, that the town has spread like weeds in a field, all over the northern slopes of the down to Stoke. Secondly, the old road from Farnham is disused, and the modern road, to avoid the hill, is brought down by way of the station, and

so at right angles into the High Street, or town proper. The effect is thus entirely lost.

The easier gradient may be some compensation, but for downright ugliness there can hardly be a better example than the immediate prospect from this newer road. Far away to the north and west is a morass of cheap houses, chimney after chimney, and roof after roof; in the foreground the railway, and next in importance the gasometer, huge and red, and beside it the great brewery, with its tall chimney that can, and often does, smother the town with smoke, for which not all its famous vats can make amends.

The river now runs, shut in between the houses, where fifty years since it ran through open meadows. Where the gasworks and brewery stand now—unlovely, if useful—stood once the old Friary; in its later days, became a "gentleman's mansion," but a sensible dignified building, and all about it was park land and fine old trees.

Old Guildford is divided into three parishes—Upper, Middle and Lower, or Holy Trinity, St. Mary's, and, across the bridge, St. Nicolas. Of the three, St. Mary's now retains chief interest, being in most respects the original church as left in the thirteenth century. The accompanying plan shows the disposition of the church. Its great interest lies in its having still its original Saxon tower. A trace remains only of what may have been the Saxon nave. It has two doubly splayed window openings north and south, and on the outside are the narrow, pilaster-like buttresses, running up to the bottom of the later stone parapet, the whole being built of flint rubble, as far as may be ascertained. In the groined roof over the north apse in the chapel dedicated to St. John are a series of very interesting paintings, unrestored, and in many ways very beautiful.

The order of construction of the church seems to have been as follows:—

- (1) The tower, with, to the west a nave, to the east a chancel.
- (2) The rebuilding of the nave, and addition of north and south aisles and transepts.
- (3) The rebuilding and lengthening of the chancel, and the building of the two chapels to the east of the transepts.

It is built on the edge of an escarpment over the Wey in common with the rest of Quarry Street to the south, and can show in places most delicate and beautiful work. Standing back in its broad approach from the High Street, its old tiled roof and grey flint tower are backed by a row of fine trees, and below—about its buttresses, and porch, and windows—are shrubs and flowers; and all day long the traffic between Guildford and the south passes and repasses close under its walls. Of the

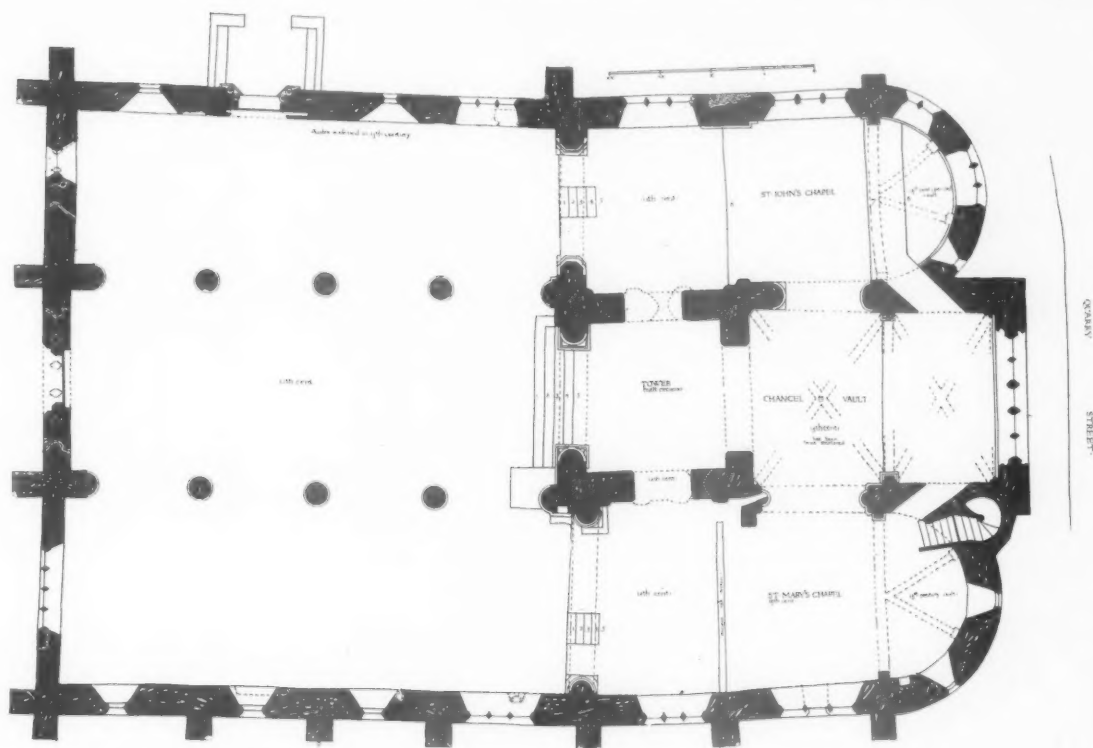
other two churches, Holy Trinity, on the hill-top, was finished in 1763 as it now stands.

There is sufficient evidence to show that the earlier church here was of great beauty and interest. All that remains of this older building, besides the chapel on the south, are some transitional twelfth to thirteenth century fragments preserved in the entrance. Opposite this church is the famous hospital.

St. Nicolas, across the river, is entirely new, excepting the chapel belonging to Loseley House. It would exceed the space at our disposal to enter fully into the history of Guildford, although it is a remarkably unknown town—historically. G. T. Clark, in his *Military Architecture*, has the following paragraphs relating to it: "Neither the town nor the castle have played any great part in English History. The town was never walled; the castle never stood a siege. No considerable battle was ever witnessed from its towers; no parliament or great council was ever held within its hall. Though always a royal manor and long maintained as a royal residence, it was used also as a prison, and is but rarely mentioned, either in the records or by the chroniclers. . . neither of the two great Roman roads from the south passes through Guildford. . . . It is very curious that a town so remarkable in position, so strongly posted, and so directly in the way from the south-west to London, and withal so sheltered, and placed close to pastures so fertile, should exhibit no marks of occupation by the Romans or the earlier or later Britons." It is now nearly a thousand years since we first hear of Guildford, and some 870 years has it kept its old church tower. Of its other beauties, much has disappeared, and, as elsewhere, more has been done in the last seventy or eighty years to destroy the early town than in the four or five previous centuries. Guildford is extending rapidly—would that modern builders could believe in some of the traditions of their predecessors.

St. Thomas Aquinas has said: "Great riches are not required for the habit of magnificence; it is enough that a man should dispose of such as he possesses greatly, according to time and place."

One could wish that speculative builders, instead of devoting themselves to the exaggeration of the first part of the saying would endeavour to understand and act upon the second. But this can never be while we look upon the development of estates as the speculative crowding upon a given acre of as many houses as it will hold, exercising our ingenuity to calculate how much money the land can be made to "carry". We can thus have, at best, the usual dreary and uninteresting streets, with their tiring miles of asphalt and "thousandth performance" villas. Even a row of trees would go far to redeem



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GUILDFORD.

these arid wildernesses by bringing them into touch with live and growing beauty.

It is part of the Nemesis of things that a town should, by its very growth, gradually exclude from itself the pleasure and beauty of locality which first drew men to settle by its stream or woodland. And it was indeed long before men lost the desire to retain upon the walls of their gathering houses some echo and remembrance of the wild life and open land beyond.

It was so, however, that gradually, and dying hard as the world grew older, this desire, and with it the power of its expression, dwindled until in our own day the rarest sight we can look to see is a building which shall speak of these things at all. And for great multitudes of us who are spending our lives in indistinguishable suburbs, where no building is less dull or more uninteresting than its neighbour, it is becoming daily more difficult to think of a city as a possibly beautiful creation of the builder's art.

Better, perhaps, than remonstrance or regret will be to turn our eyes to other lands and cities, and see how the comparison may affect us. And the description of such a town as Damascus need be no unavailing dream for us, with its gardens glowing with roses, and its streams of clear water, for we have as good here in England. Nor was Damascus merely an idle town of pleasure, but a city of great merchandise—"thy merchant, in the multitude of the wares of thy making."

"Between the base of Antilbanus and the desert lake a copious and perennial stream has distributed its channels, and left a wide area behind it, rich with prolific vegetation. These are the streams of Lebanon, and 'Rivers of Damascus,' preferred by Naaman to all the waters of Israel. The stream is called by the Greek writers Chrysorroas, the 'river of gold.'"

For miles around Damascus is a wilderness of gardens, gardens with roses among the tangled shrubberies, and with fruit on the branches overhead. Everywhere among the trees the murmur of unseen rivulets is heard. "Even in the city, which is in the midst of the garden, the clear rushing of the current is a perpetual refreshment. Every dwelling has its fountain; and at night, when the sun has set behind Mount Lebanon, the lights of the city are seen flashing on the waters. . . . The white buildings gleamed then as they do now in the centre of a verdant inexhaustible paradise."

This city, with its gardens and fountains, grew thus out of no extraordinary circumstances, but because the early settlers in the place had the capacity for feeling beauty, and because, thereafter, succeeding generations kept up the tradition first suggested by the natural beauty of the site, so that each additional house became an added interest and fascination to the city.

In contrasting an ancient city with a modern one we cannot help noticing, that whatever the latter may have gained in so-called science it has lost in



beauty. In the first, also, there is everywhere something indicative of a kind of philosophical activity of mind, often playful and always interesting, which the latter does not possess. But when we come to look into the extraordinary mass of suburban building, which, if not begotten of weariness certainly begets it, there appear other things to account in some measure for the difference between them.

For in this regard of dwellings, erected for speculation, the work depends entirely for its interest upon the common trades, and this would be a benefit and help, but for the fact that their work is virtually dead and without any, besides psychological, interests. It is so dead and relieved of all variation that the workman, being no longer able to take any lively interest in it, is obliged to transfer what enthusiasm he has to the prospect of gain. And this condition is widespread.

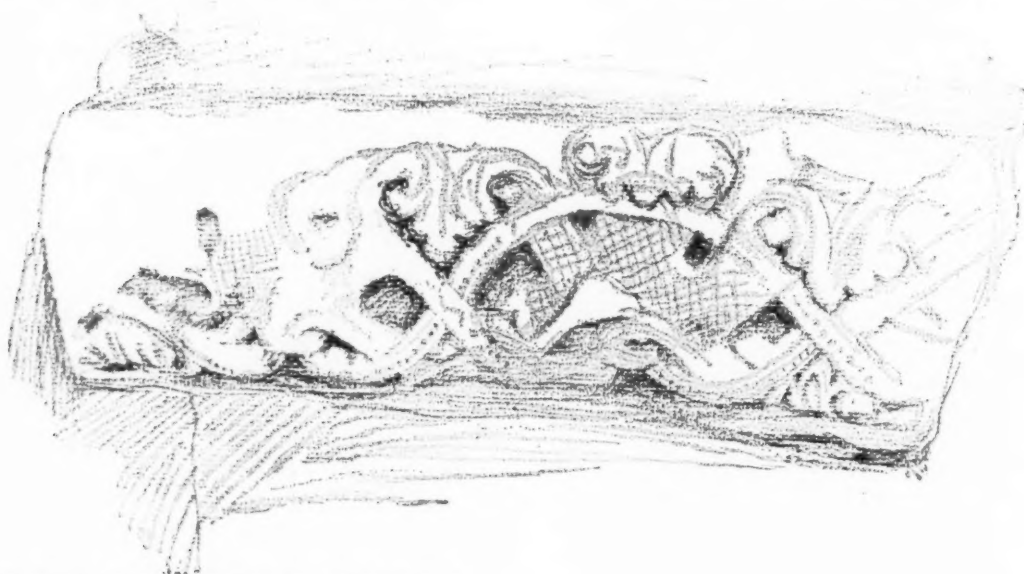
It may, we think, be taken as a fair criticism of this kind of modern building, as opposed to mediæval, that whereas the old workmen had been trained by military exigencies in excellence of workmanship, considering perhaps the fullness of good building by itself a sufficient goal, we find that the workmen of to-day, trained in hasty performance and unwise

methods, encouraged often to use bad materials and to consider effect, at all cost of insufficiency, to be of prime importance, have very naturally ceased altogether to care for building in such a way as to find in it the serious and thoughtful satisfaction, and looks from it with discontent at the, to them alluring prospect of a so-called independence in others. This being so, it is not to be believed that either these or their patrons can by any means convince us of the possibilities that still lie in true builder's work.

And we have therefore to reckon with these impossible people, and get rid of their system by convincing the world that building can still be a true inspiration.

There is another aspect from which we may look at this question, and one which has been beautifully given by George Sand in regarding the life of agricultural labourers, and if in some ways less true of our days than of hers, the world has not so changed but there may be found in her words a useful criticism of much of the essential work of architecture.

"L'homme de travail est trop accablé, trop malheureux, et trop effrayé de l'avenir, pour jouir de la beauté des campagnes et des charmes de la vie rustique. . . . Et pourtant, la nature est éternellement jeune, belle et généreuse. Elle verse la poésie et la beauté à tous les êtres, à toutes les plantes, qu'on laisse s'y développer à souhait. Elle possède le secret du bonheur, et nul n'a su le lui ravir. Le plus heureux des hommes serait celui qui possédant la science de son labeur, et travaillant de ses mains, puisant le bien-être et la liberté dans l'exercice de sa force intelligente, aurait le temps de vivre par le cœur et par le cerveau, de comprendre son œuvre et d'aimer celle de Dieu."



FRAGMENT OF CARVING FROM GUILDFORD CASTLE.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CLOCKS AND THEIR DECORATION: BY E. GUY DAWBER: CONCLUDED.

IN my last paper I endeavoured to show how quickly the wooden clock case developed from its first simple and primitive form into the beautiful, inlaid and lacquered ones of the time of Queen Anne and the Georges.

Actual clock-making in the eighteenth century had reached such a pitch of mechanical perfection, that, though small improvements were continually being adopted, yet, broadly speaking, the art had reached its zenith, and we therefore find that throughout the whole of the century the cases varied but little in their main forms, the long case and the bracket-clock being the ones chiefly met with, and these invariably followed the prevailing fashion of the day in furniture, and all the methods of decoration used were reflected in the cases.

After the somewhat severe and simple outlines of Queen Anne's reign, the fantastic extravagances of Chippendale and his contemporaries came as a welcome relief with their broken scrolls and pediments, curves and arches, until, wearying of these, a reaction set in, and the quietness of the brothers Adam and their school, and the new forms which were being evolved from classical sources compelled a simpler treatment.

It would be impossible and fruitless to follow the different phases and shapes of the tall cases throughout the eighteenth century; in the main, up to quite the so-called Chippendale period, they followed the old traditional lines of base, waist, and hood, the latter giving most scope for diversity of designs and ideas.

These are so many and varied, that to lay down any very definite details as

to date, &c., would only be misleading; old shapes and forms lingered on in country districts for years after they had become obsolete in large cities where cabinet-makers interchanged their ideas. The publication of the illustrated catalogues by furniture makers and designers did much to spread and popularise the newer styles in the provinces, but even with these to work from, country cabinet-makers were slow and conservative, and often preferred their old fashioned methods, their home-grown oak and walnut, in place of the imported foreign woods.

It is in the first quarter of the eighteenth century that we notice mahogany superseding oak and walnut in the construction of furniture and clock cases, though in exceptional instances, as in Tompion's clock at the Admiralty, it had been used earlier.

Oak, however, in country places, where the cases were made locally, until quite the close of the century was the favourite wood, and was used with bandings of cedar, holly, or box and mahogany; indeed, many of the simpler country-made and designed cases are in their quiet way perhaps as pleasing and typical as the more elaborate ones.

The clock illustrated (Fig. I.), and which was purchased in Yorkshire, is a good specimen of a simple oak case of the 1730 period—the only licence the maker has allowed himself is in the scrolls of the pediment, terminating in brass bosses, for the base and the waist are restrained almost to severity, and, though we notice the arched treatment in the dial face, but small advantage has been taken of it in a decorative sense, the case being merely cut to fit it. Although plain to the last degree, there is a balance and repose about it which is very pleasing.

This clock (Fig. II.), like the last one, is also from Yorkshire, and evidently of local manufacture, and, though somewhat later in date, the general treatment is almost identical, but the upper part of the

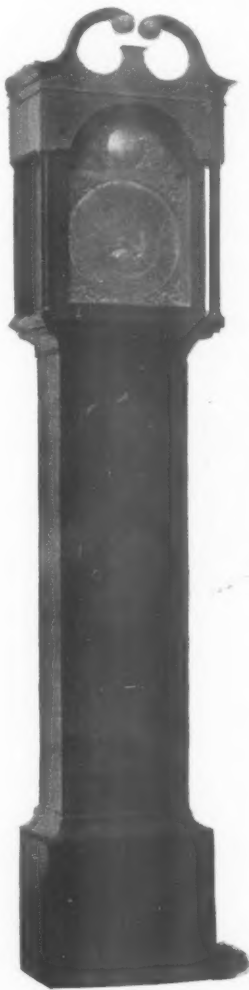


FIGURE I.
LONG CASE CLOCK
IN OAK: ABOUT
1730.



FIGURE II.
LONG CASE CLOCK
IN OAK.

hood is arranged more architecturally, and has some very pleasing open perforated work supporting the centre brass finial. On either side of the body the quarter columns are inserted at the angles, which became such a favourite feature in the later cases. The dial is enamelled white and painted with flowers, and both this and the last one illustrated are good examples of the everyday clock cases made during the middle of the eighteenth century. They are well designed and constructed, and, if only regarded from the cabinet-maker's point of view, worthy of our attention.

It is probable that Chippendale, Mathias Lock, Thomas Johnson, and many other cabinet-makers, were well acquainted with the designs for clocks by

Morot, of Amstersdam, first published in 1702, for most of theirs are based upon his models, but it is also safe to conjecture that those they designed were never really meant to be executed, for they are absurd and fantastic and quite impracticable, and can only be regarded as imaginary designs. It was not until Thomas Sheraton published his works that we find clock cases that could be, or were apparently intended to be made.

The earlier clocks, those of Tompion and his school, relied more or less for their laurels on the excellence of their workmanship, from a horological point of view, and the cases were not the most important feature; and it is in the eighteenth century that we first recognise the designer and case-maker as of equal importance with the clock-maker. Indeed, in later years, the case claims our attention before everything, for the dial faces are often merely white enamelled, without even the maker's name, set in a framework superb in outline and workmanship.

The tall clock illustrated (Fig. III), is, perhaps, as fine an example of a late eighteenth century clock case as can be seen. The proportions are exquisite, the

arrangement of the hood encircling the face, narrowing below and enclosed by the columns and arched canopy is very beautiful; the tapering waist and spreading base, the whole feeling of balance in the various parts, is so well carried out, that if not designed and made by Sheraton himself, it must have been by one well versed with his methods of working.

The entire case is in richly - coloured Spanish mahogany, veneered on oak, with satin-wood inlay of the choicest kind, and mouldings of refined and delicate profile. The finials, the caps and bases to the shafts are in brass, together with the perforated circular panel in the head.

The total height is 7ft. 6in., and the dial face is signed by J. Brookes, of London, who evidently employed one of the best craftsmen of his day to execute the case.

A somewhat similar one, though very much simpler, stands in the entrance hall of Trinity House, on Tower-hill. It has a circular face surmounted by an urn, narrowing below, as the one just illustrated, but without any enclosing canopy, and supported by two crisply-carved consoles. The centre of the waist tapers and projects slightly forward, but the sides are carried down straight to the base, which breaks around them. The case is in mahogany, very pleasingly moulded, and of most excellent workmanship, and it was doubtless made for its present position when the building was designed by Samuel Wyatt in 1793, as it is of that date.

Amongst much other interesting furniture in the



FIGURE III.

LONG CASE CLOCK IN THE
STYLE OF SHERATON.



FIGURE IV.

WIND GAUGE FROM THE
INDIA OFFICE, THE CLOCK
BEING SIMILAR.



BRACKET CLOCK FROM THE BANK OF ENGLAND: ABOUT 1785.

FIGURE V.

is said the wind gauge was worked in connection with a vane on the roof of the building.

It is interesting to note that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, the square form of dial gradually changed to the circular, that is to say, the spandrils at the corners, which at the beginning of the century were such a characteristic feature were now entirely omitted, and the wooden or metal cases made to fit around the circular dials, indeed, after about 1770, nearly all the clocks were treated in this way. The tendency also seemed to be to simplify the cases as much as possible, and to omit all unnecessary ornamentation.

At the Bank of England there are several extremely interesting bracket clocks made by Brockbank towards the close of the eighteenth century, which are typical of the period, and by the kind courtesy of the Governor I am enabled to illustrate several of them.

The one (Fig. V.) in the Secretary's room is in mahogany, with brass finials, reedings, caps and bases to the quarter angle shafts, and fretwork panels at the sides. The mouldings are all simple and refined, and in detail very similar to those of a century previous, though it will be noticed that now the handles are at the sides, instead of the one at the top. The total height is 1ft. 10in., and the width 12½in., and its probable date about 1785.

In another room there is a very beautiful clock in

house, is the clock made by Smeaton for the Eddystone Lighthouse, which is arranged with an alarm to strike every half-hour as a warning to the keepers to snuff the candles!

In the Finance Committee Room at the India Office are a pair of tall cases, standing on either side of the chimney-piece, and made by Aynsworth Thwaites, of Clerkenwell, about 1760. One is a clock and the other is a wind gauge, showing also the phases of the moon, etc.

They are both alike, as will be seen in the illustration (Fig. IV.) which I am able to reproduce by the kind permission of the Under-Secretary of State for India, and are very quaint and beautiful specimens, similar in outline to the clock last illustrated, only without the hood around the dials.

The cases standing on the pedestals are entirely of brass chased and gilt with open perforated panels at the sides, and the dial faces are white enamelled. The pedestals are in mahogany, with panels of walnut, banded with kingwood, and enclosed by lines of satin-wood. The carving to the mouldings is extremely delicate and sharp in the solid mahogany, and with a strong Adam feeling about it. The ground of the frieze is in walnut, upon which is laid the classical ornamentation.

They formerly stood in the Board Room of the old East India Offices in Leadenhall Street, and it



CLOCK FROM THE BANK OF ENGLAND, IN THE STYLE OF SHERATON.

FIGURE VI.

BRACKET CLOCK FROM THE
BANK OF ENGLAND.

FIGURE VII.

the form of an urn or vase standing on a spreading base (Fig. VI.).

It is of satin-wood, painted with leaves around the lower part of the vase, having in the centre of the pedestal a painted head supporting wreaths of fruit and flowers on either side. The angles are treated with bandings of kingwood and around the top and bottom of the vase are festoons of very finely chased and gilt brass. The lifting ring at the apex takes the form of a serpent, and though only 17 in. high, the whole clock is a most effective and charming piece of decoration.

Though there is a suspicion of French influence in the treatment of the ormolu mountings, yet it is doubtless of English workmanship and of the Sheraton school of design.

Another bracket clock illustrated (Fig. VII.), also from the Bank of England, is a somewhat later example, and may be dated almost at the beginning of the present century. The case is in mahogany, with satin-wood inlay and brass angle shafts and mountings, all being details universally employed in both furniture and plate at this time.

The arched outline of the head, only without the square box-like portion at the top, was a very favourite one throughout the close of the eighteenth

century, and very simple and quiet cases they are, frequently seen, and indeed copied, at the present day as much as any others.

One thing that is to be specially noticed throughout all the clock cases is the almost total absence of carving. During the reign of the Georges, when there existed such a mania for everything French, a large amount of carving was done in connection with the furniture, of which Chippendale and his school were the greatest exponents, but it was not used at all lavishly in the embellishment of clocks, and, as a rule, we only find it where they are made of mahogany, and then it is generally confined to the body, around the door, or on the angle shafts, which are sometimes perforated and carved. It is rather a matter for surprise that with the able craftsmen who abounded at this time, more advantage was not taken to display in the cases, some of their skill in this direction, for though, as I previously mentioned, a great many drawings were published for most elaborately embellished and carved clock cases, yet as none of them are known to exist, as designed, it is almost safe to conjecture that they were never made.

And here it may not be out of place to mention that the carving still so frequently seen upon the cases, and the tall ones in particular, is none of it original, for it is generally of Elizabethan or Jacobean character, and as the long cases did not come into use until the close of the seventeenth century by which time this type of carving had ceased to exist and inlay and veneer had taken its place, it may safely be condemned as a forgery.

Unfortunately, it is sometimes found upon good specimens of the oak cases of the first half of the eighteenth century, from which the veneer has been probably stripped, and the cases then carved after the style of a hundred years previous, or, what is even worse, according to the fancy of the present day cabinet-maker.

One more specimen (Fig. VIII.) of a long case clock is taken, again from the Bank of England, and which exemplifies very thoroughly the simplicity, even baldness of treatment at the beginning of the present century. The circular face is surrounded by an enclosure of the plainest kind with a moulded cornice following the curve of the upper part of the dial—the hood now becomes almost a secondary feature in the design, and no longer dominates the entire case as in the earlier examples, and beyond being excellently made and of well-seasoned mahogany has no particular merit. Perhaps the exceeding beauty of the execution of these later clock cases forms their greatest attraction, for like all the furniture of this period, nothing seems to have been spared to render them perfect specimens of the cabinet-maker's art.

Material, too, always played a great part in the

design of the cases, for when the old metal enclosures were succeeded by the oak ones, the outlines and mouldings were simple, and a certain grandeur and massiveness of treatment prevailed, which, with the advent of walnut and marquetry, gave place to more lightness and elegance, but, as soon as mahogany was introduced and cabinet-makers realised its capabilities, we find a delicacy of execution and refinement in the mouldings which has never been surpassed, and it was only with the general decadence that set in with this century that clock cases ceased to be either works of art, or at all attractive.

Throughout the entire period, from the advent of the wooden cases, it is particularly interesting to notice what a strong vein of classicism permeated them, and this no doubt is due to the fact that with other pieces of furniture they were closely allied to the decoration of the interior, and were under the influence of the architect, who, at this time, was the chief director of the craftsmen in all matters of proportion, style, and arrangement, and all good decoration not only emanated from architecture, but actually formed part of it.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that the classic spirit so predominant in furniture throughout the eighteenth century is mainly attributable to the influence of architects.

In those days almost every architect of note or position in his profession not only published a book of designs for various fittings and decorations, but was thoroughly conversant with the planning and arrangement of furniture, and made designs for mirrors, frames, tables, cabinets, chairs, lamps, clocks, and even table silver and linen, and was invariably consulted as a matter of course by his clients, who did not venture to decide such matters without his aid and advice.

This influence naturally made itself felt throughout the whole of the country, and in clocks together with other pieces of furniture,

for many of them could only have been designed by men thoroughly acquainted with classical detail, for the mouldings, proportions, and carving are all refined, yet broadly treated and composed.

The subject of clocks and their decoration merits more than a passing regard, and though I fear that in my remarks but scant justice has been done to it, and that numerous examples have not been dealt with, yet perhaps enough has been said to induce others to pursue more deeply this one of the many interesting bye-paths of architecture.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ROOM AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: MAY, 1899.

IT was a fine morning, the wind was brisk, the sun shone merrily, there was life in the air, there was a callow green on the shrubs in the squares, and full of the exhilaration of this annual renaissance, I visited the Architectural Room of Burlington House. The walls were heavily clothed, there were nearly 270 drawings, many quite remarkable for their beautiful draughtsmanship, and on pedestals and in glory stood four models. Here was the last of eighteen hundred, and here were 270 or so objects setting forth the conclusions we had come to. The conclusions—? that was the trouble. There were no conclusions. One could almost say there were no convictions. The want of a faith that there is right in this world, that building is a really serious thing, and has to do with materials and their fine management, that human passion is what transfigures building, and so far as it is noble, makes it noble architecture, seemed to eviscerate the collection, to leave it lifeless and dreary. The reflection pressed home—what real abiding interest had these various churches and houses? The interest of the hour they of course have, just as the novel of the day outweighs for the moment the claims of the masterpieces of fiction, but the masterpiece endures whilst “the most popular novel” (voted so by plebiscite), sinks into the limbo where the dead moon goes when it too has run its allotted month. But thirty years hence, what will the next generation say of the work of our hands? As we look back, what is it that makes the buildings of thirty years ago, the best of them, interesting? The belief in a great church revival, the resolve to have no insincerity in one’s work, the enthusiasm which led men to make sacrifices for a fine idea, to let the idea carry the designer beyond himself and out of the spell of his own self-consciousness. This to-day is much to seek. The spirit of the time is strong against it. The enormous expansion of our mode of living, the immense facilities of transport tend to cut the cables of our anchorage and set us drifting. How little local flavour is there in all those



FIGURE VIII.

LONG CASE CLOCK
FROM THE BANK
OF ENGLAND.

many designs? Mr. Prior's model and Messrs. Dawber and Whitwell's sketches taste of the stone country, and the latter of the stony uplands of the Cotswolds; but the bulk of the designs have no local character, they might be put down anywhere, such taste as they have is of a confused flavour, and, place them where you will, they look as much out of gear with their surroundings, as alien and as impertinent as a constructed rockery. Friend *Edax verum* will gnaw even them into something of an harmony with their locality, but not until his tooth has reached the bones and destruction has begun. In one case—Mr. Mountford's design for the States Hall, Guernsey—the material is some smooth worked stone, judging by the drawing—Guernsey!—which only speaks, to the Cockney ear, of early potatoes and of granite. It is this divorce from the facts of the case, which give such a frigid, heartless look to so much academic endeavour. Naturally, such baseless stuff fails to touch the imagination of the men who are helping to raise the structure, to them the whole thing seems belonging to another world than theirs, some "scholarly" work beyond their ken and outside their interest. The town hall, by the way, of to-day seems to be a very artificial product. The purposes it has really to fulfil are kept in the background, and a theatrical front masks rooms which have to be let for entertainment to justify in part by the rent, the outlay that has been made to create such ultra-pitched grandeur. Where the conditions are more real, more human, and more imperative—as in our Board Schools, Hospitals, and Asylums, you get better results, and this infirmity of purpose, this want of frankness, puts a timidity into the scheme: the building is rarely large enough for its architecture—for all its palatial airs and courtly details, its swagger and pretention, it is measured by the standard of its prototype, and the connoisseurs, to whom only it appeals, have no other criterion than the foot rule, and by that it comes sadly short. The designer's imagination has not really been touched: and he protests by learning what he has failed to feel. These protestations have the effect given off by people who, conscious of not actually possessing the feelings that they suppose it would be proper they should express, assume them beyond measure and on uncalled-for occasions; there is no warmth in them, no conviction. What a man has got to say is what one cares about, the form in which he expresses himself is of small account in comparison: whatever he adopts he transfigures with the fire of his passion—it is this sincerity that gives such a glow to the colour in No. 1743 (scheme of Decoration for the Lady Chapel, Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street) such invention to the details of decoration, such an appeal to heart and brain. It is this sincerity, this passion that endears to us the Gothic work of the mediaeval times, and

which (in England) burned on through the early days of the Renaissance, and still smoulders on in the untouched nooks and hamlets that have escaped the eye of the exploiter and the ideals of modern civic life. But this picture, though it bring no glad tidings, has a distinction no other in the room can claim. The tidings that it does bring arrest the attention, and already "that sincerest form of flattery" is afoot. What is the use of copying the chrysalis case if the butterfly be not prisoned therein. What gave life and beauty to its form, was the struggling soul within, already partly flushed with the radiance that was to come, its pulses daily quickening in the confidence that its promised glory shall be realised, not in this element, but in the freer one of the air of Heaven. How can you copy the chrysalis *with* the living insect inside! Without, why should you want to? The winged psyche is what one is trying to match. Empty, the poor case exhibits the obstructions, the angularities, the frail means, queer-shifts, the insect had to submit to, and which, without its presence, are unintelligible. Nor is it such a feat to copy the chrysalis—most of us could make a fair attempt; but none—the butterfly. The tidings are not glad. In the whole room I found none that were—unless it were from Mr. Prior's model of a house. That kept a smile. On the walls the pictures looked stiff and prim, nervous of their respectability and fearful of its being invaded—what fun there was in the room this model had to itself, and it wreathed itself in a chuckle, because in the midst of all these spectralities it was so real. The tragedy of the walls of the Architectural Room seemed to body forth the tyranny of the common-place. And the architect, to ease his soul and compensate his conscience for his necessary acceptance of the conditions in the main, attempts to escape them in the detail. But these exotic details only emphasise what of common-place is already there, and that is intrinsic. Well, why not try and get down to the bare bones of the case, hunch and knit them together, and accept their simplicity, as, for the moment, the answer; and let this simplicity, fed on such diet, develop itself and dictate its own outcome? Already we are overcharged with the apparatus of life, let us have nothing more than is vitally necessary in our buildings, as a start in reform. We shan't remain in the bare state long; a growth will start promptly and from the materials themselves, and being in actual response to the needs of human life, will have a present human flavour enough to keep it alive and sweet until it sees its way to branch and foliate, and—some day—to blossom. Probably the Academy walls are hardly the place to watch this inflorescence, nor does the Academy necessarily sum up what of architectural work is being done, but it furnishes a sample of much significance.

TOLEDO: A DESCRIPTIVE AND
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SKETCH:
WRITTEN BY JOSEPH LOUIS
POWELL. PART TWO.

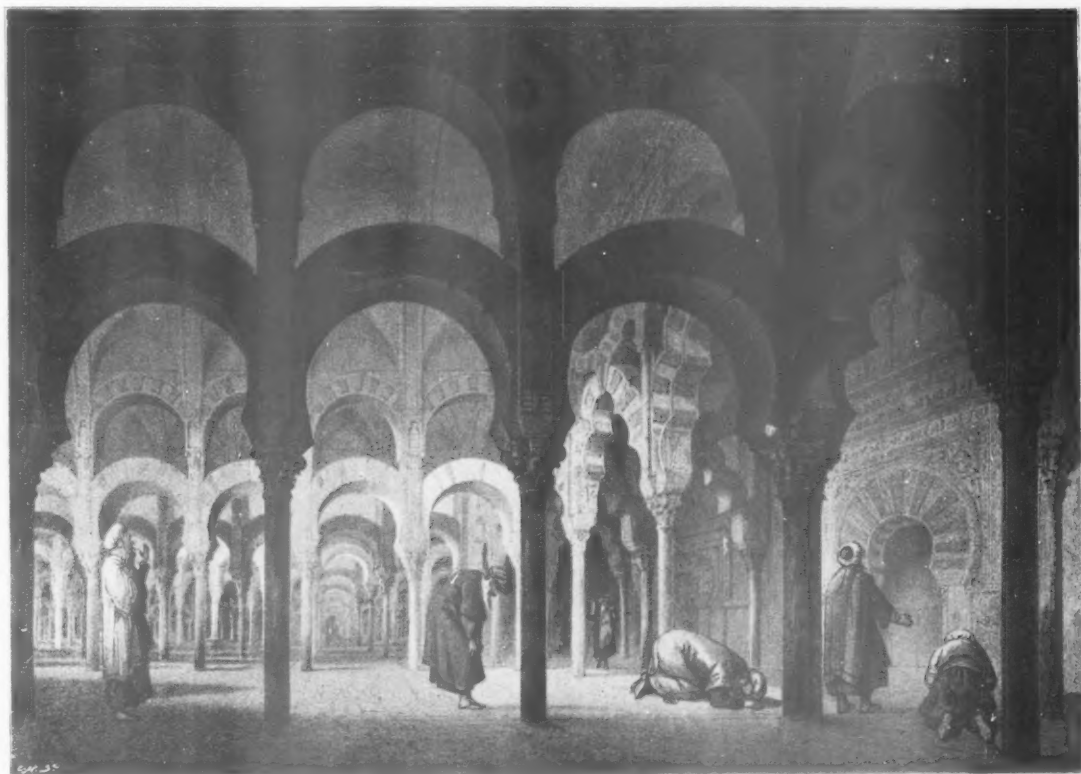
THE story of Rodrigo and Florinda, said by older chroniclers to be the cause of the ruin of the kingdom, is not now accepted as a fact of history. According to the French authority already quoted, Count Julian, who opened the gates of Ceuta across the Straits, to the Berbers under Musa, was not of Gothic race at all, but the Greek exarch of Ceuta, which he held for the Byzantine Emperor. However, this assertion is contrary to the general opinion current in Spain; and M. Baret has fallen into an error in making Pelayo's the court at which Count Julian's daughter was educated. [*Opus cit.*, p. 13. Cf. with *Historia de España*. Por Don Modesto Lafuente, Tomo II., p. 469, *et seq.*].

The Berbers—among them being many Arab proselytes—descended from Yemenite tribes, who before Solomon's time had embraced the faith and law of Moses, and spread over Africa*—the

Moors, and the Arabs, were all originally distinct, though they were later blended into one, under the general name of Moors. Their dominion over Toledo lasted till the reconquest by Alonso VI., to whom the city capitulated, May 25, 1085. Thenceforward Toledan history merges more or less into Spanish. It enjoyed the honours of capital till the reign of Philip II. Its population, once 200,000, dwindled rapidly after the removal of the capital to Madrid. The actual population is less than 20,000; and deprived of the navigation of the Tagus, which might connect it directly with Lisbon and the sea, its former flourishing industries have in like measure declined.

It is in the Moorish monuments of Toledo that the chief interest lies, and this mainly because they are linked to the Visigoths on one side, to Jews and Christians on another. The chief Gothic mediaeval buildings are the fine thirteenth century cathedral, and the church and cloisters of San Juan, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. These are very beautiful specimens of Spanish Gothic, the cathedral showing French influence; and it is as likely as not that the architect, Pedro Perez, was of French origin, and the name merely the Spanish form of *Pierre de la Pierre*. This is, however

* Sr. Quadrado Bellezas de España.



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE OF CORDOBA.
VOL. VI.—D

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY J. J. MARTINEZ.



STA. MARIA LA BLANCA, TOLEDO.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH
BY J. DONON.

a point on which opinions will differ. The height, length, and other details of proportion are splendid; and the bays of the vaulting are admirably arranged around the apse in parallel and triangular spaces, with a double number of pillars on the outsides of the semicircular curves. The wooden spire, a late and flimsy structure, is a great blot on the building. The choir (*capilla mayor*) decorations, with a vast number of angelic and saintly figures, with niches, canopies, and profusely crocketed finials, are rich and admirably wrought. Even the sixteenth century and later additions—except, however, the hideous “Trasparente”—are, for the most part, in a superior style to Renaissance works nearer home.

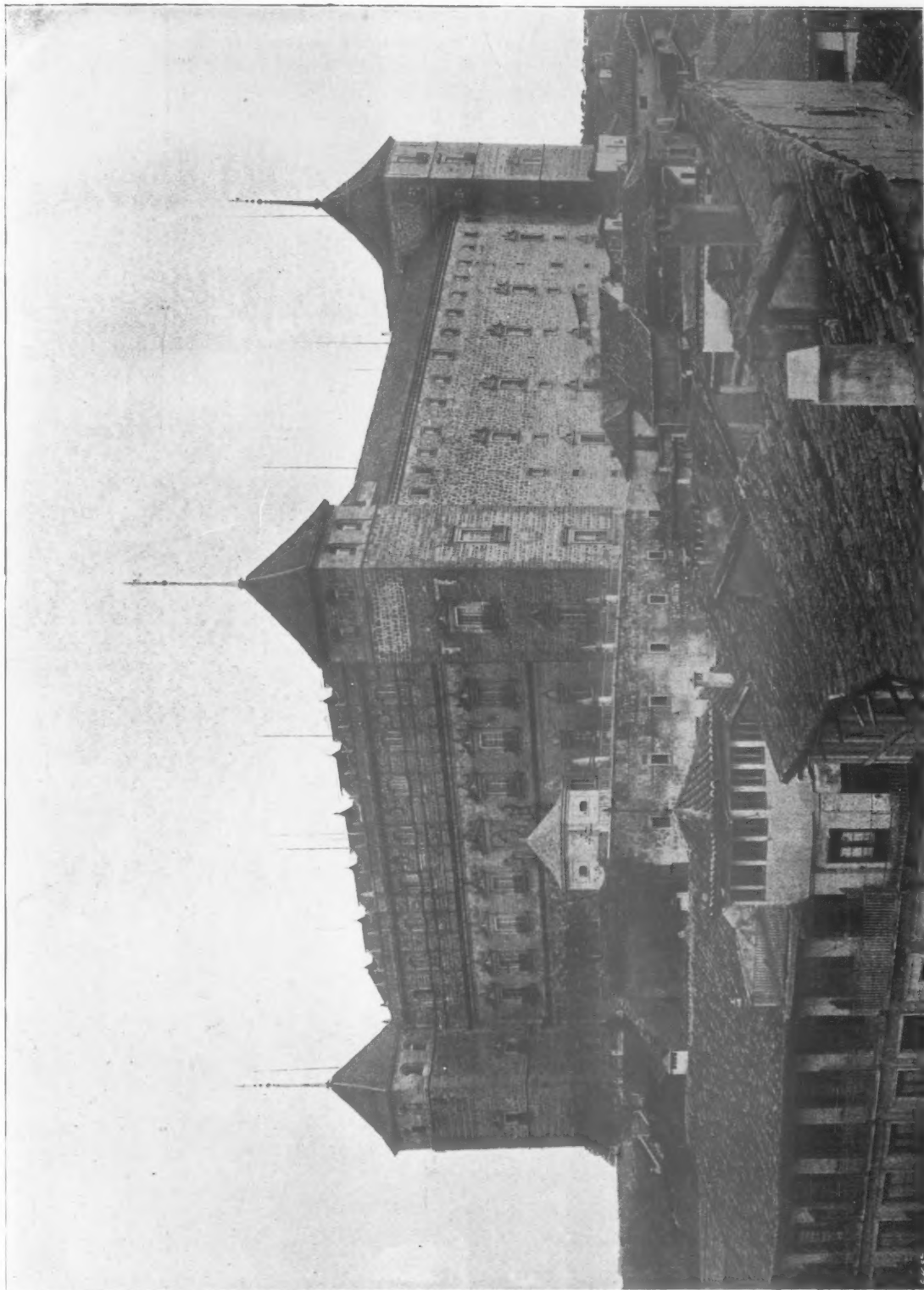
San Juan de los Reyes, so named from the founders, the Catholic Sovereigns, Ferdinand of Aragon, and Isabella of Castile, is a very beautiful

late Gothic Monument, far richer and more elaborate than much of the Tudor Architecture in England. Although we may observe the same tendencies at work in the repetition of shields, heraldic creatures, and kings-at-arms, yet the leading outlines are not completely lost to view in this mass of ornamental detail. The buttresses, panels, statues, and pinnacles of the exterior of the church, and the pointed arches of the ruined cloisters, with their cusping ornaments, statuary, and groining, can hardly be too highly praised. One striking accessory of this beautiful church is observed in the numerous chains, with which the outer walls are so surprisingly wreathed. These were chains of captive Christians, prisoners of the Moors, in their last stronghold at Granada. When Ferdinand and Isabella conquered that city, these chains were transported hither as trophies of victory. Trophies eloquent of torture and anguish unspeakable.

The Plateresque doorway and staircase of the hospital of Santa Cruz, one of the same style as in the Cathedral, and the grand patio of the Alcazar, of the time of the Emperor Charles V., are

Renaissance works commendable of their kind. Plateresque was so named from its resemblance to the art of graving and chasing the precious metals.

Several ancient monuments of the city clearly belong in part to the Romans, partly to the Visigoths, and partly to the Moors. Such are the handsome bridges—Alcantara, and San Martin—each rising to a height of some 100 feet, each having a central span of nearly 150 feet. The gates, called the “Arcos Romanos,” are in somewhat similar case. That inside the Puerta del Sol, a little higher up; and another, called Puerta de Valmardon, may probably be Visigothic imitations of Roman gateways. The Puerta de Visagra, in part is Visigothic, in part early Moorish, having the tumid pointed arches, of the second Moorish style



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAURENT AND CO., MADRID

NORTH AND WEST SIDES
OF THE ALCAZAR, TOLEDO.

(11th century). The little mosque, though first and last a church, "El Cristo de la Luz"; the two olden synagogues, now "Santa Maria la Blanca," and "El Transito," are quite unique in their associations and history. The mosque, though small, is of great interest. The foundation is traditionally assigned to King Athanagild, A.D. 555. It was a mosque under the Moors; and it is historically known to be the building into which King Alonso VI., on reducing the place after a long siege, first entered and ordered Mass to be said in thanksgiving for his victory over Islam, on Sunday, May 25th, 1085. Many a legend of Jew and Christian, going back to the Goths, is inwoven into the history of this church and mosque. It is related of the famous Cid Campeador, Ruy Diaz de Bivar, that his horse knelt down on passing this church, and that an "illuminated" picture, or image was discovered in the wall; hence the name, "El Cristo de la Luz."

This chapel, for such in size it is, comprises an entrance court, or *atrium*, forming the mosque, 21 ft. square, beyond which is an apse, which, though very antique, is, probably, judging by the style, later than the *atrium*. Some very old wall-paintings in the apse have been adjudged to the thirteenth century; but this, in my opinion, formed on the spot, is a mistake. These paintings, in all probability, devoid as they are of background and the most elementary perspective, belong to a much older period, from the eighth to the tenth century. The mosque, or *atrium*, is divided by four columns and incumbent horseshoe arches into nine bays, the central being higher than the rest. The actual figure of these arches is some three-quarters of a circle. These may be described as in effect, *strange* rather than beautiful. Authors of repute in Spain hold the opinion that this form was used before the advent of the Moors.

The four marble columns differ from each other. Like many in the Mosque of

Cordoba, they are doubtless older than the date of the Moorish Conquest, A.D. 711. There is little doubt of their Visigothic origin. They seem to show that barbarous, but energetic, race at work under the influences of Rome, Byzantium, and the East. The invading Arabs developed and brought to perfection the ruder efforts of the Visigoths. Further study of a multitude of Moorish figures, trefoils, cinquefoils, septifoils, &c., and the geometrical and conventional imitations of foliage, fruit, and flowers used by them, first or last, only confirms the above opinion. The pointed tumid arch is clearly derived from the round. When this form was first used by the Arabs in Spain is, perhaps, still a matter for investigation. In all probability it was before the pointed arch became general in the West of Europe. If so, it would go to prove the dictum of Mr. Ruskin, "that the pointing and



ARAB GATEWAY OF BISAGRA.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAURENT AND CO., MADRID.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAURENT AND CO., MADRID.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN FAÇADES
OF THE ALCAZAR, TOLEDO.

foliation of the arch" came to us from the race of Shem.

The Jews form a great figure in the history of Spain. That they conspired against the Gothic rule in the seventh century seems to be certain. Doubtless they aided to make the Islamite conquest of Toledo easy to the invaders. Alternately protected and persecuted, they survived as a powerful body throughout the Middle Ages. In the fourteenth century they possessed the two synagogues above mentioned. But the Islamite Arabs were the great architects and builders of those ages. Hence "Santa Maria la Blanca" shows forth the first period of Moorish art, with later additions in the higher stages. The plan includes five aisles. The capitals of the columns are elaborately wrought into conventional imitation of the pineapple and other natural objects, and are probably quite unique. "El Transito" is of the fourteenth century, of the reign of Pedro the Cruel, a friend of the Jews; for his chancellor, Samuel Levi, was of that race. It falls in the third period of Moorish Architecture in the Peninsula. There are lines of Hebrew inscriptions from the Psalms, amid the very beautiful decorations of this synagogue. These decorations resemble those in the Alhambra in being more exact imitations of natural objects than found in the earlier periods.

Señor Assas, in his "Album Artistico de Toledo," divides the periods of Moorish Architecture thus: eighth, and ninth centuries = I.; tenth, eleventh, twelfth, to middle of thirteenth = II.; thence onwards to 1492 = III. This author ascribes the erection of the apse of "El Cristo de la Luz" to Don Bernardo, Archbishop of Toledo, in the time of Alonso VI., and the tumid pointed arches of the exterior to the second period as above; while the able editors of the "Monumentos Arquitectonicas de España," assign a much later date to these details. The following brief notes were taken on the spot, or shortly after the present writer's visit to Toledo, in 1885. Referring to "Santa Maria la Blanca," he wrote: While the octagonal brick pillars, the tumid round arches and the shell of the building are assigned to the eighth or ninth century, the stucco carvings of the capitals of the columns, the cusped cinquefoils and geometrical decorations of the walls are adjudged to the third period, as above. Nevertheless, I was decidedly of opinion



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BUST OF THE ARCHITECT, JUANELO
(IN THE MUSÉE PROVENÇAL).

that all these details are anterior to those of "El Transito." The admirably wrought "celosias" or windows in stucco, in geometrical figures, and the "artesonados" * of the roof are remarkable features of this other later synagogue. Foliation in all stages is very abundantly represented at Toledo in churches, gates, and even bridges. The two "Arcos Romanos," above mentioned are very different in construction, both from the Visagra Gate and the Puerta del Sol. The construction is rude, of large blocks of granite, and the masonry of the adjacent walls less regular and compact than the work of either Romans or Moors.

The Puerta del Sol is a castle in itself, with strongly-built bastions on either flank. The entrance to the city is, as the name suggests, towards

* From "arteson," a trough. The spectator beholds the interior of this trough-like arrangement, much admired by competent judges.

the rising sun. The gateway is formed by a series of five arches, two exterior and three interior, with the portcullis yet suspended between them. These pointed Moorish arches certainly recall the *trefoil*, and, viewed on the spot, are far more beautiful than any drawing would lead one to suppose.

The "Mudejar," or mixed style used by Moorish architects, who built churches for the Christians, before and after the Reconquest, presents features of special interest. San Roman, Santo Tomé, Santiago, Santa Maria Magdalena, are fine Toledan churches in this style; although San Roman contains as well some valuable Visigothic remains, which are noticed in Mr. Street's "Gothic Architecture in Spain." The term "Mozarabic," on the other hand, was applied as well to the ancient Visigothic rite, yet preserved at Toledo, as to those Christians who lived among the Moors, and, though subject to them, yet had their own churches. A number of these, dating from the 6th and 7th centuries, are mentioned by Assas and Amador de los Rios. "Mudejar" (from Arabic: *mudalehin*; "tribute") has two distinct connotations—(1) "tributary," and (2) "renegade, apostate." The chief notes of this style have yet to be closely defined. Some Spanish writers, *e.g.*, Contreras ("Monumentos Arabes de Granada, Sevilla y Cordoba"), apply it to churches in Seville, which are clearly middle-age Gothic; while it is sometimes used as equivalent to the third Moorish style. Either extreme had evidently better be avoided.

Following Señor Contreras, I take Cordoba, Seville, and Granada, as best representing, in the order given, the three periods of Arabic Art in Spain, or, briefly, the mosque of the first, the Alcazar and Giralda of the second, and the Alhambra and Generalife of the third. Architectural features from Persia, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Byzantium followed the track of the Islamite Arabs, westwards to Africa, and thence to Spain, and there wonderfully and independently developed to perfection of their kind. A study of Arabic Art in Spain often gives birth to the idea that its chief beauties are found *within*. Hence Arabic Art, fully developed, as in the Alcazar de Sevilla, and the Alhambra de Granada, is only seen to perfection in patios, with elegant entrances of slender pillars, elaborately adorned doorways and doors, wonderful designs in tile and stucco, mosaic *azulejos*, and intricately designed ceilings and vaults. Likewise in the lovely effect of harmonious colours in the working out of many of these details. How opposite is all this to the weird, though wonderful impression produced by repetition of aisles, columns, and doubled arches, chiefly derived from the Orient, and Byzantium, of the Mosque, or "Aldjama" de Cordoba: this of the First Period. In the climate of

Andalusia, a climate, in general, of perpetual spring and summer, the Moors found what suited their sun-loving natures. Some of the local names show their appreciation of the country, its colour, and charms: "Alhambra," "Torres Bermejas," "Vermillion-tinted towers," "Mirador de Lindaraja," "Guadiana," "Guadalquivir," "Guadalevin," "Alhama." Save in the Giralda de Sevilla—a fine work, and the towers of the "Mudejar" style, to my mind there is always a sense of something wanting. The Occidental mind pines for the feeling of mystery and solemnity he finds in his own cathedrals. Yet, doubtless, to the Arab or the faithful followers of Mohammed, the sunlit courts, the fretted vaults, the coloured and gilded walls he loved, led his wandering fancy into regions not less marvellous or inspiring than the mystic silences of Western churches with their awesome avenues of pillars, nor less uplifting than the Christian spires of solemn stone. The peaks of Moslem thought are other than ours. Yet may they be not less high. Yet the fact remains only to the Arabs does Arab architecture tell all its tale.

NOTE.—JUANELO TORRIANO: THE LOMBARD ENGINEER.—The Arabs were the first great engineers of Spain. Even now you may constantly witness at work at many parts of the kingdom the *noria* (Arabic, *naurah*), or water engine, brought by them to the Peninsula, for irrigation and the supply generally of water, from open wells of often considerable depth. In Andalusia the motive power is occasionally supplied by the milking cow of the family! A gigantic *noria*, 150ft. high, is mentioned by the late Mr. Food, F.S.A., as supplying Toledo with water in mediæval times. In the sixteenth century the first to attempt the difficulty was a German from Nassau, but his water-wheel soon proved inefficient. Later on, in 1565, the emperor, Charles V., called in Juanelo Torriano, a great engineer and mathematician from Cremona, to solve the problem of once more supplying the city from the Tagus.

Juanelo had, in his younger days, constructed the celebrated clock of Bologna.

There was a solid construction of masonry on the side of the Tagus nearer to the city, with a water-wheel for the motive power. The ruins are alluded to in the text, and shown in the illustration; and, judging from this and others on a larger scale, these ruins appeared—before the restoration (1868-1870)—to give the edifice an antique, mediæval air. The machine, described by Señor Quadrado, following Morales, a contemporary of Juanelo, would require a long paragraph to itself. This *ingenio* was a marvel of its kind. Though Quevedo in burlesque compared it to *una espetera* (plate rack), its merits were recognised by authorities, such as Valdivieso and the great Cervantes.

Suffice it to say, that there was an enormous chain, fitted with cross-shape timbers turning on a number of hinges. The chain held brass buckets of peculiar shape, and passed over a vast amount of wheels, so arranged that the weight of the tens of tons (chain, buckets, and water) was distributed between ascent and descent from side to side until the summit was reached. The movement of the whole was so well planned and wrought out that, failing water-power, the engine could have been turned from the top by the strength of a boy. [*Recuerdos y Bellezas de España*. By Quadrado and Parcevisa, pp. 282-3. *Castilla la Nueva*.]

The famous engineer constructed a second *artificio* lower down the Tagus in 1581; but before this was quite finished he was overtaken by death in 1585, at the ripe age of 85. Sad to say



THE RIVER "BAIN."

REMINISCENCES OF A LINCOLNSHIRE STREAM: BY R. B. LODGE: ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THOUGH a good many years have gone by since I first trod its banks as a small boy, yet the charm this Lincolnshire stream then exercised on my mind has never waned, and it still retains the place of honour there. Many a time have I dreamt of its rippling waters glancing in the sunshine over the golden gravel, and in day dreams, when miles away, I have stood in imagination knee-deep in the well-remembered shallow, with tapering rod bent double with the weight of a big chub, or checking the determined rushes of a speckled

trout, vainly endeavouring to regain the shelter of its stronghold among the willow roots.

Though the Bain flows throughout the whole of its short length through ordinary lowland country, and possesses none of the picturesque surroundings which add so much to the beauty of northern streams, where mist-clad mountains, purple moors, and rugged boulders enhance the charms of the numerous rivulets which wander through the tree-clad valleys, yet it is astonishing what a diversity of character the little stream shows to those who know it. Deep oily runs, eddying reed fringed pools, and broad shallows divided by numerous miniature islands, past which the dancing ripples hurry along as if impatient at the delay, both delight the eyes, and afford homes for hosts of Nature's children, furred, scaled, and feathered.

Although there is no apparent reason why its course should not be as straight and formal as the canal close by, yet, like a spoilt child, it wanders first in one direction and then in another, so that in traversing the length of one small field there will be as many turns and sudden twists as would suffice any ordinary stream for a mile or two, and every bend and corner is associated in my mind with some well remembered event.

Toledo seems to have treated him and his descendants with neglect.

I may add that his name is mentioned as visiting Charles V., after the latter had voluntarily quitted the world for the Cloister at Yuste. The bust of Juanelo—reproduced in the illustration—executed by his friend Berruguete, the eminent Spanish renaissance architect, painter, and sculptor, now adorns the lately restored Cloister and Provincial Museum of San Juan de los Reyes, Toledo. According to the last edition of Murray's *Handbook*, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando, in 1888, voted four million pesetas (£160,000) for this restoration.



RABBIT.

For many have been the spoils, trophies, both of rod and gun, which have rewarded my visits to its banks, from the days when a bottle well filled with sticklebacks, minnows, and stone loach has sent me home well contented, to later years when my

shoulders have ached with the weight of a creel, packed to the brim with silvery dace, great logger-headed chub and sundry crimson spotted trout, which have fallen victims to a home-made artificial fly.

As the years glide by my visits grow more and more rare, but whenever circumstances do permit a return to the old home, be sure that the first day finds me on the banks of the "Bain."

On one such occasion I took, to my great surprise, a grayling, the first and only one I have ever taken. It turned out that some had been introduced years before, but very little had been seen of them since. On that day, fishing for a couple of hours only before breakfast, my bag contained the grayling above mentioned, weighing about a pound, one chub of three and a half pounds, another of over two pounds, with several over a pound, about a dozen good dace and roach, and a nice trout of one pound. Another smaller trout with a curiously

deformed jaw was returned to the water and caught again the next day in precisely the same spot. A very respectable display they made when turned out of the bag, and the pile was considerably increased by another visit to the stream for the evening rise. Very seldom has the old river proved blank, and even when there is no fly fishing a stroll along its course will invariably show you something well worth seeing. In fact, I know of no place where the field naturalist and observer can depend with more certainty on seeing many interesting birds and beasts.

Green sandpipers may be seen in almost every month in the year, though commonly supposed to be spring and autumn

migrants—i.e., passing through England in the spring on their way to their more northern breeding places, and again southwards in the autumn after the nesting duties are over. However this may be, I can nearly always depend upon finding one or two of these interesting visitors, the first indication of whose presence is generally the wild musical alarm note as they rise at your approach from some muddy margin or shingly strand and dash down the stream, following its devious course until they settle again in some suitable place.

At one time, years ago, I was so convinced, from seeing them thus frequenting the locality in the summer months, that they nested there that I spent many an hour in searching for their nests in complete ignorance of the curious habit they have of nesting in trees, laying their eggs in the deserted or disused nests of other birds, while all the other members of the family nest on the ground.

Traces of their presence may readily be observed on every little patch of soft sand in the inner side of the bends, and at the muddy margin left by the receding waters after rain. Here their footprints



RABBIT.



THE "BAIN."



THE "BAIN."

and the holes where they have probed for worms and insects like a snipe may be often seen. In hard weather during autumn and winter many snipe also resort to the same places, especially when a frost binds in its iron grip the swamps and flooded fields, and compels them to haunt the sides of the running streams in order to procure food. In such weather they may be looked for here with absolute certainty.

Wild duck in similar weather are also found in considerable numbers, and even throughout the summer many are to be seen, several pairs nesting in the more retired and sheltered parts.

A few winters ago large numbers of ducks were in the habit of resting every day in a slight hollow in the middle of a ploughed field which slopes upward away from the river. The only possible way to get within shot was to wade down the stream, here about three or four feet deep, taking advantage of the height of the bank. A careful stalk would then bring the sportsman to within a long shot of the ducks, provided all went well; if not, why, then his wetting would be in vain.

Sometimes, on approaching on hands and knees some deep pool, fishing rod in hand, intent on circumventing some big chub, I have been very much disconcerted by a couple of wild duck rising with a tremendous commotion right under my nose. After such a disturbance an hour's rest is necessary to allow the fish to settle down again in fancied security before making a second attempt.

After the passing of the Gun Licence Act there began to be a marked increase in the number of duck and teal. Snipe and waterhens, herons and kingfishers, were also to be met with much more frequently. The Ground Game Act, on the other hand, has made, unfortunately in the opposite

direction, an equally marked difference in the number of hares which in former years were most abundant in the large rush-grown grass fields. Now they are as scarce here as elsewhere, though the rabbits still hold their own in the ancient warren among the sand; and in the high banks and little copses and spinneys, round which the stream passes, they are as numerous as ever; while in and out of their burrows, and following their runs, may constantly be seen the lithe, red forms of stoats and weasels — "cloob-tails" and "wezzels," in the vernacular of these parts. They are extremely common in consequence, I suspect, of there not being any important game preserves in the immediate vicinity.

On passing a row of old pollard willows which overhang the water, I have sometimes caught sight of a pair of bright eyes peering out of some hole in the trunk, which have proved on investigation to be those of a weasel.

The large rush fields which are here such a characteristic feature of the landscape, are favourite haunts of reed buntings, which build their beauti-



THE "BAIN."



WINTER.

ful hair-lined nests in the tufts of rush, on which they sit swaying in the wind as they cling to the slender stalks. The meadow-pipits also build in similar fashion, and on walking through the rushes the hen bird will flutter out from just under your feet with a sharp rustle, betraying her treasures with reluctance, for she is a very close sitter, and will even then, sometimes, attempt to lure away the intruder from the nest by counterfeiting lameness, fluttering along the ground with outspread, drooping wings as if wounded.

Here, too, "the tufted plover pipes along the fallow lea," and on certain fields the four pointed eggs are laid symmetrically in some slight hollow, while overhead the anxious birds whirl and tumble through the live-long day; their wailing cries a fitting accompaniment to the scene. When the young are flown they leave the locality, to reappear towards winter in large flocks, which are sometimes associated with the gulls from the coast.

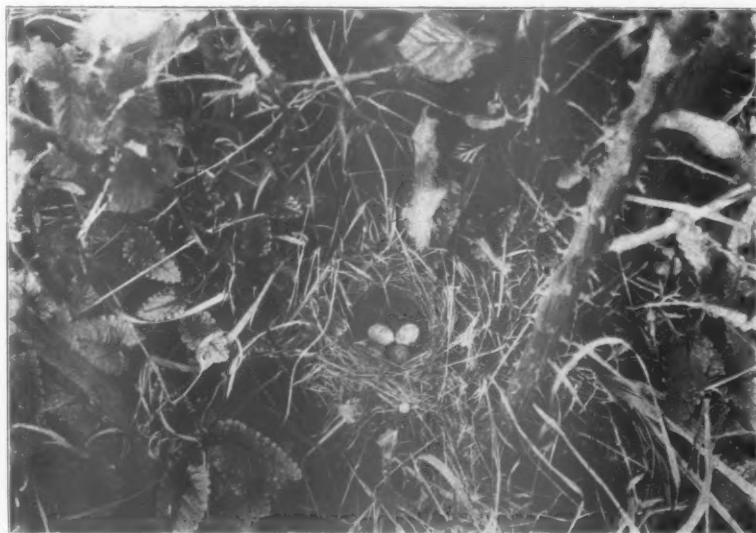
The angler pursuing his gentle craft sees more of the wild animal and bird life than most people. The water rats fear him not, but proceed with their ablutions regardless of his presence; and his rival, the kingfisher, will remain on his perch among the gnarled and twisted roots until he can make his sudden plunge on luckless minnow or some small fry below, which is then borne off in swift and arrowy flight with shrill and feeble cry to the expectant nestlings

in some rat-hole in the bank. They nest regularly here, and a little observation will enable one to find their pearly white eggs on the layer of disgorged fish bones which serves them for a nest.

I was once fortunate enough to witness an exciting flight of a sparrow-hawk in close pursuit of a kingfisher. They dashed past me like lightning, the hawk not a yard behind his quarry; but a very thick and high hedge prevented me from being in at the kill.

The water wagtails trip daintily along the gravelly stretches below the old sheep bridge, the crevices in whose weather-beaten timbers and rotting beams afford them a suitable nesting place. In certain seasons many yellow wagtails may also be seen flitting about and feeding in similar places. From the old bridge, under which I had taken shelter in a sudden storm, I once watched a heron, which settled within five or six yards, for a considerable time, and at closer quarters than I have ever been before or since. I had been rabbit shooting and had a loaded gun in my hands, but too much enjoyed the unusual sight to think of bringing it to an untimely end by any act of wanton murder. At length, in the midst of an elaborate toilet, he suddenly discovered that for once he had made a mistake, and took his departure in ludicrous haste.

They are very common hereabouts, but it is



YELLOWHAMMER'S NEST.



YOUNG PEEWIT OR LAPWING.

very seldom they allow of a close approach. Their long legs and necks give them a great advantage in this respect. When they are standing in a hollow I have seen their heads upstretched watching the surrounding country, and any attempt to creep up nearer has invariably been unsuccessful. On being disturbed I have watched them fly off and settle in the middle of a large ploughed field, where they remain invisible until they consider it safe enough to return. Occasionally also I have surprised them in small ponds in the fields around. Some of these ponds, too, are frequented by mallard and green sandpipers.

Waterhens also, which swarm everywhere in this country, travel long distances, wandering along the ditches and small watercourses in search of food; especially is this the case when the snow lies thick on the ground. Their long foot-prints are then to be seen in every direction, and the birds are flushed from places where at any other time you would never expect to find them. An occasional water-rail may also then be met with, and after the nesting season is over a few dabchicks frequent the pools for a few days; these are probably working their way southwards on migration. I have never known them to nest here, though a few may possibly do so.

A rare and unusual visitor for these parts once took up his quarters here in the shape of an otter. For a considerable time the foot-prints were to be seen, and traces of his presence in the shape of half-eaten fish were constantly found on the bank. These were usually large chub, which are here very numerous and run to a large size, with the best part of the shoulder eaten, and the rest left behind. I never heard of its being seen, and none have been killed here for many years, so it probably wandered away, following the river up to the Witham.

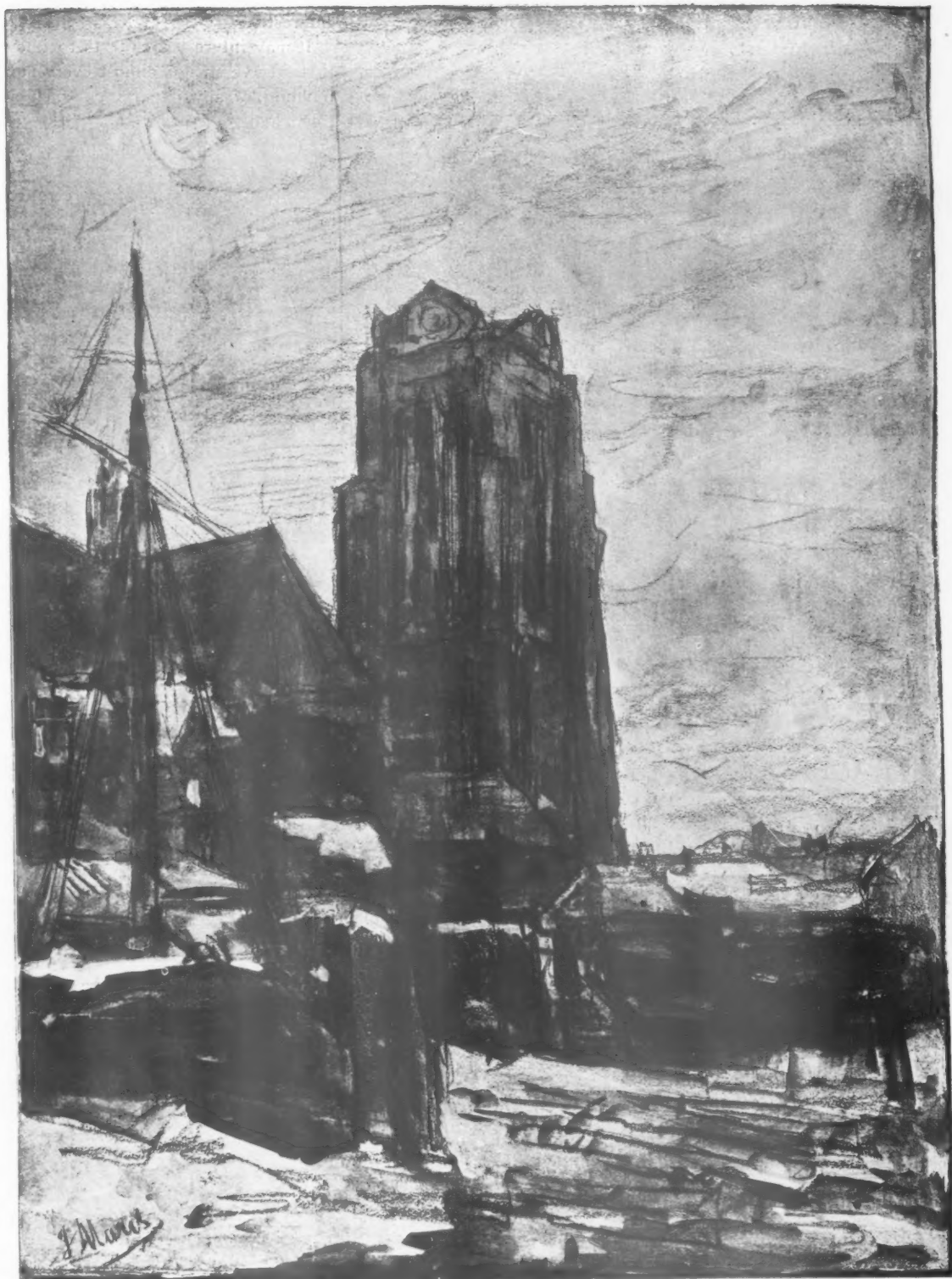
It is extraordinary how long animals of nocturnal habits, like the otter and badger, can exist in a

district undetected and undisturbed, whereas, if they came out to feed in the day time, their life would be indeed a short one—and not a particularly merry one, either—so much would they be pursued and hunted down.

J. PENNELL'S LITHOGRAPHY AND LITHOGRAPHERS.

THAT lithography, which seemed dying as an art for years, or only existing in a spasmodic way as an advertising medium, should have a chance for a renewal of life—other than the commercial—was scarcely to be expected, and is not greatly believed in now by many or most of the folks who think, or talk without thinking, about Art or Art matters at all. There seems, however, to be a fair prospect of a revival of lithography's life as Art, though not on the old lines. Books are only now and then illustrated lithographically, but quite a number of artists have taken to it lately, their lithography bearing much the same relation to the old lithography that etchings bear to the old line engravings. Indeed, an attempt has been made to force etching into competition with engraving in line, but with only partial success. This attempt was banned by Mr. Whistler, whose dictum as an artist etcher is final. For the moment, photography—machine-made Art—largely made in Germany, has usurped the place of real craftsmanship—real Art; and the artist has to stand aside while the cheap is being honoured—while craft and cunning is doing its level best to make real Art impossible by starving the craftsmen. Engravers and draughtsmen on wood, lithographers, except the poster fraternity, are for the moment disestablished. This may not continue, and it is to be hoped that it won't. Meantime, there seems a generous desire amongst artists that so fine an art, so rich in artistic possibilities as lithography really is, should live and not die; and now Mr. Pennell's great book, as timely as it is clever and valuable, appearing, as it does, while the Centenary Exhibition at Kensington is on, is a lucky addition to the revival of interest in this really Fine Art.

The very first illustration in this capital book is a remarkably clever loose etching-like lithograph, by Mr. Whistler, of Mr. Pennell, described as a portrait; but it is not a portrait of the vulgar conventional sort—not a portrait in the sense that the very next illustration—portrait of Senefelder—is a portrait. That clever lithographic artist, the late Mr. Andrew Maclure, once said to me "that a man is not always to be taken seriously. He is not always sitting for his portrait." Mr. Whistler took Mr. Pennell without prejudice, just as he lounged in his



A DUTCH CHURCH :
BY J. MARIS.



ULM: BY S. PROUT.

easy chair, and the likeness is not of the conventional sort, nothing is really said, but everything is suggested, and it is so amusingly like the real Mr. Pennell, as to be almost comical; vulgar particularity would be out of place in such slight etching-like lithography, but it takes a Mr. Whistler to be so cleverly general and interesting.

In the preface to his book Mr. Pennell says artists who can draw with the point find no difficulty in drawing on stone or paper, without any preliminary training to speak of; this only applies to the artist lithographer. To the serious copyist of the works of artists—the journeyman lithographer—an apprenticeship is necessary and usual.

In the palmy days of lithography, when heavily tinted drawings were done, the tinter was necessary, and preliminary. Although tinting is a purely mechanical process, requiring only a steady plod, and great patience in well-doing; yet in these days there were tinters and tinters, and one named Fagan I have heard of as eminent. Mr. Haghe was then working, and drawings were tinted, I am told, until you could almost see yourself in the glossy

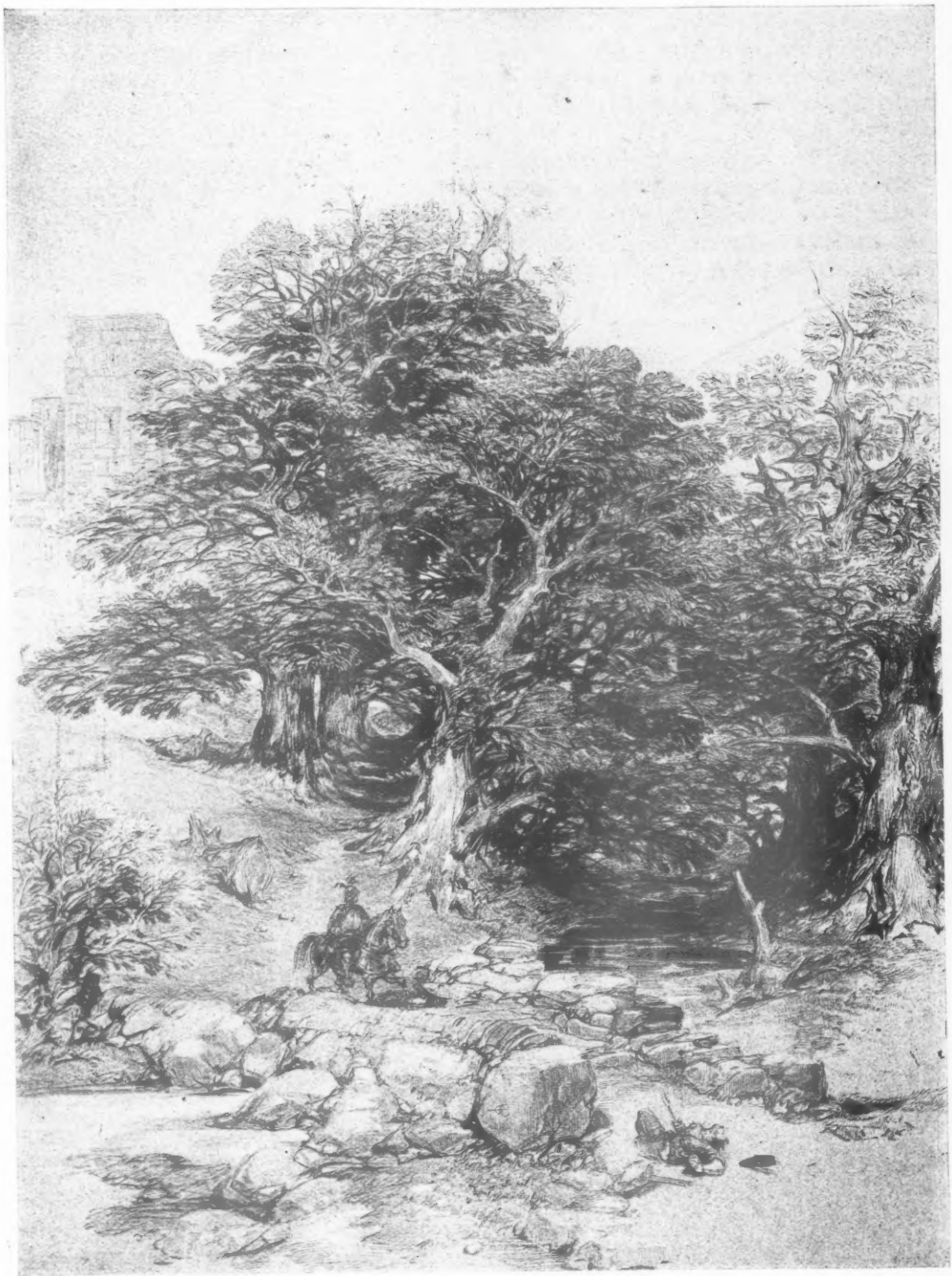
surface. The artist following the tinter invested the work with artistic interest.

It may interest architects to know that fifty years ago almost every new building of any importance, such as town halls, exchanges, churches, &c., were drawn and reproduced by lithography, and the architectural outliner was a distinct branch of the profession in those days. That was before photography or process labour-saving contrivances were powers in the land or realm of illustrative art. So much work of this kind was done that Day and Son had a staff of employes. One of them, a Mr. Butler, who had been bred in the office of Mr. Smyrke, could be entrusted from the architects' ground plans and elevations to project a perspective view of the intended building, and outline it on the stone; another did the tinting, being directed by the artist who had the completion of the work; another, a Mr. Newman, also of the staff, did much splendid outlining for Mr. George Hawking, another of Day's men, who had great facility in this class of work, and did a large amount of it in the "forties" and "fifties," for his style was held in much esteem by the architects, and it was through his lithographic fingers that they sought for the popularity they now find in the architectural

journals. Later on a Mr. Finch did much good work as an outliner, and Mr. R. Smythson.

In those days, too, the shipping interest had its lithographer, almost every ship or steamboat that was launched sat for its portrait to Mr. T. G. Dutton, also on the staff of Day and Son; and the rough sketches of Commander Montague O'Reilly and the late Sir Oswald W. Brierly were entrusted to Mr Dutton to find much detail for, and to lithograph.

Lithography owes much to Mr. William Day for its development in England. But for him, much that was done, would not have been done; and he paid liberally for good work. Robert's Holy Land—a monumental work—was largely due to his initiative. It is true this work is lacking in a certain quality much prized by artist-lithographers, a certain looseness, suggestive of atmosphere and colour. It is very perfect, as work; but it is—as it were—too perfect; polished to hardness, to dry, arid, hopeless completion. This completion appeals to the Philistine worshipper of the "beauty in which all things work and move"; to him this completion



"A DEATH BLOW":
BY G. CATTERMOLÉ.

looks like work, and work done, work that can be measured, as it were, and paid for, every line worked up to—perfect in its hopeless completion. To the artist, to whom there is no line in Nature, this map-like completion is exasperating to the last degree, as lacking what Mr. Hanhart called "Passion." For this sort of thing the tinter is a necessity, the tinter must not have genius, or only a genius for the mechanical. Impatience would be fatal to his very existence.

The lithographic tinter bears the same relation to the journeyman lithographer that the mezzotint rocker bears to the mezzotinter, or the man who points the marble to the sculptor, or the coat painter to the old portrait painters, overburdened by a plethora of commissions, and who, when the old portraitists died, were savagely said to be their chief mourners; or the two assistants who carried Sir E. Burne Jones' work up to a certain point. The late Sir E. Burne Jones never had much to say, but he said it often; and consequently he needed assistance to save the time that was the more valuable. All that the tinter, rocker, pointer, coat painter, or assistant did or does they do only as the savers of time.

When I say that the revival of lithography as an art is a possibility, but not on the old lines, I mean that if an artist, not journeymanic, desired to do a work of considerable depth of colour, which means heavily tinted, he would have to employ a tinter, if, indeed, they are not all dead, or gone into photography in self-defence; for I do not believe that any real artist, whose time is at all valuable, could wait for the steady accruing of the stone, as chalk is piled on chalk, in order to get the necessary depth. He might rush it on anyhow without waiting for the stones assimilating or digesting the chalk, so to speak, but the result would be neither beautiful nor interesting.

The new lithography does not pretend to depth except in small quantities. Greyiness is the ideal, and for this I do not know of any medium that lends itself so completely to the artist as the grained lithographic transfer paper. Any number of sheets can be carried in a portfolio, and when drawn upon will keep for several weeks, and when wanted will render up what has been entrusted to it faithfully—a perfect autograph.

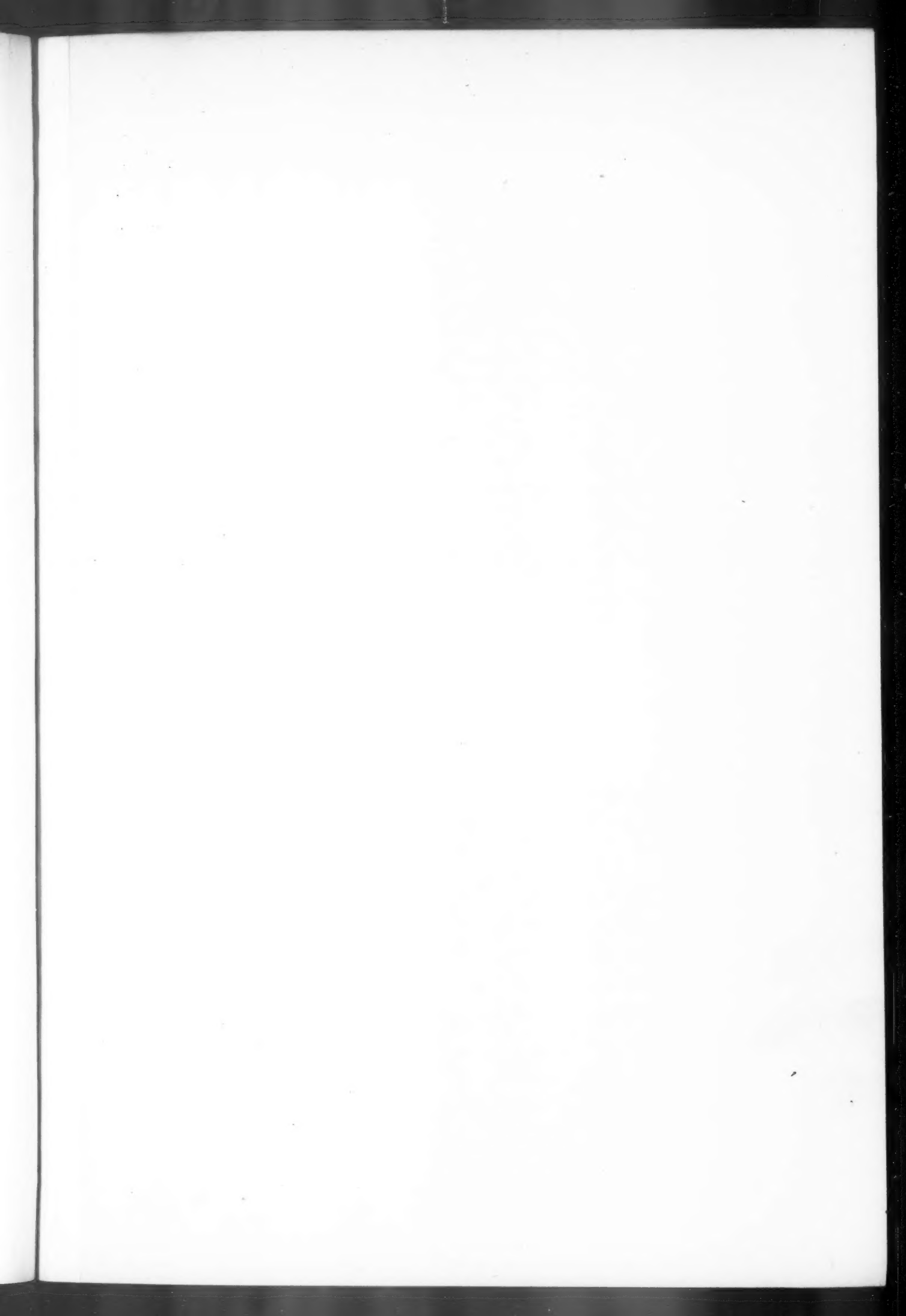
There are some specimens of the new lithography in Mr. Pennell's book. Beside Mr. Whistler's "Thames," there is one by Ten Cate of the "Steamboat," a breezy, clever thing, worthy of a place in any portfolio of etchings. I do not see why such notes of hand by artists of ability should not take rank with etchings, without prejudice to etching, which has qualities of its own; and I understand collectors are collecting, even now.

In the second chapter there is an exhaustive account of the discovery of lithography, and he shows that the word lithography, although a handy title, and one we are used to, is not quite exact; that lithography is not the drawing on stone, but the printing from the stone drawn upon that constitutes the lithograph, the prints are the lithographs, and surface printing the lithography. The author considers that the word polyautography was not a bad name for what we call lithography, but this would apply only to the work of the artist lithographer, not to the professional lithographer, whose work is mainly simulating the work of others. But given a drawing on stone by an artist, the mode by which his autograph is multiplied, would be polyautography.

There are a few samples of French caricature, but I have no sympathy with French caricature. The French caricaturist seems to me to be a mocker, not a kindly humourist. He is extreme, an apostle of the hideous, lacking in restraint, in reticence. I have seen in print somewhere French art described as the "Apotheosis of Lust and Blood." I fancy this description is lacking in reticence. I have thought that the excessive training of French artists destroyed individuality, and that they were artists according to pattern. Their art not so much a mode of human expression, as the exhibition of a cultured professionalism; a Culture Ring. The education of the heart I consider of as much consequence as of the eyes and fingers—more, indeed. There is a plate in the book "La Revue Nocturne," by Raffet, who, according to M. Bouchot, was the forerunner of Meissonier, De Neuville, and Detail. And it does seem as though Meissonier owed the inspiration of his "Vive l'Empereur," exhibited the other day in the Guildhall, largely to Raffet's "Revue Nocturne." The cavalry in the work by Meissonier are surging towards you in a mad stampede, without discipline, seemingly without restraint or reticence. A trumpeter, with his arm high in the air, going roaring by, makes one thoughtful, who considers life as more than a boast, as something sacred. In Raffet the cavalry are sweeping round to pass the Emperor, are keeping line, ranked, reticent; are sweeping past like waves, the mystery of moonlight adding to its impressiveness. The book has many fine and good illustrations—several of which we are able to give by the courtesy of the publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—is well printed, and well worthy a place in any art library.

G. MCC.

NOTE.—*Lithography and Lithographers*, by Joseph Pennell and E. Robins Pennell, with many illustrations. London, 1899. T. Fisher Unwin.





LINCOLNS INN FIELDS, SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

DRAWN BY F. L. EMANUEL.





THE KING'S GALLERY:
KENSINGTON PALACE.



DIAL WALK, FROM SITE OF ALCOVE.

KENSINGTON PALACE: BY W. J. LOFTIE, B.A., F.S.A.: ILLUSTRATED BY SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS.

It was in 1689, two hundred and ten years ago, that William III., driving out from London to look for a suitable country villa, passed Nottingham House. It stood well back from the road, long and low, surrounded by old trees and sunny gardens, sloping to the south. He went on through Kensington, where the bells were rung from the tower of the old Gothic church, pulled down six years later, and visited Holland House. It belonged at this time to Robert Earl of Holland, who fifteen years before had inherited the earldom of Warwick and another suburban residence on the north side of London. Nottingham House was passed again on the way back, by whichever road the King travelled.

It may be worth while to enquire as to what Nottingham House was like at this time, how it was situated, and of what it and the park consisted. The place belonged to Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, Baron Finch of Daventry, who, forty years later, succeeded his cousin in the earldom of Winchelsea. He had come into possession of the house and park near Kensington about seven years before on the death of his father. The house and the greater part of the estate were in the parish of

Westminster, having formed the Abbot's Manor of Neate or Neyte. Closely adjoining it on the east was another manor of the Abbot of Westminster, that which still bears the name of Hyde, and is known to us as Hyde Park. The boundary between Hyde and Neate was very vague at the time of the dissolution, when Hyde was retained by Henry VIII., while Neate was granted away to various owners. Charles II. and Sir Heneage Finch, the father of the first earl, rectified the boundaries in 1663, and Sir Heneage had leave to make the sunk fence which still exists. Some parts of this fence, which is of importance in the history of Kensington Gardens, were lately destroyed in pursuance of the policy which is now being reversed, as many of us hope. Some fields and a paddock, belonging to the manor, on the Kensington side of the fence, were not thrown into the Gardens till much later. Their situation is marked on an old map as "Colt's Quarter."

The Manor House stood, as was the custom three hundred years and more ago, not in the centre of the estate, but in that part of it which was nearest to other habitations. The Hyde Park end was too wild and insecure. So was the northern end, on "the road to Acton," which with the southern, along the Reading Road, were further made unsuitable by marshes, and by the serpentine windings of the Westbourne. In the Manor House of the Abbot of West-

minster, two eminent abbots are recorded to have died. The fathers successively of Henry IV. and Edward IV. were living in it during the Wars of the Roses. It was placed where it had such protection as was afforded by another abbot's house, that namely of the Abbot of Abingdon, in the village of Kensington, a house which was close to the church in Church Lane, and whose site is probably marked for us by the barracks. Lord Nottingham had added about nine acres to the north-westward of his park, which were within the Kensington boundary. He made them into a kitchen garden, and adjoining them was a pleasance, immediately to the north of the house. This site of the kitchen garden is now occupied by the first five houses on the western side of the avenue called Palace Gardens, the rest of which is in Westminster. There does not seem to be any reason to doubt that Nottingham House was the same as the Abbot's Manor House, although no features older than the time of the Restoration are now to be seen.

It may be well to mention here that the old park of the Earls of Nottingham is exactly the same as what we call Kensington Gardens, though a few acres and roods have been added between Knightsbridge and High Street to round off the plot on which the Prince Consort's Memorial was placed. The eastern boundary, adjoining Hyde Park, is defined for us by a map in the Crace Collection, as well as by the grant to Sir Heneage Finch, printed by Faulkner. It ought not to be necessary to lay down this very elementary fact, but Faulkner, by some aberration, asserted that Queen Anne, and Queen Caroline after her, took as much in all as three hundred acres from Hyde Park to add to the gardens, a statement seized with avidity by Leigh



ARMS OF WILLIAM III., HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.

Hunt, and repeated by numerous authors since. I saw it in a popular magazine a few months ago, where the writer proved the point, by asking where else they could have got the land? Where, indeed? Mr. Law, in his *Guide*, ignoring the agreement between Charles II. and Sir Heneage Finch, makes a similar mistake. But as there are only two hundred and forty-five acres and a half in all Kensington Gardens, as that was the amount of land in the manor which William III. bought from Lord Nottingham, and as the statement can be traced to the mistaken interpretation of some words of Bowack, in 1709, we may finally dismiss it as an unmitigated and silly fiction.

The house probably consisted of the wing at present occupied by the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. This portion still exhibits signs of having been built in or before the reign of Charles II. It faced due south, and had two wings, of which that to the west still remains. The whole building was two stories high, with a basement and an attic. There were ten small windows on each floor,



STABLES OF NOTTINGHAM HOUSE.

with the cross mullions so familiar in buildings of the later Stuart period. Brick was employed, in brown and red, and the mullions were of wood. At either end of the front the wings projected the length required for six windows, and were two windows in depth. There may have been a doorway into the garden in the eastern wing. At the back, facing to the north, there was a corridor or passage the whole length of the house, with the principal entrance at the western or north-western end of this passage, which the late Duke of Sussex utilised for his famous library; the crossed windows

oldest building in Kensington, which is, perhaps, reason enough.

How soon William and Mary made up their minds to add to their villa we cannot tell, but a fire which broke out in the very year they came into possession probably hastened their decision. It was soon determined to complete a courtyard, of which the old villa of Lord Nottingham was to form the south side. The plan was simplified by the removal of the eastern wing, and it is more than possible that this was after November, 1691, when, as John Evelyn notes, "part of the King's house at



JUNCTION OF NOTTINGHAM HOUSE AND THE PALACE.

are intact, and they are also to be seen south of the Moor, in what was probably Lord Nottingham's stabling, which stood and stands between Neyte Manor House and the village of Kensington.

In the centre of this moor, green, or common, was a curious old Gothic structure with a vaulted roof, the conduit. It was built to supply water to a house in Chelsea by King Henry VIII. A similar conduit was on the site now covered by the National Gallery, for the supply of Whitehall. Buildings of the same kind are to be seen in other parts of London. And a second water tower was here built, it is said, by Queen Anne, and bearing very plainly the marks of Vanbrugh's heavy hand. Both these interesting structures have disappeared of late, I know not why, but one of them was the

Kensington was burnt." It was only in April of the same year that he had recorded the destruction of the Royal residence at Whitehall, and tells us that "the King returned out of Holland just as this accident happened." It was evidently necessary that something should be done to provide a palace, and we may assume, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that, winter as it was, Wren went to work at once. It is quite easy to see that, instead of restoring the burnt wing of Nottingham House, he removed the ruins, continued the old front eastward, and commenced the stately pile in red brick, with which we are familiar. There are many signs, both external and internal, to tell us how this was done, and the brickwork itself shows us that the upper story, with its

irregular dormers, and the long windows opening down to the lawn were hurriedly run up when the wing in front was removed. Meanwhile, the court to the northward was partly completed, the ground being levelled, so that the old gallery, already mentioned, stood on the top of a bank or escarpment, and the door was approached, as it is still, by a flight of steps. This change of level goes to show that there was no courtyard on the north side of old Nottingham House, and that the inclosure and the building to the east, adjoining the end of the original house were undertaken by the King and Queen, soon after their purchase was completed. It is said that all they gave for the Manor House, the gardens, and the park, was but £18,000, which, if we reckon it as three times as much in our money, was not a large sum.

The first new work was to continue the south front past the point where the eastern wing had been burnt, and to join it to the new palace. At the back, the eastern side of the quadrangle was built, communicating with the old south front, and a very inadequate entrance was made, probably with a view, never carried out, of substituting something more stately as the palace grew. On the north side of the court were some apartments, not then completed, for the accommodation of a Royal family—a family which did not come to occupy them for forty years or more. At the eastern end of these buildings, in the corner of the quadrangle, a room is still identified as that occupied by Queen Mary. It looked into the court, and being panelled with what is now old oak,

has a gloomy air. It was next, on the western side, to the Queen's Privy Chamber, from which we now enter Queen Caroline's drawing-room. Queen Mary pressed on the work while William was campaigning abroad; and we can, in part, at least, trace her progress to the north-east corner of the palace, where we find two porticoes, one facing north, the other east, and both in Wren's best domestic manner, the eastern example marked with a monogram of W. and M. very like one of those we meet with at Hampton Court.

Wren would seem to have completed the two garden fronts, to the south and east, but the apartments within were still in a very unfinished condition till Kent undertook the direction of the works. It is curious to re-

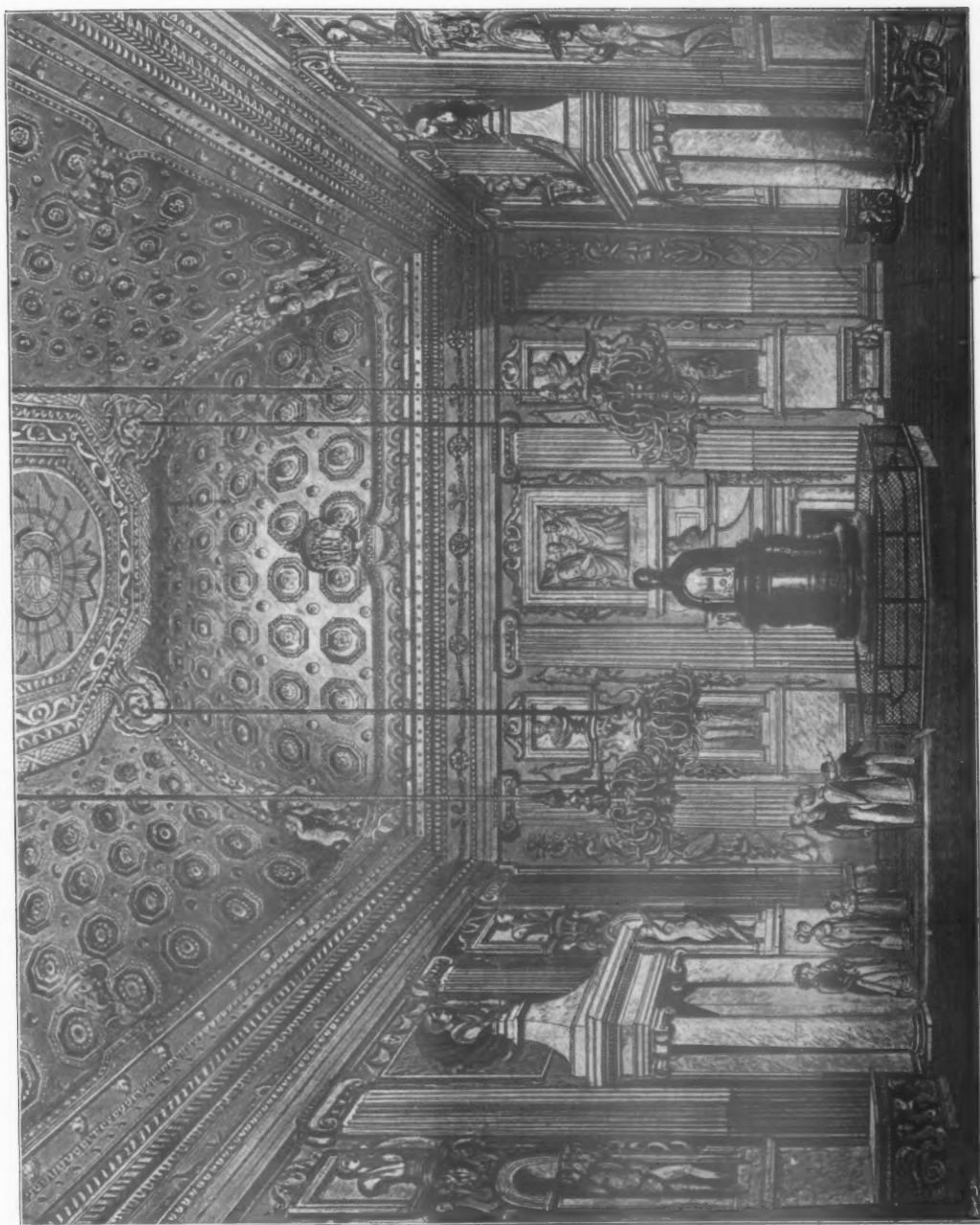
mark that neither by him nor by Wren was any great dining room, such as would have been suitable for regal banquets, ever provided. Queen Anne's summer house has lately been described as a banqueting hall by the newspapers, but as a fact, no apartment of the kind was built, and we may conclude that neither King William nor the first two Georges gave great dinner parties. There was some alteration eighty years ago in the position of the chapel which may have involved the obliteration or curtailment of the principal dining hall.

Queen Mary died of small-pox on the 27th December, 1694. All the buildings which bear her initials, as well as those of King William, were probably, therefore, finished before that date. The entrance archway, though very plain, looks like the work of Wren in his most sober moments, and

mark that neither by him nor by Wren was any great dining room, such as would have been suitable for regal banquets, ever provided. Queen Anne's summer house has lately been described as a banqueting hall by the newspapers, but as a fact, no apartment of the kind was built, and we may conclude that neither King William nor the first two Georges gave great dinner parties. There was some alteration eighty years ago in the position of the chapel which may have involved the obliteration or curtailment of the principal dining hall.



ALCOVE, KENSINGTON GARDENS.



THE CUPOLA ROOM, KENSINGTON PALACE.

the vane on the cupola of the bell-turret bears the united monogram. Another vane is over the Great Gallery, and is connected with a dial over the principal fireplace of that apartment. When William was watching for the despatches from Holland, or later, when the Georges looked for a change of wind to waft them over to their beloved Hanover, this dial must often have been eagerly scanned. The last words ever uttered by George II. consisted of an inquiry as to a change on the morning of his sudden death, in October, 1760. Long before that event the last touches had been given to the building. Wren had died in 1723, having been dismissed from the Royal service in 1718. Kent, the next architect employed, had come home from Italy in 1728, so that we may acquit him of any share in the disgraceful intrigue by which Wren was ousted. He died in 1748, having done much work here for George II.

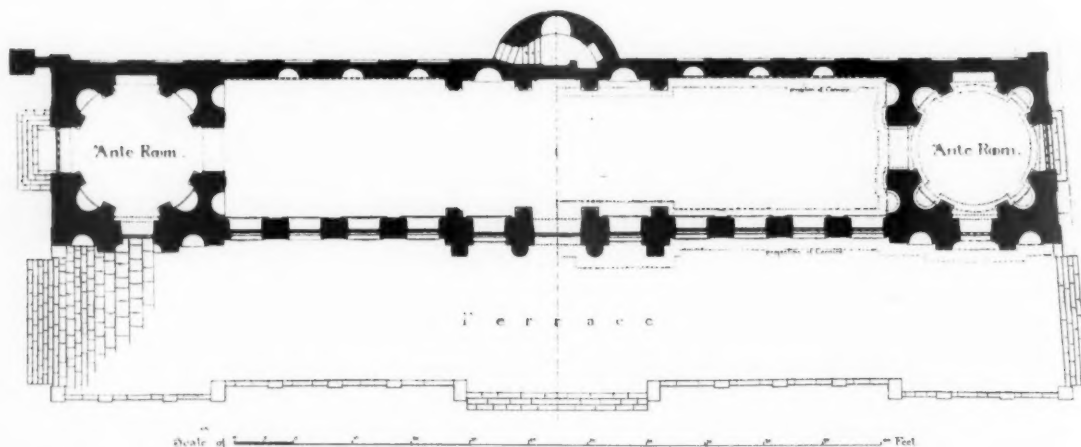
Apparently, the staircase, a mere makeshift, and the so-called Cupola, more properly, Cube Room, are the principal remaining features of his designing in the Palace. The staircase is curious, but certainly not beautiful. The approach to it is bad, and the decorations, which may once have served to deceive the eye as to its real plainness, were long so faded as to appear to be in monochrome, heightened with a little gilding. They seem, now they are cleaned, to have been in colours. The old stove-pipe, figured by Pyne, with its black vase on the top was a very conspicuous feature, but has dis-



QUEEN ANNE'S ORANGERY.

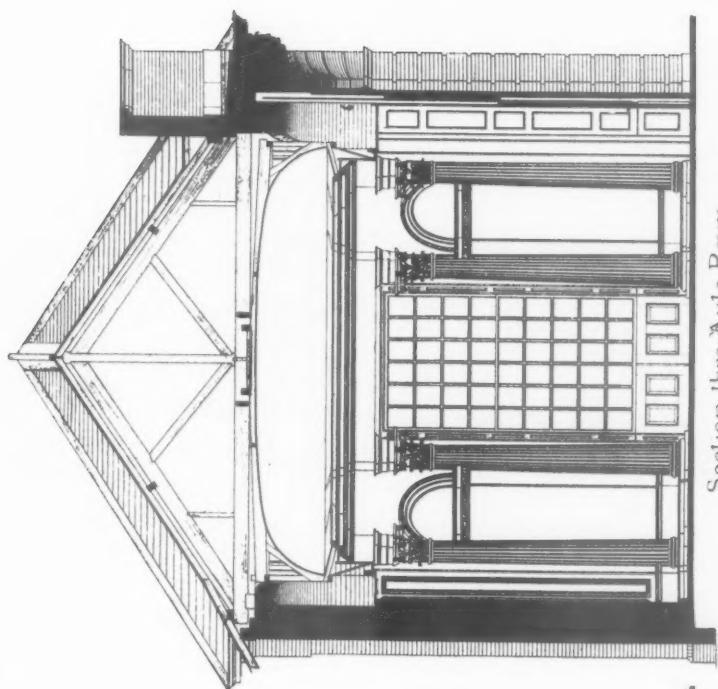
appeared in the restoration. Restoration is a word whose modern use seems to imply the loss of ancient and often interesting objects. Kent's pictures are amusing if not artistically admirable, and the contrast of the scene painting on the staircase with the marble and carving of the Presence Chamber and the Cube Room is sufficiently striking. Under the Cube Room, and looking into the same court, is a curious pillared apartment not shown, probably part of Kent's work, and intended to support the heavy marble decorations of the room above. This pillared chamber is rendered familiar to us in Wilkie's picture of the Queen's first council, but the artist has exaggerated its apparent proportions, so as to make it hold a far larger number of persons than could possibly have been crowded into it at one time.

Two gateways, the Orangery and the Alcove, all Wren's work, are, architecturally, the most



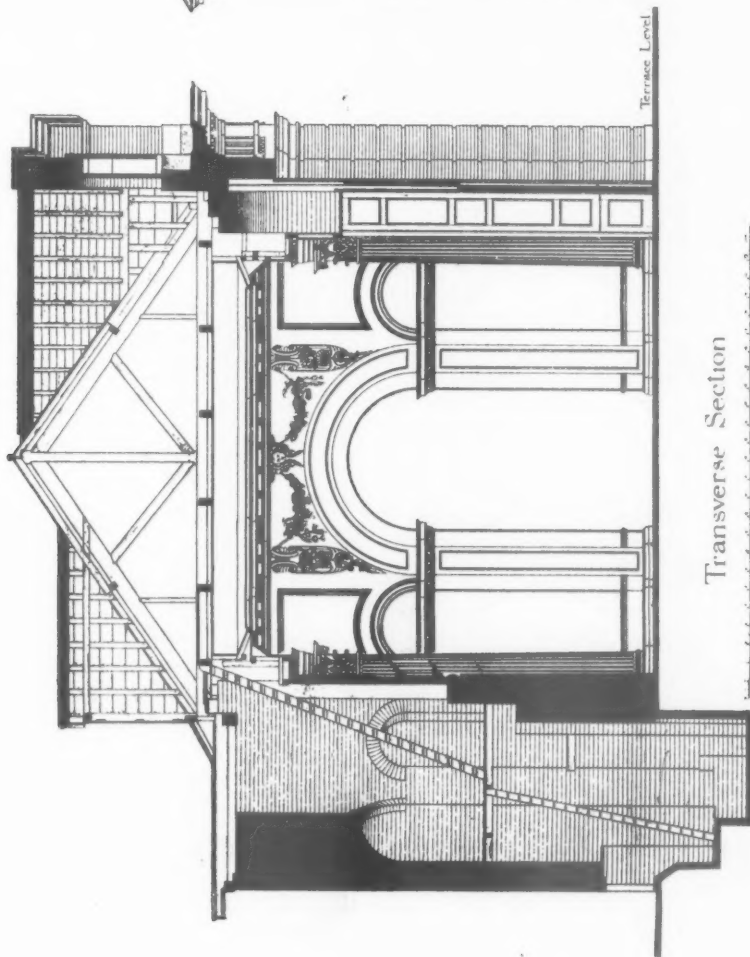
PLAN OF QUEEN ANNE'S ORANGERY.

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY GEORGE WEALD.



Section thro. Ante Room

Scale of Feet



Transverse Section

Scale of Feet

QUEEN ANNE'S ORANGERY: MEASURED
AND DRAWN BY GEORGE WEALD.

interesting relics of the old palace. As we enter the Royal precincts from the High Street we pass a little lodge, now let, and disfigured with the staring notices of the tenant, while its picturesque roof is over-shadowed by the vast height of a modern hotel of anomalous design. By the lodge are two gate posts, much disfigured with paint, which bear the lion and unicorn each supporting a shield with the arms of the Stuart dynasty distinguished by the shield of Orange-Nassau on an inescutcheon. Behind the palace, opening on what was once the Pleasance or Wilderness, is another pair of posts, of red brick, with a sculptured vase on the top of each. They adjoin the Orangery.

This exquisite building, which is mentioned by Bowack as being in progress in 1705, was designed for Queen Anne as a kind of summer house, in which receptions, music, dances, and especially tea parties, could be held in fine weather. In winter it was probably used for storing the orange trees in tubs, which formed so important a feature in the decoration of the terraces of the period. Of late, since the taste of such heads of the Woods and Forests Department as Sir Benjamin Hall and Mr. Ayrton was allowed to prevail, it had become a mere gardener's tool shed, glasshouses and hot beds lumbering up the front, while leaf mould and compost were mixed inside. Naturally, the delicately carved panelling suffered from neglect, damp, and actual ill-treatment. I called attention to the condition of this beautiful building, both in the newspapers and also in my book on Kensington, published in 1888, but no notice whatever was taken. If possible, the Orangery was more and more ill-treated as the years went on. In 1895, the directors of the Architectural School of the Royal Academy made it a subject for study, and a prize was awarded to Mr. Weald for a set of measured drawings. The exterior faces the south, the north side being of plain brown brick and featureless. The front exhibits rusticated columns in brickwork of the Doric order so much affected by Wren, and at either end there is a circular pavilion, the roofs coved, with a pediment to the central compartment. Within we find three apartments, scarcely divided, and evidently requiring curtains to complete the separation. The panelling was, like everything else within as well as without, studiously plain and devoid of ornament, except that which is incidental to the Corinthian style of the carved oak pilasters and some small pearwood festoons of considerable beauty.

The Alcove has suffered in a different way from the deplorable taste of the authorities. Unfortunately, it is still suffering, for the recognition bestowed upon the Orangery has not been extended to the Alcove, although no "restoration" of Kensington Palace can be considered complete

which does not include its return to the place for which it was designed, facing the windows of the King's Gallery toward which it looked through a short avenue of elm trees, a few of which still remain to mark the spot. The Alcove, a glorified garden seat, in red brick and white marble, bears on the keystone of the arch the monogram A. R. of Queen Anne. It formed the termination of the Dial Walk, being designed for its place, that is, to stand facing north, at the foot of a slight slope, and to close a vista from the south front of the Royal apartments. It now stands where it accentuates the ugliness of the adjoining water-works, at the other side of the Serpentine, half way up a hill, facing south, and answering to no feature of the neighbouring landscape.

THE DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S: BY EDWARD S. PRIOR.

THE whole art-world is aghast at what the nineteenth-century artist is doing at St. Paul's. He has been made free of it, and his brethren shake their heads and hold up their hands. To try and stop him representations and protests are poured in upon the Dean and Chapter; noble lords are conjured to call on Government to interfere; deputations from Academies and Institutes claim to be heard; and where Academicians have hesitated Slade students, *en masse*, have rushed in with vigorous condemnation. It would seem as if never artist's work had met from artists such unanimous disapproval: even Sir William Richmond's friends keep silence from praising.

Yet there is evidently another side to the question, and Sir William has opened it in a letter to the *Times*, which deserves reply. It is, indeed, only by dealing with this other side that we can appreciate that which is being done to a monument of our national art—why such a dealing with it should never have been begun, and why now it should be stopped once and for all.

Sir William defies the lightning of the present-day disapprobation of his doings; and it must be admitted that there is much empty flicker in the expression of mere dislike of them, or any mere assertion that his is not our idea of what Wren meant for the great church. Indeed, under present conditions, one artist's abuse of another's art is as cheap as his praise of it—both only the current circulation, given to-day and taken to-morrow, in expression of the conflict of persistent individualities. Of art-expression as an age we have little, but in compensation any amount of individualities by virtue of which every artist is always more or less abhorrent to another. In fact, when a man's

art is widely popular, it must be taken as sign of its being widely common-place. And we reach the absurdity that our greatest artist is he who pleases least! We seem to have gone back to the primeval conditions of an art-barbarism, in which every man's hand is against his brother. True, we hunt together when a quarry is started, but at any moment turn and rend each other. So it seems to Sir William Richmond; it is his luck, he feels, on this occasion to be the victim of the hue and cry. But he has got away with his booty, and in possession of St. Paul's can double on his pursuers. Has he not been a "hound" himself, and knows the trick of the "hare?"

Yes, it is true that the art of Sir William Richmond, as of everyone else to-day, must run the gauntlet of an art criticism, which creates no gauge of quality. It must entrench itself, too, in a position where it shall be safe from the marauding propensities of those commercial and scientific interests which would raid it continually; for surrender to them means the ravage of its honour, so that the integrity of his seclusion—the sanctity of his own ideal—must be the artist's religion. Not that always the treasures of virtue, won so dearly, and hugged so sacredly, are worth the siege of the stronghold, or its painful defence. Still, it must be allowed that some great individual art has been kept inviolate this century, while some has been lost or degraded by our artists. So Sir William Richmond has the right to hold his art as sacred as he chooses—as the painter of some interesting portraits; as an Academician and the son of an Academician; as the fluent lecturer on Art; as the author of some approved Academy sculpture and ideal painting. And if, hearing the call, he has taken up the mission of leading Art outside exhibitions and lecture-rooms into the public ways of life, the sphere was his to choose. For him, and for a hundred such, are our county and city halls new built and waiting; and there are nineteenth-century churches in plenty, in whose painting an Academy painter might grow to the art of a decorator, and create, perhaps, a modern style, in which his name would have been honoured for generations. And in such nineteenth-century achievement every artist would have been honoured, and in this advancement of craftsmanship every craftsman advanced.

But it was a different thing to try a prentice hand upon St. Paul's—to make the national monument of seventeenth-century style a *corpus vile* of latter-day experiment! What is a modern painter in face of the architecture of one whose genius was the embodiment of a great creative impulse in English Art? It is no cavil at Sir William's capacity as a painter, no criticism of his position among artists, to ask him how he could expect to

reach the compass of Sir Christopher Wren's stature; or how he could make claim to supplement his intentions—as if, in the few years of a nineteenth-century painter's aptitude, could be gathered up the thousand harvests of experiment, from which grew the glory of Byzantine mosaic? It was only to be expected that his one-man's-art should "pinch out" thin on such a canvas—that it should glare aggressively and hurt many eyes.

So when Sir William brings Æsop into court, he does it at his risk. For cross-examining his witness, one reads how the fable ran of a creature with more confidence than capacity, who swelled and swelled, till, in the homely rendering of L'Estrange, he "let all fly."

But, besides quoting Æsop, Sir William claims to be the champion of the artists' colour-sense against Puritanic dulness—and is careless that in so doing he pays a sorry compliment to the genius of Wren. Indeed, it is clear that as architecture, Sir William finds the work of our great master sadly wanting. But this zeal to give London one bright interior to cheer it up, exhibits itself in rather a narrow view of colour. Is there necessarily joy in blue and red, and none in the greys of the stonework that Wren chose for his walls? What a noble play of soft colour lies in this quiet architecture! How it fills space with its harmony!—against which pictures and hangings might be as brilliant as Sir William could conjure them. A *decoration* of furniture would have been legitimate experiment, which might stand the test of trial; or if found to fail could be removed, and leave the *architecture* none the poorer. But to chip and be-marble Wren's stonework; to embroider what he left plain; to emphasise what his art made subordinate; and think to doctor the contour of Wren's mouldings—to do all that Sir William has done, and would do—is to be no Decorator with a painter's sense (however it be boasted to distinguish itself from Puritanism), but is, as a would-be Architect, to quarrel with Wren.

The wide question is, How comes it that our London Cathedral should be handed over to such hostile, or, at any rate, unsympathetic hands? Three times this century have there been tamperings with the dispositions of Wren's quire: first, the organ was taken from its place, and split in two; secondly, a reredos erection was attempted; and, thirdly, have now walls and ceilings been painted and faced with mosaic. And each of these changes has belittled Wren's architecture, and left us a less precious possession in it. Still, in the dome and the nave there is much of the great Wren to save, if the Dean and Chapter will save it.

But will they? In authoritative tone they have asserted their "knowledge and love" of their Cathedral. But similarly professed were they who

broke down the great chapter-house of Durham, and would have removed its Galilee; who gave Wyatt the mandate to destroy so much of Salisbury; and they who passed Wells over to Salvin, Worcester to Perkins, Chester to Scott, and lately St. Albans to Lord Grimthorpe, and Westminster transept to Pearson. Surely at the hands of "knowledge and love" has at Cambridge been be-smirched the most beautiful relic of its ancient history, the old King's Gate; and at Oxford have been cut down from their pedestals the statues of St. Mary's. So for a hundred years the authority and pride of possession have been asserted—by handing over what was known and loved to the experiments of an "expert," pledged not to preserve but to improve—to substitute—until what *was* has gone, and we have what *is*!

It stands so now with St. Paul's, as it has stood with every church in England where the nineteenth-century activity of clerical possession has had issue in a greater destruction than was wrought by the neglects of some ten preceding generations. It is time that some means should be devised to

save what is left; some protection that may point to success in preserving, instead of the notorious failure of present methods. The remains of our ancient arts have now become few enough—so few that the question can no longer be made one of saving the works of the greater masters. The scantiness of the fragments brings all on to an equality of preciousness: all should be scheduled out of reach of their temporary possessors. So that no more may "knowledge and love" expose a St. Paul's to the mistaken hardihoods of a Sir William Richmond—nor any other Sir William Richmond be tempted to that painter's disloyalty in art which would think to repaint an ancient master.

BOURGES: ITS CATHEDRAL AND OTHER CHURCHES: BY S. N. VANSITTART: PART ONE.

NOTWITHSTANDING many a fanciful conjecture, the origin of the ancient capital of the Gallic tribe, known to the Romans as the Bituriges

Cubi, is wrapt in obscurity, "having been founded in times which possessed no history," says Raynal, according to whom little is to be learned from legendless coins anterior to the middle of the fourth century of our era, when the Gauls began to imitate those of Philip of Macedon, brought to the country probably by Mediterranean merchants.

The word AVARICO, inscribed beneath the image of a pig, occurs on a bronze of decidedly Gallic origin, and another coin of older date has a pair of Macedonian chariot horses, and the letters V R, possibly portion of the word BITVR.

A writer of the sixteenth century ascribes its foundation to a son of Noah, or better still, of Neptune, which is certainly vague, while, according to dim local tradition, a giant repulsed elsewhere flung his hammer into the sky, and built a city here where it fell.

Certain it is that *Avaric*, called by its conquerors *Avaricum*, a name derived from Avara, ancient appellation of the Yèvre, on which it stands, or according to some from *av*—water—and *rich*—wealth—ranked among the chief townships of Gaul long before its subjection by Rome, and even enjoyed a kind of civilisation, due chiefly to its intercourse with Phoeni-



BOURGES CATHEDRAL.

cian traders who penetrated beyond the Cevennes in search of minerals. Pliny informs us that the inhabitants of *Avaricum* were noted for their skill in metal work, that they worked iron is attested by heaps of slag still occasionally found, while the fertility of the soil, and the abundance of wild pigs, enabled them to be purveyors of hempen sail-cloth, and of hams and salted meats.

Their dwellings were mud-roofed circular huts, and even the houses of their towns were of no more durable material than wood, enclosed occasionally within a defensive palisade.

The Stoic philosopher Posidonius, visiting the country before the invasion of Cæsar, speaks of the savage custom of preserving, as cherished trophies, the heads of enemies, by means of cedar oil, for the decoration of the gates of their cities, or the breasts of their horses, while the Druidical practice of human sacrifice survived even the Roman invasion.

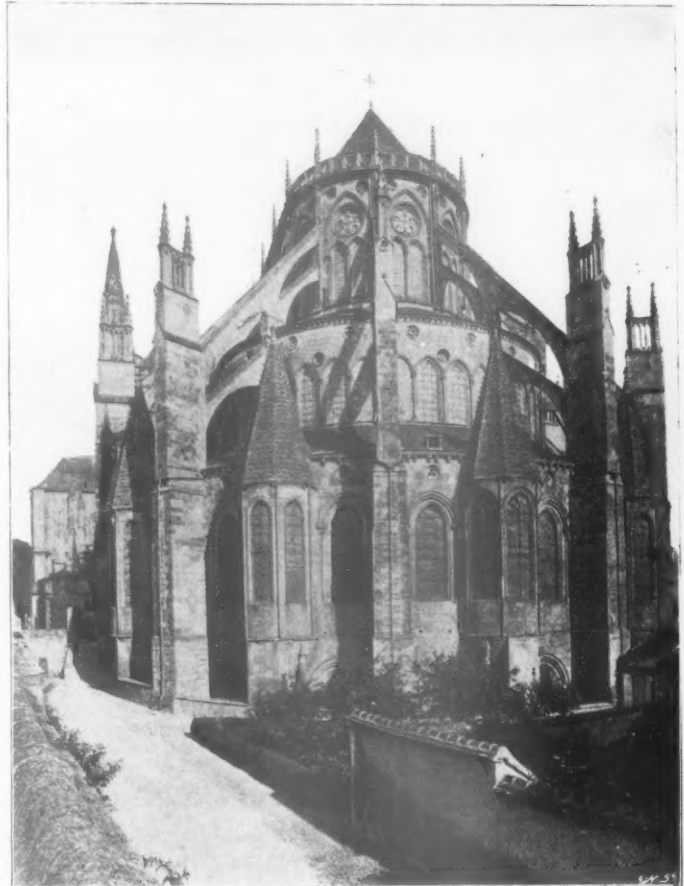
For joining Vercingetorix in his resistance to Rome, *Avaricum*, as is well known, was, in the year 53 B.C., besieged by Cæsar, taken, and its 40,000 inhabitants ruthlessly put to the sword, excepting 800 who contrived to escape. With strategic foresight the Gallic leader had decided on its destruction by fire, but gave way to the pleading of its citizens, who, relying on its marsh-surrounded position, proclaimed their ability to defend this *totius Galliae urbs prope pulcherrima*, as Cæsar describes it.

Under Roman dominion *Avaricum* rose to considerable commercial and industrial importance, and the introduction of the vine at the end of the third century by the Emperor Probus added to its agricultural prosperity.

As with many of the towns of Gaul, the name changed to that of the tribe originally inhabiting it; thus from *Avaricum Biturigum* it is styled *Biturigae* by Ammianus Marcellinus in the fourth century; *Biturigum* by Paulus Orosius in the beginning of the fifth; *Urbs Biturica* in the ninth, and *Biturix* in the tenth.

Its wealth is fully attested by numerous remains of villas, thermae, and aqueducts, at various times unearthed, while coins are still found daily.

Of the amphitheatre—larger than the still comparatively intact one of Nîmes—the only record now remaining is the name *rue des Arènes*. Traces of it still existed in the seventeenth century, and in



BOURGES CATHEDRAL: APSE SEEN FROM EPISCOPAL GARDEN.

the year 1536 a miracle play was acted in the arena by 494 performers.

The frequent attacks of barbarous tribes, compelling the inhabitants during the fifth century to surround the central portion of the town with a wall guarded by sixty watch towers, caused the destruction of the stateliest edifices beyond its precincts to provide building material. The hot haste of demolition and construction is demonstrated by the order in which fragments are met with: capitals, friezes, broken sculpture, low down bases, and portions of columns high up in the remains of this Gallo-Roman rampart, some of the blocks of which are of vast size.

On the decline of Roman dominion towards the end of the fifth century, the city was held by the Visigoths, till annexed by Clovis to his Frankish kingdom. The Carlovingian Kings further strengthened its walls, but constant Norman incursions and civil strife so reduced the town that it gradually sank to a mere *vicomte*, the last viscount of which, Eudes Arpin, before departing for the Holy Land in the year 1100, sold it to Philip I., under whose successors it again enjoyed prosperity



FRAGMENT OF SCREEN, BOURGES MUSEUM:
"CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS."

as a military outpost. To its fortifications Philippe-Auguste added the *grosse tour* which, improved by Jean de Berry, became one of the noted strongholds of the Kingdom. It was demolished nearly five centuries later by Cardinal Mazarin at the request of the townspeople.

Of the churches successively raised on the summit of the hill, the first is attributed to St. Ursin, the *Apostle of Berry*, to whom, in the year 251, the Roman Senator Leocadius, residing in Gaul, gave part of his palace for use as a Christian basilica and depository of the relics of St. Stephen.

This having been destroyed about 380, St. Pelagius erected on the spot a church of great beauty, of which the rebuilding is supposed to have been begun during the ninth century by Raval de Turenne, kinsman of Charles the Bold, and continued by succeeding prelates, among whom an active promoter of its completion was Gaulin, brother of Hugh Capet. Of this structure, believed to be represented on the seal of the Chapter affixed to existing documents of the thirteenth century, nothing now remains but the vault of the archbishops, a fragment of stained glass, and possibly the Byzantine statues of the north and south porches, whose type is of the tenth century.

The history of the cathedrals which have preceded the present one is vague and obscure, owing to the numerous fires which at various times have destroyed the city records.

Scarcely was the Romanesque building finished, when either instability of construction or the desire for something more grandiose, and in the new style coming into vogue, inspired the Archbishop Henry

de Sully, towards the close of the twelfth century says Buhot de Kersers, to plan a new edifice with aisles, based partly on the Roman rampart.

Contributions were diligently collected by the succeeding bishop, St. William Berrayer, and a deed recording that in 1324 William de Broses dedicated *ecclesiam Bituricensem*, is believed to refer to the consecration of this new cathedral.

The crypt and apse with its chapels are earlier than the remainder which is mostly of the fourteenth century, while the massive north tower 200 feet high and the doorway beneath it were raised by Guillaume Pellevoisin after the fall of the older tower in 1506 consequent on faulty foundations. The dangerous condition of the tower was noticed two years before the calamity, and the chapter with a view to raising money to defray the expense of saving it formed the confraternity of "Monseigneur St. Estienne," every member of which paid a subscription of two *sols Tournois*.

Only in 1508 were sufficient funds collected to commence the work of rebuilding, the architect's assistants being the master-masons Colin Byard and Jean Cheneau at a daily pay of ten sols, he himself receiving an extra eight deniers.

Seen from the archiepiscopal garden, tastefully laid out by Lenôtre, the peculiar construction of the five chapels abutting from the apse is of a very happy effect; resting on slender shafts they present the appearance of segments of turrets clinging to the outer wall. The masonry of the crypt, upon which they stand, adds height and elegance to the receding three-storied buttressed mass, of which



FRAGMENT OF SCREEN, BOURGES MUSEUM: "ROMAN SOLDIERS GUARDING TOMB OF CHRIST."



MOUTH OF LIMBO.

the general aspect with its multitude of arches and aisles is of harmony and stability.

Extremely simple in plan, being a long five-aisled parallelogram of thirty-one bays in nave and circular apse, with outer aisles broader than the inner to serve as *déambulatoires* for processions, the interior gives an impression of majestic vastness "seldom found in France," resulting from absence of transepts and from the height and width of central aisle, which ends in a mystic glow of deep-toned glass.

The inner aisles as well as the nave have triforium and clerestory, the windows of the latter being close upon seventy feet high, while the number of slender shafts is well-nigh 3000, crowned with variegated capitals from broad carved Romanesque foliage to the finished crockets and volutes of later date.

The area covered is slightly over 73,000 square feet, a little more than that of Nôtre-Dame in Paris.

The front of the cathedral, reached by a narrow steepish ascent, looks grimly massive, with square weatherbeaten fortress-like towers. Its five deep portals must have been indeed *saississant*, as says a French critic, in their original wealth of perfect fretwork and upwards of ninety colossal statues, of which now alas! there remain but seven, much mutilated, thanks to the destructive fury of the Huguenots.

On May 27th, 1562, Gabriel de Lorges, Count de Montgomery—the same who, having accidentally killed Henry II. in a tournament, had taken refuge in England, whence he returned to side with the Calvinists in the religious war then raging—at the head of a troop of 120 horsemen, aided by partisans

from within, effected an entrance, and on the following day, says Catherinot in his *Siège de Bourges*, "the protestants, after hearing a sermon on the cathedral steps, at mid-day proceeded to chip to pieces the stone carvings with heavy iron hammers, and to pull down the statues," the chronicle adds that some of the figures had their revenge, crushing their destroyers as they fell.

Then was mutilated the exquisite screen of the Passion, the large seven-branched candelabrum of the choir broken to pieces, the six wood-carved angels on brazen pillars in the sanctuary chopped to fragments, and the rich treasure pillaged, a treasure consisting of valuable reliquaries and altar vessels preserved in recesses in the wall at that time enclosing the choir, guarded at night by two *coutres*, priests who slept in a small chamber on the left of the high altar.

Destroyed at the same time were the marble tomb of Foucault de Rochechouart, that in bronze of Archbishop Philip Berrayer, nephew of St. William, whose rich *chasse* was broken up together with the high altar, and the bones burnt. Of the proceeds of the sale of the spoil, Montgomery we are told, appropriated to himself 651 gold and silver marks.

It is recorded that in 1222 Robert de Coutances, Lord of Melun, settled on the Chapter the yearly sum of twelve livres for the purpose of keeping a lighted taper day and night before the Shrine of the Saint, paid without intermission till the day of the Revolution.

The sanctuary or absidal end of the choir was divided off from the remainder by a large wooden



FRAGMENT OF SCREEN, BOURGES
MUSEUM: "HELL CAULDRON."

construction standing across the church and forming a kind of arch styled *la Panne*.

Handsome tapestries hung within the choir enclosure, whereof the exterior presented a series of masterly carvings, fragments of which are now in the museum. The remnant of what was an Adam and Eve displays remarkable perfection of modelling, especially the torso of the Eve "qu'ou pourrait mettre sans désavantage à côté des métopes d'Olympe," according to Havard.

Forcible in its rendering is the block typifying Limbo—a yawning monster-mouth whence issue nude figures, the souls of the just; a devil with grinning faces on his knees sits grasping a horn of the monster's head, and a fantastic demon stands higher up. Devils with bellows in hand fanned the flames of the cauldron of the damned, among the occupants of which can still be distinguished a woman, a friar, and a mitred bishop. Things emblematic of the vices of the condemned hang over the side, a purse by a miser, and a toad before the woman.

Of these several pieces, only the realistic central group of the Crucifixion still retains three figures comparatively intact as well as the brilliant marqueterie of the gilt background, central squares of coloured glass representing castles and roses with small blue circles in the outer angles. "Never did Gothic art produce chiselling more powerful, more living, more full of character."

Like the rest of the screen it was restored with plaster in 1653 and painted afresh to disguise the repairs, as recorded in the *Journal de Lalange*, a MS. of the seventeenth century. The two canons who provided the money for the restoration were

privileged to engrave their arms on the shields of the Roman soldiers, now headless, in iron-tinted coats of mail, guarding the tomb.

These fragments were revealed in 1850 on the removal of a wall behind the stalls, when terribly mutilated high-reliefs were found on the inner side of the blocks of stone used in the reconstruction of the chancel enclosure in 1757—the year in which the restored screen, despised as antiquated, was replaced by another more consonant with the debased taste of the day, constructed in great measure with

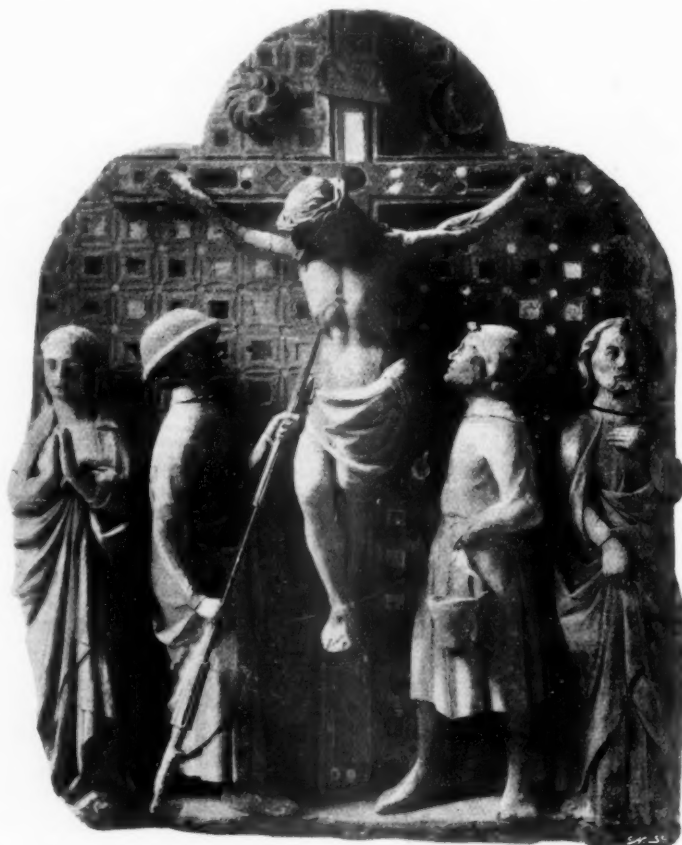
materials from the then demolished Sainte-Chapelle.

This screen was in turn pulled down in 1791 at the request of the constitutional bishop Torné, and now a mere iron grating separates choir from nave.*

To return to our description of the exterior—the tower on the right is strengthened by a large flying buttress springing from a cube of masonry which, in days gone by, served the two-fold purpose of support and of Chapter prison. This buttress, added after the fall of the north tower

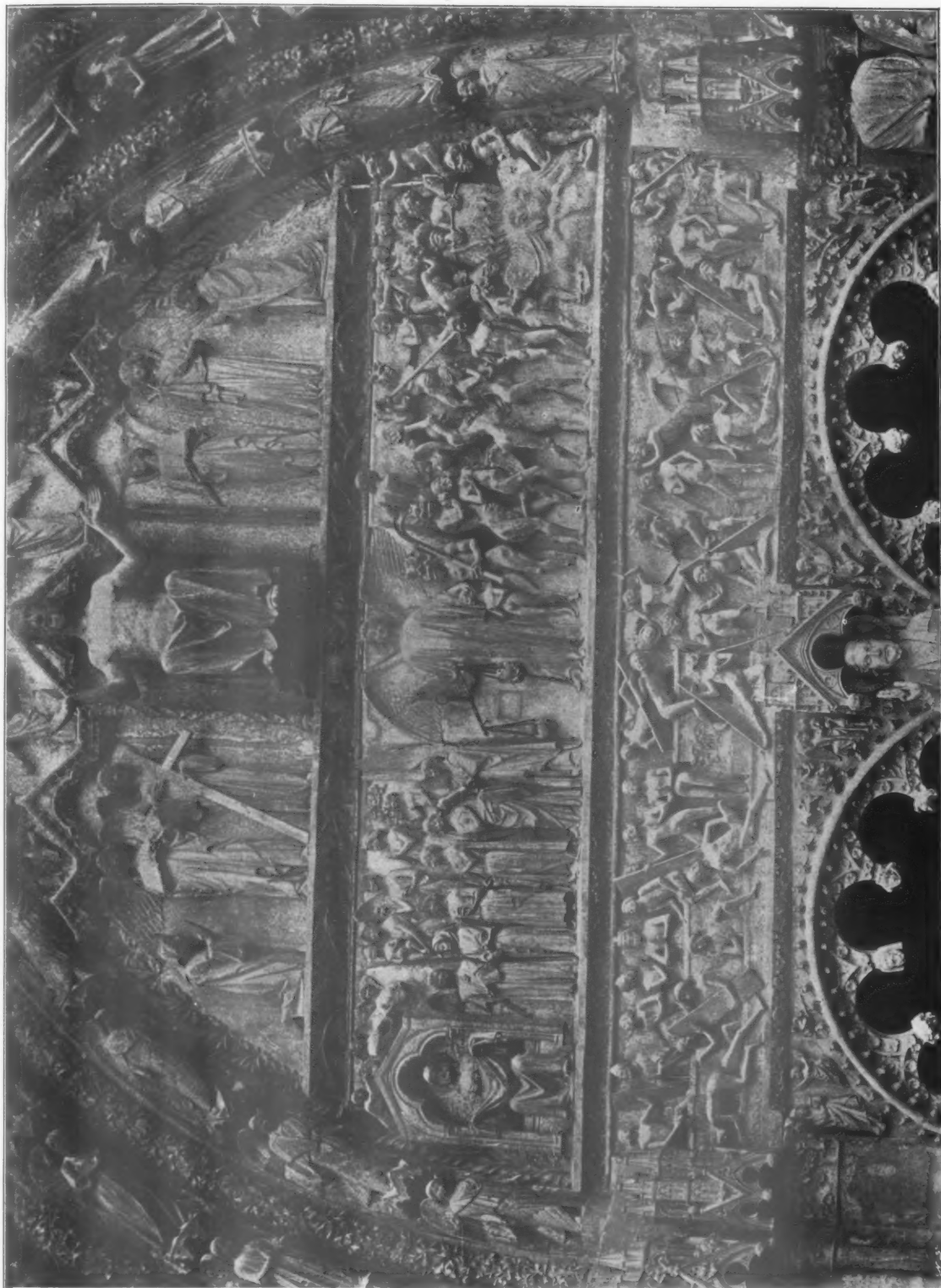
to preserve the *tour-sourde* from a similar fate, imparts with its broad arch a not displeasing originality to the building, though disapproved by the Abbé Barreau.

A profusion of bold sculpture adorns the embrasures of the doorways, a profusion, says Fergusson, "unknown even to imperial Rome when mistress of the world, yet produced "by the faithful of the later Christian Rome in this retired provincial town in



CENTREPIECE OF SCREEN, BOURGES
CATHEDRAL: NOW IN MUSEUM.

* See Monsieur Octave Roger's interesting pamphlet "L'Ancien Jubé de la Cathédrale de Bourges," tiré à 110 exemplaires, Typographie Tardy-Pigelet Bourges, 1892.



THE CATHEDRAL, BOURGES:
THE LAST JUDGMENT.



ages sometimes called dark, but often radiant with the light of genius, devotion, and sacrifice."

Decorated by Jean, *le magnifique*, in 1390, the pediment of the main porch is covered with a striking representation of the Last Judgment. The dead are rising from their tombs (restored), in contrast the worldly and the devout woman, the one empty-handed clothed only in her flowing hair, the other chastely draped bearing in her hands a vase fragrant with good deeds. The Archangel Michael weighs the souls. The wicked are being dragged off by fantastically hideous devils. The elect are grouped beside Abraham, seated on a throne and holding souls in the folds of his garment. Angels surrounding the Lord exhibit the instruments of the Passion, while the Sun and Moon bear witness to the crimes of day and night.

On the portal to the left is depicted the Life of Mary, and the entrance under the *Tour de beurre* is dedicated to St. William, whose miraculous deeds and founding of the church are represented.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TABLE-GLASS : BY HARRY J. POWELL : WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

GLASS has won and holds its position on the dinner-table by its intrinsic merits. Horn, pewter, gold, silver, porcelain, and earthenware have been utilised for the manufacture of vessels to



TABLE GLASS DESIGNED BY
T. G. JACKSON, R.A., IN 1870.

H 2



GLASS BLOWERS' "SHAPING TOOL."

FIGURE I.

hold wine, water, and flowers, but no material has met with such general acceptance as glass.

Glass is transparent, is easily cleaned, is impermeable, and incorrodible by ordinary fluids, is inexpensive as a material, and yet lends itself to the development of decorative surface, decorative colour, and decorative form.

All table-glass, worthy of the name, is blown glass. Every vase, wine-glass, or decanter, has commenced its career as a white-hot, solid mass of viscous material, coiled round the end of a long iron blowing tube. A well-regulated puff of breath through the tube creates a bubble, and a bubble is the embryonic stage of all table-glass. The form of the bubble can be readily modified. Glass, so long as it is hot, is almost infinitely ductile, and even after it has been partly chilled its ductility can be restored by re-heating. If the bubble, while still attached to the blowing-iron, is held downwards, it lengthens out into an ellipse; if the blowing-iron is modified held vertically, with the bubble uppermost, the bubble compresses itself into the form of a "scone," and if the "scone" is pierced in its centre, and the blowing-iron is trundled like the handle of a mop, the "scone" unfolds itself into a flattened disc. By these simple movements, which are in constant use in the glass factory, the form of the bubble is modified without the use of tools. With the

FIGURE II.



TABLE GLASS DESIGNED
BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

FIGURE III.

aid of a primitive-looking tool, closely resembling an exaggerated pair of sugar tongs, and of a stool or chair, with two parallel projecting arms, between which the workman sits, and on which he rests and rolls the iron rod, to which the glass is attached, every imaginable modification of a spherical form can be developed. At the present time, owing to a demand for excessive regularity, and excessive lightness and thinness, very many of the simple forms of table glass are blown in moulds. This process of moulding requires comparatively little skill, and the valuable training, which the fashioning of simple forms with the tool affords, is being lost. If the fashion and demand for so-called "aerial" glass is long continued, the skilled craft of glass-blowing will disappear.

The English glass-blower, however clever he may be with his fingers, has no talent for design. He is painfully realistic, and if asked to produce a vase, without a pattern to guide him, will make an accurate model of a man's tall hat, a pair of bellows, or some other every-day piece of furniture, but will fail to create anything combining originality with beauty of outline. What technical education will do for the English glass-blower in the distant future remains to be proved. The limitations of design are very strait. When what appears to be a fresh form or combination has been evolved, the discovery is generally made that the same has been done, and done better, ages before. Even when a satisfactory design

has been produced, the author may meet with unexpected difficulties, owing to the wealth of possibilities of failure belonging to the craft. The would-be designer must closely and constantly watch the phases of form through which vessels pass, whilst being fashioned, and must note any outline that appears to be beautiful or novel. The most successful designs have been based on such study combined with the study of the productions of early Venetian, Dutch, and German master-craftsmen.

In recent years the most notable designers of table-glass have been William Morris and T. G. Jackson, R.A. The two groups (Figures II. and III.) represent glasses made from designs by Morris and Jackson.

Group (Figure IV.), illustrates how glass practically designs itself, or at least, whilst in course of manufacture, suggests modifications of form to those who are willing to wait and watch. The left hand glass A is a goblet with a plain conical bowl. The glasses B, C, D, E, are the same goblet modified. The mouth of B has been pressed upon a cross, made of two strips of iron intersecting at right angles. The mouth of C has been allowed to hang downwards without support, and has gently collapsed into graceful folds. The mouth of D, has first been pressed upon the iron cross, and then reheated, and allowed to collapse, thus acquiring a square form with small intermediate folds. A triangular shaped piece of thin wood has been



FIVE SIMPLE MODIFICATIONS
OF ONE FORM.

FIGURE IV.

inserted in the mouth of E, and the sides compressed upon the wood, so as to convert the cone into an extended fan.

Mr. Albert Hartshorne has written and illustrated a voluminous book on the evolution of drinking glasses. The chief variation is shown to have taken place in the leg, and the variation may obviously be almost unlimited. Legs may in section



AIR TWIST AND HOLLOW.

FIGURE V.

be solid or hollow, cylindrical or oval, square or oblong; they may be twisted, they may be, as it were, turned with hollows, curves, and prominences; they may be in one piece or in many pieces, and they may be ornamented with seals, frills, or "pinchings." Even the inside of an apparently solid leg may be decorated with plaited threads of coloured enamel, or with spiral air bubbles. These corkscrew lines of silvery air have a very simple origin. The leg is made from a small lump of viscous glass; into this lump as many pin-pricks are made as spirals are required; the lump is then pulled out into a leg and twisted at the same time. As the leg stretches and twists, the pin-pricks stretch and twist, and display themselves as spiral coils of air.

There is not the same scope for variation in the forms of decanters and jugs as there is in the forms of drinking glasses and vases. The handles of jugs may be distinctly decorative, but are



THREE-WAY TWISTED LEG.

FIGURE VII.

always treacherous. With the view of obviating the necessity for handles, decanters have been made with flat or dented sides, so as to afford a secure grip for the fingers, but public taste has demanded that even these shapes should have handles affixed.

The display of niceties of form depends in no small degree on the chemical nature of the glass employed. For this purpose the soda-lime glass, which is used in Venice, and the use of which has recently been introduced in England, although it is seldom absolutely colourless, and often streaky and bubbly, is better adapted than the obtrusively brilliant potash-lead glass, from which English



AIR TWIST AND HOLLOW LEGS.

FIGURE VI.



CLARET BOTTLES WITHOUT HANDLES.

FIGURE VIII.

table-ware is commonly made. The mention of the chemical nature of glass naturally introduces the subject of colour. Some thirty years ago the colours available and used for English table-glass were ruby, canary yellow, emerald green, dark peacock green, light peacock blue, dark purple blue, and a dark purple.

About 1870 the "Jackson" table-glass was made in a light dull green glass, similar to that used in stained glass as "white," containing a wealth of bubbles and interesting irregularities. Owing to these so-called defects the glass only appealed to a very select circle. The dull green, commonly known as "pale green," was followed successively by amber, white opal, blue opal, straw opal, sea green, horn colour, and various pale tints of soda-lime glass, ranging from yellow to blue. Experiments have also been tried with a violet-coloured glass, a violet opal, a transparent black, and with glasses shading from red to blue, red to amber, and blue to green. Touches of colour have been added to vessels in course of manufacture, by means of seals of molten glass, applied like sealing wax; or by causing vessels to wrap themselves round with threads or coils of coloured

glass. By the application of a pointed iron hook, while the glass is still ductile, the parallel coils can be distorted into bends, loops, or zig-zags.

The surface of vessels may be rendered lustrous by rolling the hot glass on metallic leaf, or iridescent by the deposition of metallic tin, or by the corrosion caused by the chemical action of acid fumes. Gilding and enamel decoration are applied to vessels when cold and fixed by heat. Cutting and engraving are produced by pressing the surface of vessels against the edge of wheels revolving on horizontal spindles. "Cutting" wheels range from 18 in. to 3 in. in diameter, and are made of iron for grinding, stone for smoothing, and wood for polishing. "Engraving" wheels are small, ranging from 1 in. to $\frac{1}{4}$ in., and are made of copper. It is the fashion to run down "cutting" as a form of decoration. As, however, "cutting" brings out one of the intrinsic beauties of potash-lead glass, namely, its remarkable power of reflecting and refracting light, the reason that it is decried must be misapplication, rather than unfitness. The fault probably lies in cutting too deep, and too lavishly. When a vessel is smothered with cutting, form disappears in sparkle. The true use of engraving is to add interest to vessels by means of coats of arms, monograms, inscriptions, and graceful outlines. The improper, but too common, use of engraving is to hide defective material.

Reference has already been made to the influence



OPAL GLASS VASES.

FIGURE IX.

exerted by public taste upon the craft of glass-blowing; an influence not always conducive to the best interests of the craft. Some instances are sufficiently curious to deserve notice. Large numbers of shades for gas, oil, and electric light, as well as bowls for flower vases, were rendered decorative by allowing the edges of the mouths to arrange themselves in natural folds, a process which has already been described. The discriminating public thought these natural folds to be too irregular, and certain manufacturers promptly introduced a machine, closely resembling a guillotine, which crimped the folds with mathematical precision. This curious distrust of natural irregularity has had the effect of, to a great extent, spoiling opal glass. The beauty of opal glass consists in the wanton irregularity of its shading, no two pieces being precisely similar. The public asked for regularity, and have been supplied with an insipid milk-and-water material, which is called opal. "Threading" has suffered much in the same way. By the old method of hand-threading the spaces between the threads or coils of coloured glass are always more or less irregular. A lathe has been introduced which not only winds the glass thread with exasperating exactitude, but renders it possible to cover a vessel with threading from top to bottom. Iridescence, when first introduced, was applied delicately to vases of suitable form; it was, however, before long applied to utensils of every description, and the effect, so far from suggesting the actual lightness and brightness of a bubble, is often rather more suggestive of the putrescence of a stagnant pool. Reticence and restraint in decoration have few advocates, but there is a constant demand for any kind of novelty provided it is highly coloured and exuberantly trimmed. The unfortunate feature of the misuse of processes of decoration, is not so much that it offends good taste, but that it brings into disrepute processes, which, when properly used, are capable of producing beautiful effects. Table-glass may possess interest, and may be decorative in form, colour, and surface.



GLASSES WITH ZIG-ZAGS OF
COLOURED GLASS THREAD.

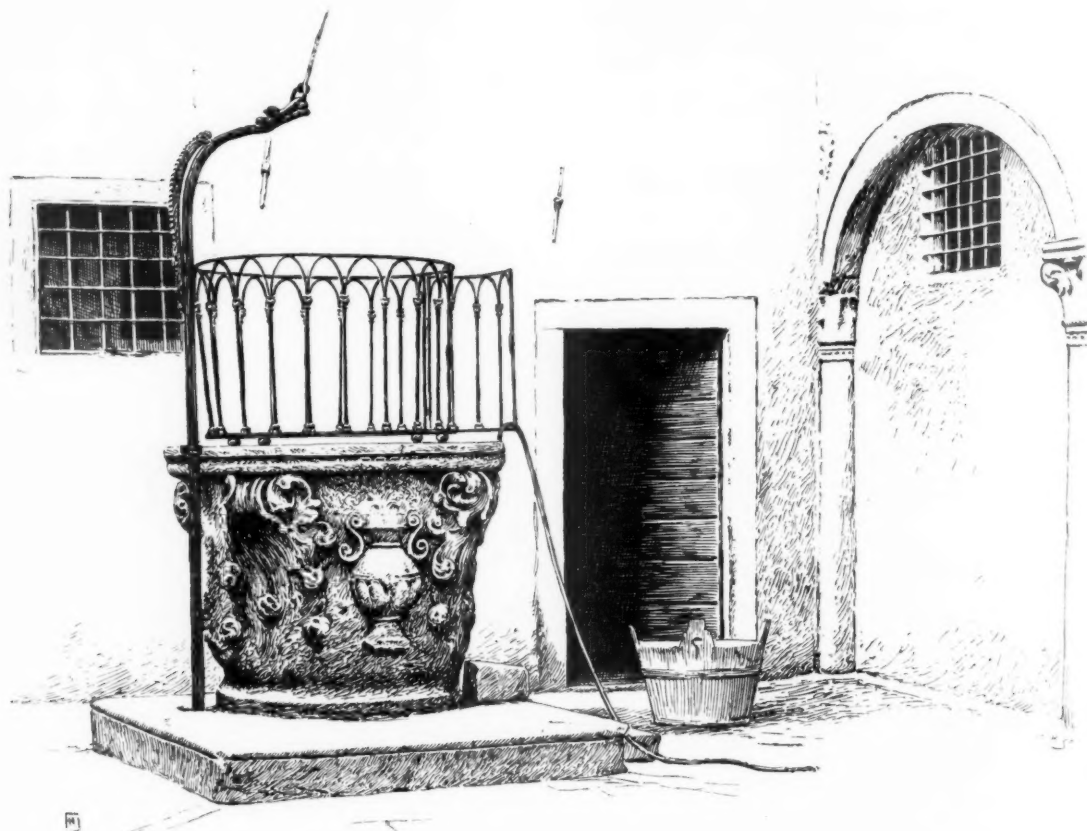
FIGURE X.

THE WELL-HEADS OF VENICE :
BY F. HAMILTON JACKSON :
ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS
AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE
AUTHOR.

VENICE has been written about, rhapsodized over, drawn, painted, sung about, till it may almost be assumed that there is nothing in it which is not so well known as to make it useless to speak of it any more, or so staled with overpraise that the mere mention of it must nauseate the hearer. Yet it is possible to find nooks and corners in that city which are quite unknown, even to those who have visited it often, and there exist many objects of a certain amount of interest and even beauty which have never been properly described. Who, for instance, can detail the numerous places where incrustated in the walls interesting bits of decorative sculpture look down upon the passer-by? Or the painted crucifixes like that at the back of S. Simeone Grande? Among the most prominent objects in Venice which force themselves upon the attention at every turn, occupying the centre of

each *campo*, and visible in most of the courtyards, are the well-heads, which are really the mouths of underground cisterns. Of these certain of the most ornate and surprising are well known, such as the wonderful pieces of bronze work in the courtyard of the Ducal Palace, and the Byzantine well-head of stone in the courtyard at S. Samuele; but the majority of them have received little attention, though examples of most excellent design are frequent, and the actual craftsmanship of the stone cutting is always skilled and thoroughly competent, a quality which would almost redeem indifferent

alternately and with lions' heads and foliage respectively. A pilgrimage through the *campi* is therefore not so productive of astonishment and admiration in this respect as it once was; and the modern mode of drawing water, which necessitates the fixing of a spout in the side of the stone, or the erection of a separate upright from which it flows, has damaged the appearance of many of them; but it may be worth while to describe shortly the main divisions into which the design of these pieces of architectonic sculpture fall, and to give examples of some of the charac-



COURTYARD OF PALAZZO SANUDO.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. HAMILTON JACKSON.

design and is often the only merit possessed by carving of the present day which is much lauded. It must be conceded that a good many of the well-heads which once decorated Venice have been sold to *forestieri*, or gathered into museums, sometimes, though not always, being replaced by copies. In our museum at South Kensington are four original examples beside casts; one a square Byzantine one from Murano, one a fifteenth century capital type of red Veronese marble carved with half-length figures and a shield with acanthus at the angles, and two octagonal (also of the fifteenth century) with boys' heads and leaves curling over

teristic types, interesting for one reason and another.

The water supply of Venice could only have been of very poor quality in the early days of the city, and one would think that the system of underground cisterns must have been soon adopted. The rainfall of that part of the Italian littoral is considerable, and would supply the needs of a small community, if properly collected and carefully husbanded. But at that period sanitary science was not, and objections to a source of supply which would have great weight nowadays, simply did not occur to anyone. So it may be

that they sank their wells and drank the brackish water with contentment, probably using very little of it unadulterated just as the Italians now do. Twenty years ago or so all water was brought from the mainland, and one saw the large barges which contained it, mere hulls without decks, creeping along the deeper channel from Fusina, or moored at the nearest point to the well which communicated with the cistern below, while the water was transferred from the one to the other by means of a pump and hose. Since the establishment of the waterworks, which one sees to the west as the train approaches the viaduct across the lagoon, all that has come to an end, except in very dry seasons, when the ordinary supply has to be supplemented in the old way, for the contractors are bound to keep four and a-half feet of water in each cistern. Then the long barges are taken past Fusina up the Brenta to Moranzano, a mile from the mouth, where there is a lock separating the sweet water from the salt, and where several canals converge, though the great canal of the Brenta, which conveys half the water of the river to Brondolo, behind Chioggia, starts from Mira, seven or eight miles higher up. In this lock is a large iron pipe through which the fresh water gushes into the boats until they are nearly full, when the tedious journey to Venice begins. The boats being water-logged, are extremely heavy and difficult to move, but if there is any wind so that a sail can be raised the waves come over the gunwale and damage the quality of the water. Still worse is it if the wind should chance to be unfavourable, and the men in that case reach the city almost exhausted.



CORTE BARBARO.



CORTE DEL MILIONE.

Most of the covers to the wells are now closed and padlocked, and a curious contrivance with a ring, chain, and pulley, is made use of for pumping up the water, a sort of wheel pump, I suppose. The little girls who come to draw water have to tug away at this arrangement several times before any water comes, but the full-grown women being heavier and taller seem to find it easy enough. The apparatus is well shown in the photograph which is taken from a well in the Corte del Milione, just by the gallery door to the Malibran Theatre, where the house is also which is said to have been inhabited by Marco Polo. The wells in the courtyard of the Ducal Palace, which used to be so much frequented by the women with their copper pots, are still open and noisome with rubbish which has been thrown or blown into them. No one now draws water there except the man whose cry of "aqua fresca" announces to the thirsty public during the heats of summer that it may buy the pure (!) fluid from him at so much a glass. This courtyard, with the fine bronze well-heads, the bronzed women with their picturesque yokes and ropes with copper "secchie" dangling therefrom, having bright touches of colour about them in kerchief, petticoat, or apron, and with the pigeons circling round in the air and strutting and cooing on the pavement, used to be one of the most attractive sights of Venice. Its present deserted aspect shows how much architecture and decoration may lose or gain from the absence or presence of living things upon which the architect could not have calculated. I speak now from the point of view of pictorial effect, the point from which those who are not specially interested in architecture generally view the question. The copper pots mentioned above, which one rarely sees now, the galvanized iron pail, which is cheaper and holds more, having superseded it, were and I



S. GIORGIO DEI GRECI.

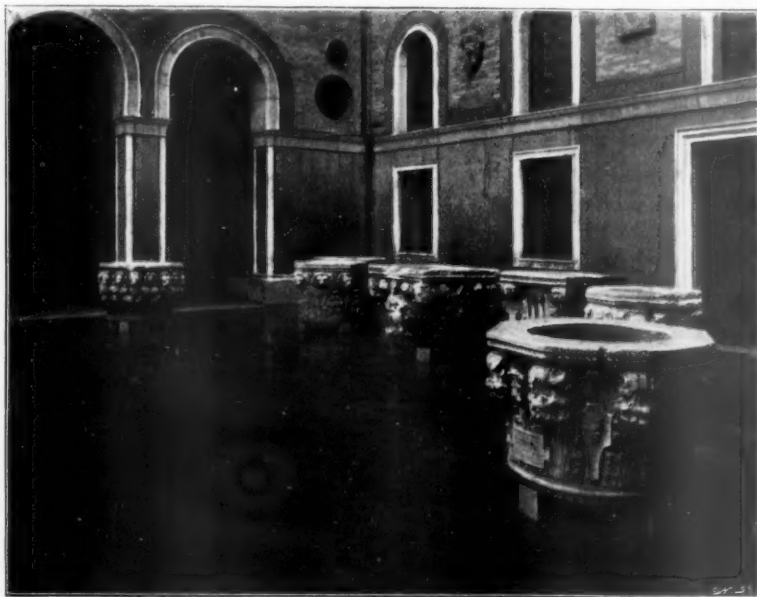
suppose are, still most valued possessions of the Venetian common people, the "bassa plebe." They are often very old, and have been gathered from generation to generation, passing down as heirlooms, and being portioned out among the daughters of the house as they marry. They are used to decorate the living room, being hung from the rafters which often cross the ceiling in a Venetian house, and, in combination with the rows of bright pewter plates which are ranged on shelves round the walls, brighten and enliven the aspect of the room immensely. The pewter plates, by the bye, are also only for ornament; they are never used.

The earliest well-heads in Venice date from the tenth century, and are generally circular in shape, either carved with interlacing patterns of the kind usually called Runic, or surrounded by an arcading more or less ornate, and with the spaces beneath the arches filled with carved foliage. There is one in the Corte del Maltese, close to the fine external circular staircase, which is carved with incised ornament, the ground at one side of the incision being sloped away, and looks very early and rude both in design and workmanship. Sometimes the plan was a square

or oblong, the decoration being similar, and in the courtyard of the Museo Civico (where a number of them have been collected) there is one example of a nondescript shape, which is corbelled out along the front of the lip as if it had been inserted in a wall and more space had to be provided to allow of resting the bucket while detaching the chain.

It is curious that one so rarely sees ironwork connected with these Venetian wells, I suppose because of their shallowness. The marble or stone of which they are made is deeply furrowed by the friction of the cords (which the Venetian water-carriers used to carry with them, just as the Spanish women carry their long tubes to put to the fountain spouts), and they seem to have always relied simply upon strength of arm without mechanical assistance. The well from the courtyard of the Palazzo Sanudo is quite exceptional with its protecting grill and gate and the arrangement for guiding the bucket so that water may be drawn from the top story without descending into the courtyard; but in other cities, notably in Padua and Verona, ironwork of the latter kind is frequent, and is often most complicated, as many as four or even five stories being each provided with these guiding rails, down which the bucket travels till it reaches the hook which stops the ring through which the rope runs, when the bucket descends perpendicularly into the well, picking up the ring as it returns aloft.

The later type of design usually imitated the capital of a column, and there is a well-head behind the Cathedral at Murano, of which the shape is of that kind, but which is surrounded with a pointed



COURTYARD OF MUSEO CIVICO.



CAMPO S. MARIA MATER
DOMINI: FROM A SKETCH
BY F. HAMILTON JACKSON.

arcading, a very curious example. Those of a Gothic type are very simple in form and with very little carving, the surfaces being usually plain with simple sinkings, or with slight shapings at the angles, but with Renaissance times the manufacture received a great impulse, and the well-heads made then are those with which everyone is so familiar. They are generally of a hard white stone, which comes from the Istrian quarries, and are frequently carved with great power and delicacy, though one sometimes sees the red Veronese marble as in the Abbazia San Gregorio. The capital form with a square abacus is the most common, but there is also a polygonal shape verging on the circular which is decorated with figure sculpture sometimes, as in the well in the campo to the south of S. Zanipolo. Most of these are marked by the feeling of transition from later Gothic to Renaissance, at which time the Venetian sculptors affected a curiously heavy and uninteresting kind of foliage, which is very evident in the woodwork of some of the churches also. Their carving of the figure and animal forms was excellent, and one wonders how it came to pass that the good taste which governed their work both in preceding and succeeding years failed them just at this period.

Of the capital form of the simpler sort the well from Corte Barbaro (which has its lid open) may be taken as a type, the angle foliage being particularly free in its curves and well carved. Occasionally the rosette is replaced by a coat of arms or a figure, as in that from the courtyard outside the church of S. Giorgio dei Greci. Of the polygonal sort there are several examples in the courtyard of the Museo Civico, of which we give photographs. They also made use of a polygonal type, with carefully thought-out profiles to the mouldings, and with sunk panels on the sides occasionally, or with armorial bearings either within a circular panel, or, as it were, hung over the edge of the well. This type is distinguished by extreme delicacy and sharpness of cutting in the mouldings that surround the panels, almost suggesting a piece of joiner's work, and one feels a little uneasy at their standing so exposed to damage from the weather or from accident. There is a well of this kind in the Campo Santa Maria Formosa, which has little pilasters with delicate arabesques at each angle, and we give an illustration of a somewhat similar type of an earlier date, which stands just outside the Pescheria. The Istrian stone must have been a godsend to the Venetian decorative sculptors, a stone which is creamy white when new and not raw in colour, not very difficult to work, yet bearing the weather so well that at Pola the amphitheatre, which is built of it, retains the sharpness of its mouldings after so many centuries of vicissitude from various sources as to make one marvel.

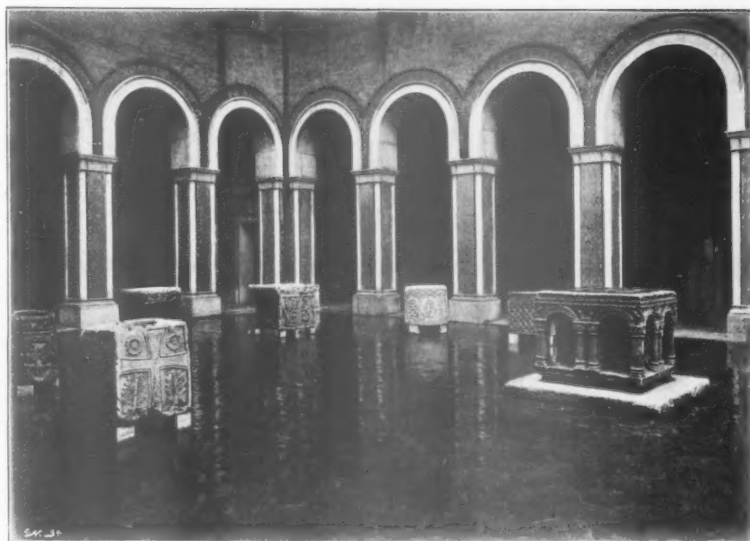
As one proceeds in the direction of Torcello from Murano, before reaching Mazzorbo one sees an island to the right, upon which is a building flanked by a few cypresses. This is the monastery of San Francesco in Deserto, where the monks show a stone coffin in which St. Francis was wont to stretch himself to sleep and meditate on death. In the centre of the inner courtyard is a very fine well, with sculptured head and massive penthouse roof sloping two ways, which forms an exceedingly picturesque object, and it is a pleasure to visit the monastery. The Franciscans are always most civil and pleasant in Italy, and will never accept any gift (which is unusual in that country and most refreshing), saying that their vow of poverty forbids them from doing so. On the occasion of our visit they took an infinity of trouble to provide us with what we wanted, and insisted upon showing us several things which we did not ask for, including a wonderful erection called the "grotto," made of brick burrs decked with artificial flowers and glass balls, which they thought interesting and admirable, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and only after some consultation among themselves, that we could prevail upon them to accept for the father superior (an old man of eighty) some little delicacies we happened to have with us. For themselves, even for the community, they would accept nothing.

Venice is pre-eminently the city of well-heads, but there used to be a good many of similar types to be found in the cities which were formerly under her dominion. Of these many have disappeared during the last twenty years, just as they have in Venice itself, either having been sold, destroyed, or removed to museums. In Verona a tolerable number still linger in the courtyards of the houses, frequently made of the well-known red marble, and then designed with broad, sweeping surfaces, the sculptor having been too good an artist to lavish detail of form upon a coloured material which would confuse and distort it. One also occasionally sees specimens of figure sculpture intermixed with scrolls of foliage and shields, not at all inferior to those of the same sort in Venice, and worked in the same Istrian stone. In the cloister of San Bernardino is a curious well, which opens between two pillars of the arcade, and is made in the thickness of the dwarf wall upon which they stand, a little bulging and extra thickening externally giving room for the shaft. None of these are deep wells, for the water lies near the surface nearly all over the Lombard plain. In the towns which are seated on the lower spurs of the hills, fountains take the place of wells.

In Venice one does not find the wells and springs which are often met with in churches in other cities, of which there is such a

beautiful example in the Certosa at Pavia, and many in various churches in Germany. The public wells were so numerous and convenient that it was unnecessary to make other provision. How numerous they once were is difficult to realise, but in 1814 there were no less than five thousand well-heads in the city—public and private. Between that date and 1856, three thousand disappeared, the Venetians having found out that they could be turned into money, and now there are very few of the earliest, the Italo Byzantine type, existing, and of these a large proportion is in the hands of antiquity dealers, though the Museo Civico boasts one specimen ascribed to the ninth century among the group of early examples which fills one end of the courtyard.

These are direct descendants of the Greek and Roman well-heads, which were generally circular and cut out of one stone, as may be seen in the Museum of Naples, which possesses several examples, and even in our own British Museum, where there is one made of marble, which was brought from the ruins of one of the villas of Tiberius at Capri. This was probably the work of Greek workmen, as those at Naples are, for it is decorated with groups of fauns and bacchanalian nymphs, and the Romans did not ornament them with sculpture, at least in the early period. These Greek well-heads were often of quite small dimensions, some 20in. across, and with an orifice of but 9in. diameter, showing that the vessels used to draw water must have been very small, and that probably they were only intended to supply water for drinking and cooking. The mouth was sometimes protected by a massive marble cylinder, or two pieces of marble cramped together placed over it, a similar custom to that referred to in the *Mosaic books*. Sometimes the water was raised by a huge lever, great stones being used as a counter-poise at the other end; but that this was not at all a general usage is proved by the marks of the ropes seen on the well-head in the British Museum and on many others, just as they are seen on those of later date, but still sufficiently ancient, in the Museo Civico at Venice. The Roman wells were generally larger, the top being from 3ft. to 4ft. from the ground, and were sometimes square. They were called "*putealia*," and were common in the Roman villas, where the wealthy proprietors often employed



COURTYARD OF MUSEO CIVICO.

Greek sculptors to ornament them as luxury increased. It was such a puteal that Cicero desired for his Tusculan villa.

In some cases sacred places were surrounded with an enclosure open at the top, and from the resemblance which they bore to putealia they were also called by that name. It was considered that a spot struck by lightning could not be covered without showing an irreligious spirit, and there is a small temple at Pompeii of open columns upon a basement of steps, enclosing a hollow altar which must have been erected around such a place. There was also a celebrated puteal in the Forum at Rome, near the Arcus Fabianus, which was dedicated in very ancient times.

The wells in Greece were rendezvous of love or gallantry, gossip or tale-telling. The young women came singing from them with waterpots on their heads, and were met by their lovers, who relieved them of their burdens and joined in the chorus. They also danced round the wells, the dance being accompanied with songs in honour of Ceres, the ancient Callichorus, light-hearted frolickings of the Saturnian age, when life was easier and more idyllic than it became in later days. In Venice the wells are still centres of gossiping and tale-telling, and there the maidens and matrons still linger, chattering and laughing together; but the picturesqueness has almost departed, and the young men no longer take their share of the labour, nor do they dance light-heartedly around the wells. The dancing in Venice is more commonly done in the large rooms of the restaurants after a dinner or supper, and proceeds according to definite rule. "*Ohime!*" "*Cosa é?*" "*Sento dolor.*" "*Dove?*" "*Nel cuor,*" "*Perchi?*" This is the regular

question and answer which precede the choice of a partner in one of the characteristic Venetian dances, and there are others which proceed in as fixed a manner.

The campo is deserted and the locked well-head cold in the moonlight, standing solitary amid the grass besprinkled paving, but as one looks across through the little drifts of sea-mist and hears the sound of music and of the movement of dancing feet borne in gusts upon the wayward breeze, one may dream again that it is carnival time, the gay and lively carnival of many years ago. Around the campo a gaily clad and merry throng defiles with lute and viol, with pipe and mandoline, singing to their ghostly instruments with thin and toneless voices, ere they burst into a mad dance, that song written so long ago by Lorenzo the Magnificent which calls upon youth to enjoy, since there is no certainty of what may hap on the morrow, or rather the Venetian version of it, which is sung with other Villotte to the present day :—

Maridite, maridite, donzela
Che dona maridada è sempre bela,
Maridite finchè la foglia è verde
Perchè la zoventù presto se perde.

RUBENS. BY R. A. M. STEVENSON.

As the *oeuvre* of a man like Rubens can no more be ignored than the Gulf-stream, so it is as well that the student of Art (regarding this as presenting only one aspect of history—the history that is triunal, embracing both thought and event), should be able to “place” the man without beating his own brains over-much, and therefore should we be grateful to the writer of the latest portfolio monograph for putting so compact an account in our hands. The author has the advantage, as somebody says rather slyly, of a first-hand acquaintance with all or nearly all that he speaks of, and not with the photographs merely. But considering the cost of such knowledge, and how varied our interests are, it is thought that the child of these latter days, even had he the time to spare, would hardly devote it all to one painter, or even to works of one epoch. We are nothing if not synthetic by habit, and would not for the world have the specialist’s burdens upon us. Mr. Stevenson, taking Mr. Max Rooses as model, presents a most lofty ideal of the biographer’s duties; so lofty, indeed, as to incline



OUTSIDE THE PESCHERIA.

SKETCHED BY F. H. JACKSON.

one to think 'twould be well nigh impossible for any but the merest slave to his subject to pursue that noble profession. He must, we are told, be a painter of some sort; a painter, moreover, “endowed with insight, feeling, and literary gift; at once student and linguist, a man of means, independent of paying work, who can live for long periods in every large city of Europe; can re-visit them all in a year, and gather up all the pictures in a final swoop of comparison. Max Rooses complains of the long intervals between the pictures he saw when new to the task, and those that he saw when nearing the end of his work.” In fine, “after fifteen years of travel and study, he compiles in the five volumes of his *L'Oeuvre de Rubens*, his researches into the history of more than a thousand works!” Let us of these hasty days give thanks for his mere existence.

The author, although pre-eminently the painter’s interpreter, has yet, by virtue of an admirable style in narration, a power of charming the reader which becomes evident as soon as he speaks.

There is much which savours of special pleading, as when, for instance, he says that “Light may break into delicious radiance upon corruption or ordure,” speaking not, I suppose, for himself, but as the impressionist’s advocate, and to this, though merely a fact, we reply: Let light, by all means, be the subject, but let

it fall anywhere rather than on a nasty accretion of filth. In actual life we haste by, but the painter, greedy of fame, would have us "dwell," so to say, with his picture. We cannot help wishing sometimes that we might have subjectless paintings, such as would be the case were the law of the Koran revived, which prohibited the representation of any created thing.

We find the painter obliged when only thirty-four years of age to refuse more than a hundred would-be pupils, and the inference is that he did not want duffers about him. They were many who wanted his works, "and he contentedly superintended a school that produced a great many pictures which he himself had merely designed or only retouched. His wholesale house for the ornamentation of palaces may have been admirably organised, may have been designed in an excellent and business-like fashion, but it was not fitted to refine the genius of Rubens the painter, nor to make him an artistic rival of Velasquez and Rembrandt." The Monograph leaves me convinced that Mr. Stevenson's estimate would agree pretty well with my own, for he has little to say in praise of what is merely tremendous, and returns after all to portraits, sometimes superb, and to so simple a presentation of facts as we find in what is hardly a picture—"four studies of a negro's head."

E. R.

ART FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF SOCIOLOGY: BY M. GUYAU: INTRODUCTION.

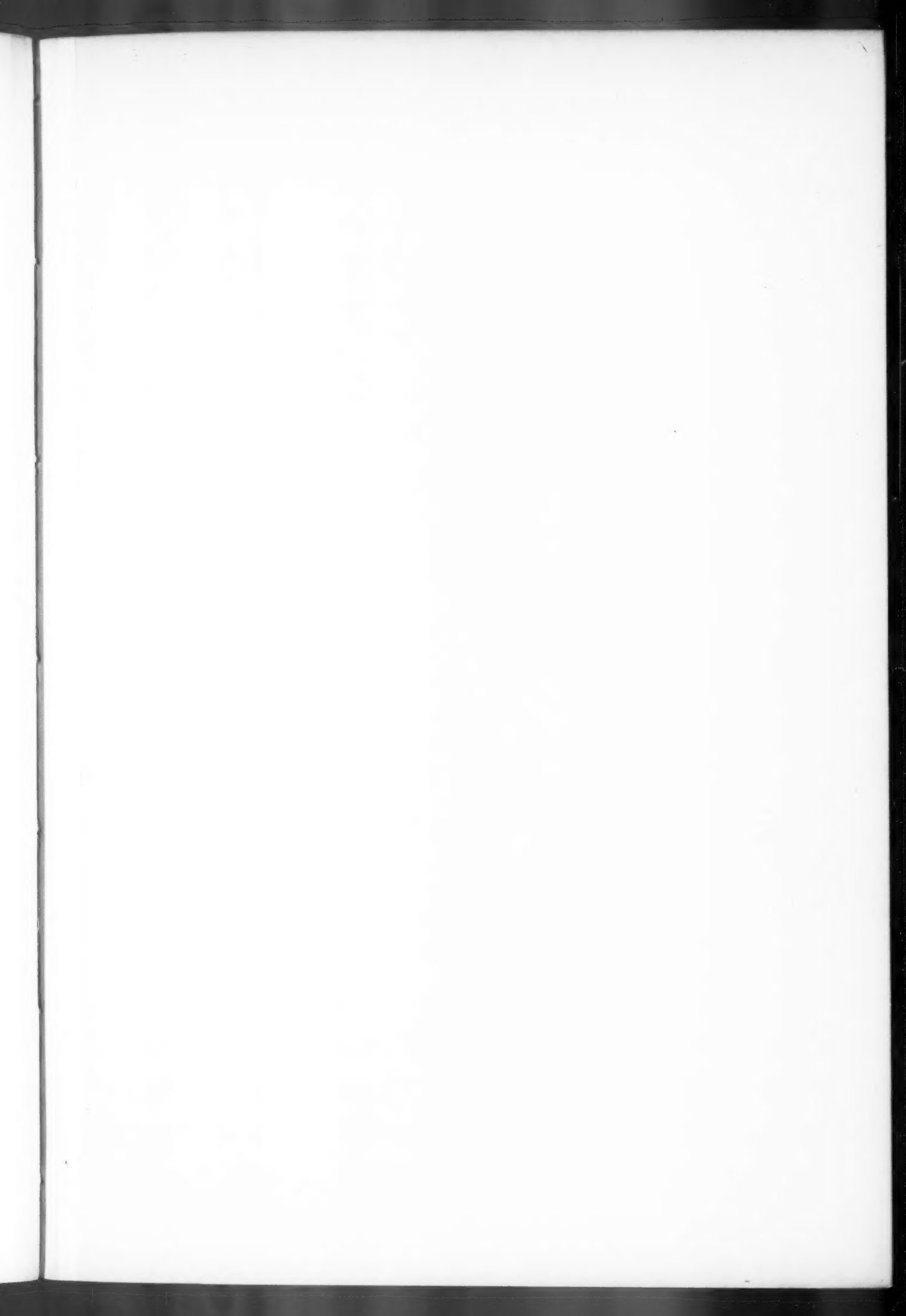
[Some interesting, if not valuable, contributions to the Philosophy of Art have come from the pen of M. Guyau, a young French philosopher, who died all too soon at the age of thirty-three. Unlike most other philosophies of Art, which, because they are written either by Philosophers who are Writers only and not Artists, or by Artists who cannot write and have but little claim to be called Philosophers, this treatise of Guyau is full of pregnant suggestion for all who think of Art or Life. It is not a rhapsody on the obvious beauties of Art, neither is it a destructive criticism from a mistaken point of view. It is an enlightened attempt to analyse some of the fundamental principles of Art, Life, Religion — principles usually ignored, simply because they are so fundamental as to have been almost lost sight of in the search for beauty. And at the present time, when there is so much conflict between differing schools, it might be that a calm, earnest examination of Art

from a somewhat unusual standpoint, would prove peculiarly helpful by clearing the question of unessentials, and by precipitating the unnecessary.—THE EDITORS.]

THE most exalted task of the nineteenth century would seem to have been that of bringing into relief the social side of the individual, and of the spiritual being in general, so long neglected by the egoistic materialism of the preceding century. The nervous system is considered to-day but as the seat of phenomena whose origin far transcends the individual organism: solidarity dominates individuality. The eighteenth century ended with the egoistic theories of Helvetius, of Volney, and of Bentham, corresponding to the too innocent materialism of La Mettrie, and even of Diderot; it was science beginning at and chiefly concerned with the surface of things. Chemistry, with Lavoisier, was only in its infancy. True philosophy was still in the future; scientists scarcely sought to penetrate the interior of the organism, to fathom the living cell or the atom, still less the conscience. The nineteenth century has not only widened knowledge, it has greatly deepened it; it has led it from the external to the internal; physiology has been so extended that it now touches on psychology, and in proportion as the science of the nervous system has advanced, we have realised how insufficient were the views of raw and egoistic materialism. On the one hand matter has become more and more subtilised to the eye of the savant; the clockwork mechanism of La Mettrie has become altogether impotent as an explanation of life, and physiology has declared itself apart from, and above, elementary physics. On the other hand, the individual, once thought of as isolated, enclosed within its solitary mechanism, appears as essentially penetrable by the influence of others, a part of other consciences determinable by impersonal ideas and sentiments. It is as difficult to circumscribe in a living body a moral, æsthetic, or any other emotion, as to circumscribe heat or electricity. Intellectual or physical phenomena are in their very essence expansive or contagious. The facts of intellectual or mental sympathy are becoming better known; those of morbid contagion, of hypnotism, and suggestion, are now being scientifically studied. From these unhealthy examples, which are the most easy of study, we shall pass step by step to the phenomena of normal influence between different brains and onward by these means to observe the effect of the interaction of different consciences. The end of the nineteenth century will see discoveries as yet imperfectly formulated, but as important in the moral world perhaps as those of Newton or Laplace in the sidereal world: the attraction of wills and sensibilities, the solidarity of intelligences, the

penetrability of consciences. It will found the sciences of scientific psychology and sociology, as the eighteenth founded those of physics and astronomy. Social sentiment will be revealed as complex phenomena, produced mainly by the attraction and repulsion of nervous systems comparable to astronomical phenomena; sociology, into which morals and æsthetics largely enter, will become a more complex astronomy. It will throw a new light even on metaphysics. That determinism, which, in denying us that form of personal power we call free will, seemed to exert only a depressing moral influence, appears to-day to give birth to new metaphysical hopes—vague, but far-reaching, since it shows us that our individual conscience appears to be in mute communion with all other consciences; and besides, that conscience thus diffused through the universe must, like light and heat, have an important part to play, and be capable of increase and extension in the centuries to come. Æsthetics, in which are resumed the ideas and sentiments of an epoch, could not be unaffected by the transformation of the sciences, and by the increasing dominance of the social idea. The conception of Art, like all others, must form an increasingly important part in human solidarity, in the inter-communion of consciousness, in the sympathy at once mental and physical which makes individual and collective life tend to interfuse. In Art, as in morality, the final result is the separation of the individual from himself and his identification with the whole. I have already devoted one work to the demonstration of the sociological side of religious ideas. The conception of a social bond between man and powers superior, but still more or less similar, to himself—powers in whose operation he sees the explanation of the universe, and from whom he expects material or moral co-operation, is that which forms the essential unity of all religions. Man becomes religious when he superposes on the human society in which he lives, another more powerful, more elevated society, with which his thoughts and actions are in intimate relation—a society at first restricted in extent, but growing wider and wider, till it becomes universal, cosmic or supra-cosmic. A mythic or mystic sociology forms thus the basis of all religions. In like manner the sociological idea seems essential to Art; but in order to distinguish religion from Art, it is important to realise that religion has an aim, an aim at once speculative and practical, tending towards the true and the good. It does not animate things simply to satisfy the imagination and the sympathetic instinct of universal sociability. It does so, first, to explain the terrible or sublime phenomena of nature, or even all nature itself; secondly, in order to will and act with the supposed aid of superior beings, and conformably to their

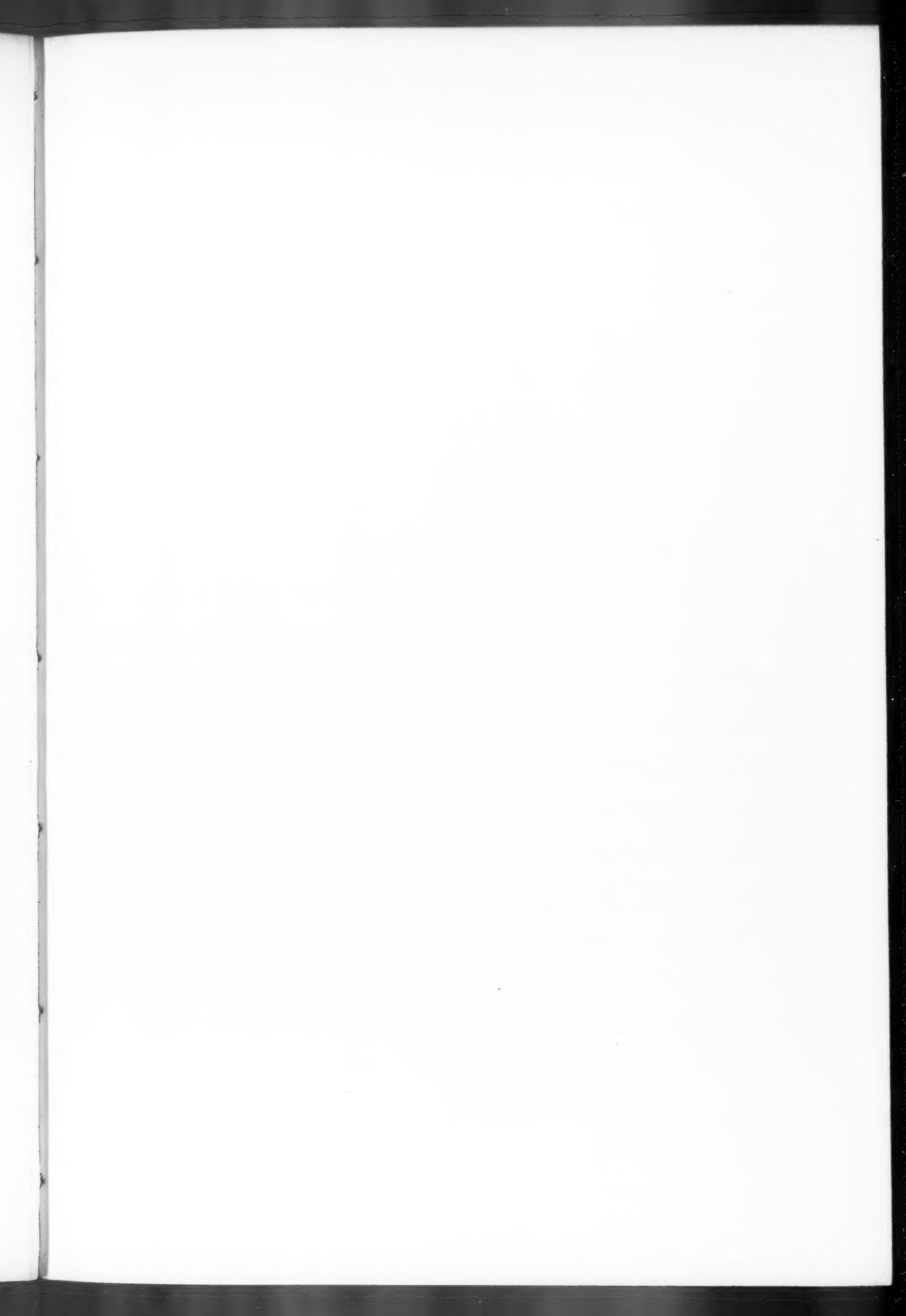
will. Religion enshrouds an embryonic cosmology at the same time as a theory of morality, more or less pure, and, finally, it is in its essence an attempt to reconcile the one with the other, in order to harmonise our moral and sensible aspirations with those laws which govern life and death. The aim of religion is then the effective, practical satisfaction of all our desires for an ideal life, at once good and happy, a satisfaction to be attained in a time to come, or in eternity. The aim of Art, on the contrary, is the immediate realisation in thought and imagination, immediately perceived, of all our dreams of ideal life, of an intense and expansive life, of a good, passionate, and happy life, without any other law or rule than the very intensity and harmony necessary to give us the actual feeling of plenitude in existence. A religious society, the more or less Heavenly City, is the object of an intellectual conviction accompanied by sentiments of fear or hope; the City of Art is the object of an intellectual representation accompanied by sympathetic sentiments which do not end in effective action for the avoidance of an ill or the achievement of some desired good. Art is then indeed an immediate realisation by the presentation itself, and that realisation should be intense enough in the domain of presentation, to give us the serious and profound sentiment of an individual life intensified by its sympathetic relations with the lives of others, with social life, and with the life of the universe. We hope to bring to light this, the sociological side of Art, for it is at once the foundation of its moral force, and the source of its real æsthetic value. There is, we feel, a profound unity between all these terms: life, morality, society, art, religion. Serious art, great art, is that in which this unity is most manifest; the Art of the decadents, of the ill-balanced, of which our age will furnish more than one example, is that in which this unity disappears, giving place to play of imagination and style, to the exclusive worship of form. We shall see that the more or less unhealthy Art of the decadents has for its chief characteristic the dissolution of social sentiments and the return to unsociability. True art, on the contrary, without pursuing externally a moral and social aim, has its own profound morality, its own deep sociability, which alone gives it health and vitality. Art, in a word, is life; the higher art is the higher life. Every work of Art, as does every organism, bears in itself its germ of life or death. Far from being, as the school of Herbert Spencer would have us believe, "a simple play of representative faculties," Art takes our sympathetic and active faculties seriously; it only makes use of representation in order to ensure the more ready and intense exercise of those faculties which are the very foundation of individual and social life.

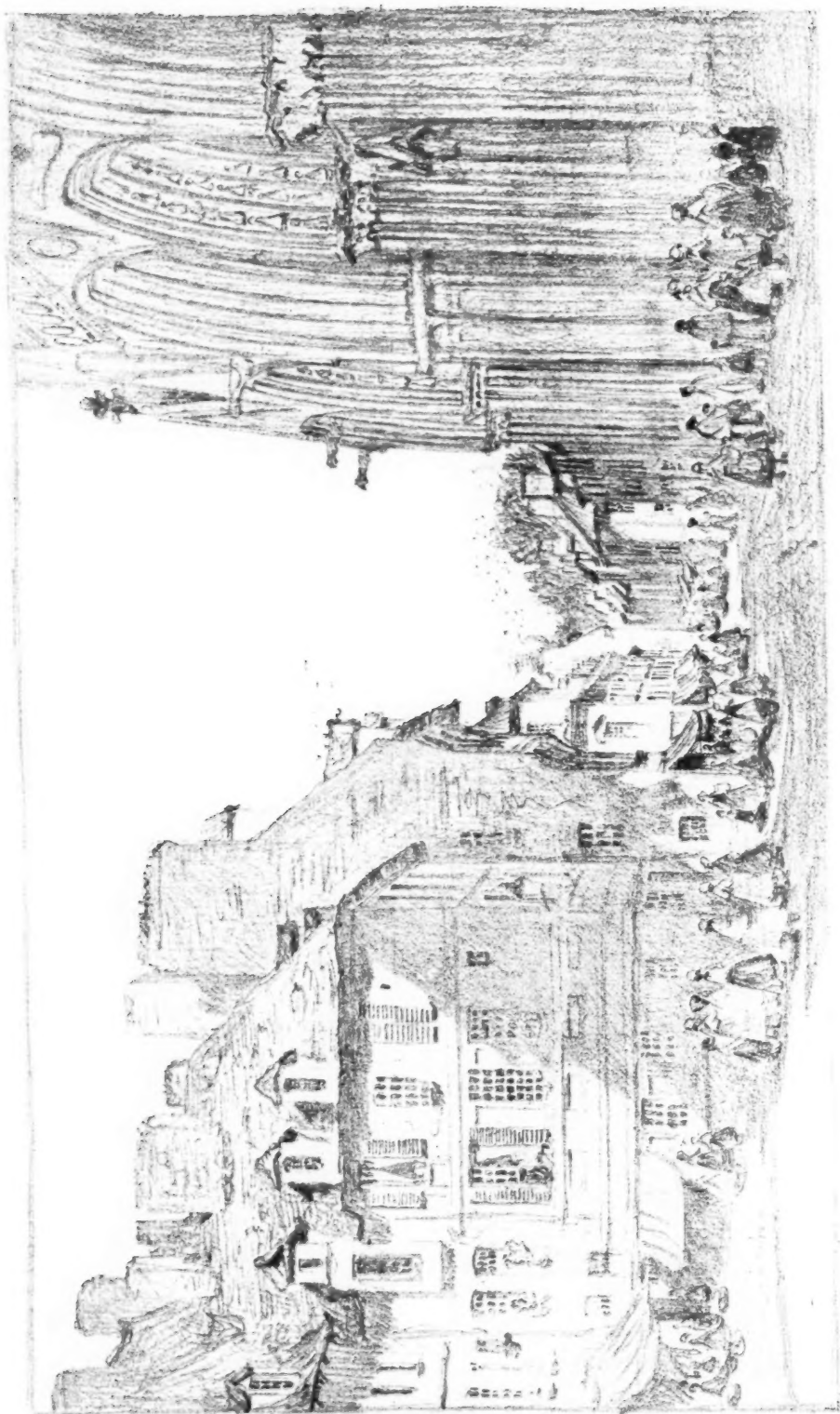




ARCHWAY, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLNS INN FIELDS:

DRAWN BY F. L. EMANUEL.





PORTALS OF THE CATHEDRAL, BAYEUX:
FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY WILLIAM
HACKSTOUN.



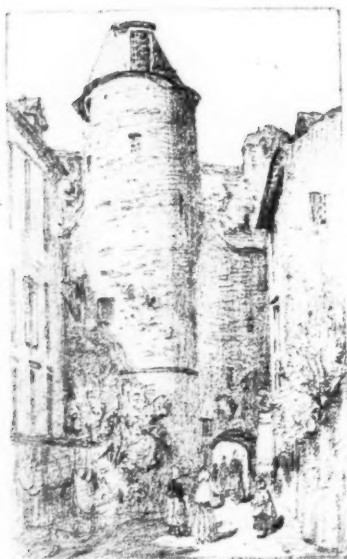
DISTANT VIEW, COUTANCES.

THE WORK OF WILLIAM HACKSTOUN: WRITTEN BY D. S. MACCOLL.

I AM invited to write a few words of introduction to the drawings by Mr. William Hackstoun published in this number of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW. They belong to an art that had its flowering time at the beginning of the century, and their author is one of the few men who still cultivate it in the old spirit. Forms of art, from the most important and generally interesting to the slightest and most special, have such flowering times, for they all depend on the unstable marriage of a certain interest or passion with a particular technique. Those two elements come together at a point of time, and remain in equilibrium for a little while; then the interest or passion shifts to another subject, technique breaks up and alters with that change, and the forces of art are directed to another centre of excitement. The art I speak of was born of the interest or passion of architecture in the remains of ancient buildings. Romantic poetry prepared the way, and the eyes of our grandfathers opened to an excited sense of the beauty of ancient churches, castles, the mouldering walls of towns, the heaped up streets of old cities. That first excitement and joy can never fully return again, because the passion itself went on to destroy its own sources. The effort to remake and restore those antique monuments swept away sometimes the whole, sometimes the half of a charm that was only in part the work of the original designer. Those remains had arrived at their final season of beauty, with added decorations wrought upon them by rain and sun; the mouldered and stained surfaces, the crumbled carving left the unruined morsels more

exquisite, while the *débris* mounting about their feet, knit and reabsorbed them with gentle lines into the earth of their foundations. There is a loveliness about buildings in this condition that goes beyond anything of the designer's unaided contrivance: they have passed away from the sharp clear uses of life into the uses of dreams. To such emotions, to such a love of the tender decay of tower and temple and their irrecoverable imagery there was a period of general consent. The sense of course persists, but the material for it is almost all destroyed, and it contends feebly against the promise of a brand new structure in place of an old. Thus the *Times*, during the last acute controversy over the restoration of an ancient building, jeered at those who professed to find in the "skin" of a wall its quiddity, the part of it that mattered. The writer would possibly have considered the relining of a Titian worth doing so as to save the "skin," instead of having a new copy painted; the mixed design of architect and time in an ancient building, irreplaceable in both its elements, seemed to him nothing compared with ease of method in replacing what corresponds to canvas and stretcher.

Given, then, this new passion and thrill before a landscape that showed some mouldering tower upon a crag, or under the cliff-like side of a cathedral all bleached, and stained, and furrowed, half revealing, half refusing its dim long-suffering sculptures, and over the daedal of roofs and belfries and college courts, a special art sprang up in answer, and found its tools among the antiquarians and architects. Water-colour drawing has a long history, but in its humble use among the topographers and architects' draughtsmen, it held just the limited means for expressing exactly what was interesting



STREET VIEW, COUTANCES.

in the new subject. The pencil skeleton to give the structure, the washes of colour to give the shadow and weather staining, and the same simple treatment for trees, clouds, landscape setting, accessory figures; such was the technique of the art. It flowered in the hands of Girtin, Turner, Cotman, Prout, Dewint. With Turner the narrow limits quickly burst, and water-colour, followed at the heels of the art of wider range, that he developed in oil. Cotman remains the classic of this limited art. With Turner the building is resumed into a larger frame, becomes one of the pathetic elements of his landscape. With Cotman it is the more single object, and in a magnificent drawing like that of the Château of Arques, we have the type of what such drawing should be. Here is nothing of the fluffily picturesque, for a muscular sense of the lie and make of the ground, of how the building sits into it and is itself constructed, underlies the superficial dilapidation and confusion. It is this masculine architect's grip and the love of broad design combined with love of the rich broken surface that is notable in Cotman. Drawing of the old buildings is

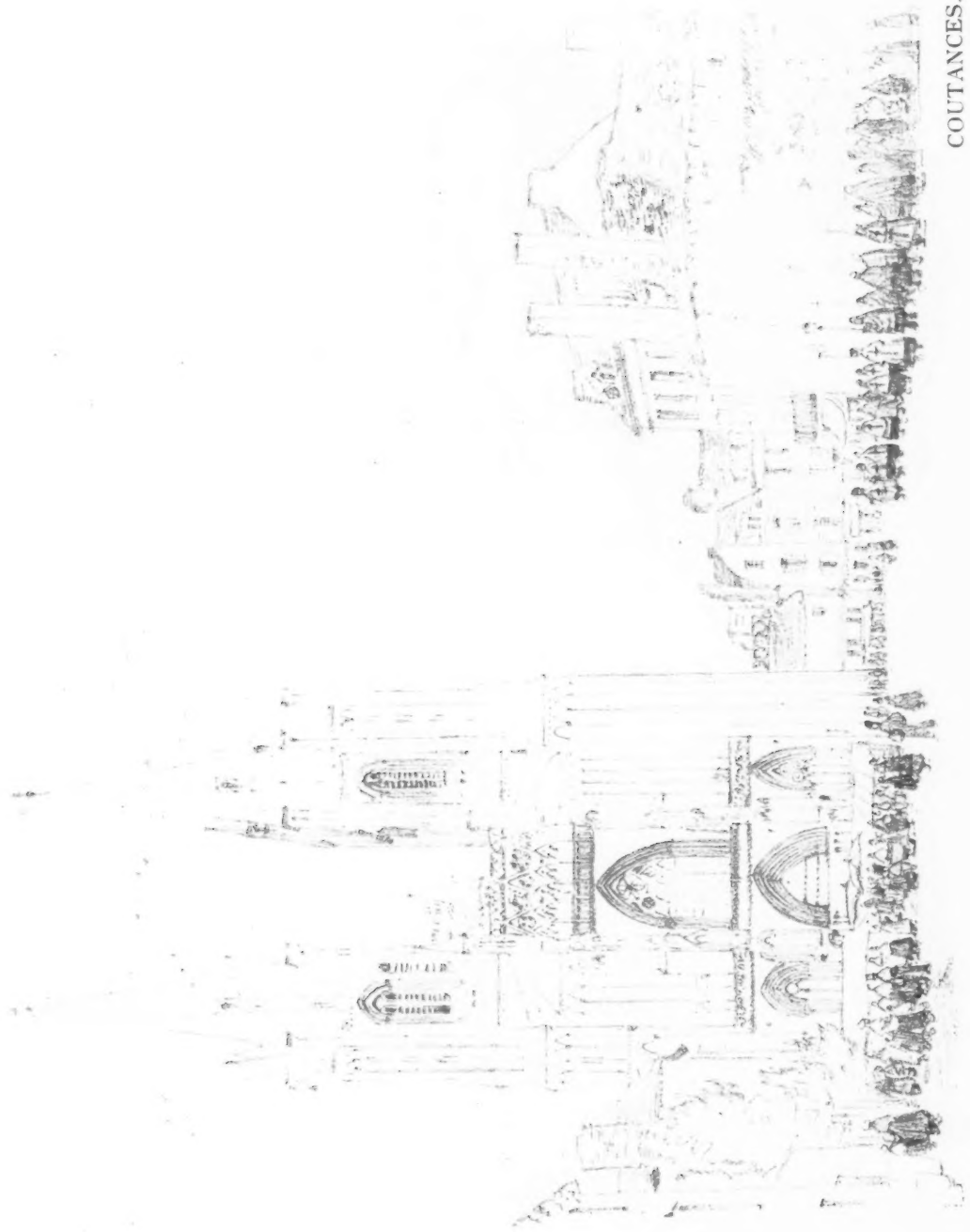
so apt to result either in the T-square order of delineation, or in surface niggling without structure; to render the skeleton under the frayed and tattered integument is the difficult mean.

The shifting of fashion, the destruction of material, the ambition of the draughtsman to go beyond his means and compete with oil-painting; all these things have done much to hurry away the delightful special art I have been speaking of; also no doubt the application of photography to old buildings has cut away one material base of the draughtsman's activity. With photography there has been a vast development of picturesque illustration made by its help. The photograph has its value and the drawing has its very different value; the photographic drawing misses the exactness of the one and the character of the other, most of all when it makes a desperate effort at picturesqueness, by an exaggeration of surface markings, the breaking of all lines, a frenzy of spots and dashes.

Many besides the writer will turn with pleasure to a draughtsman of the older stamp, one who loves to saturate himself with a building till he can give back its portrait in simple telling lines, with some thought of its scale, weight, dignity as well as its picturesqueness and colour. Mr. Hackstoun had the education of an architect, and formed his style in holiday drawing, upon Turner, Cotman and Prout. Some of his work came under the notice of Mr. Ruskin, on the look-out then for draughtsmen he might employ to make records of fast perishing



COUTANCES.



COUTANCES.

AN ETHICAL RETROSPECT OF THE
TRADITIONS AND AIMS OF SIR
EDWARD BURNE-JONES (B. 1833,
D. 1898) : WRITTEN BY JOHN
ATWOOD SLATER.



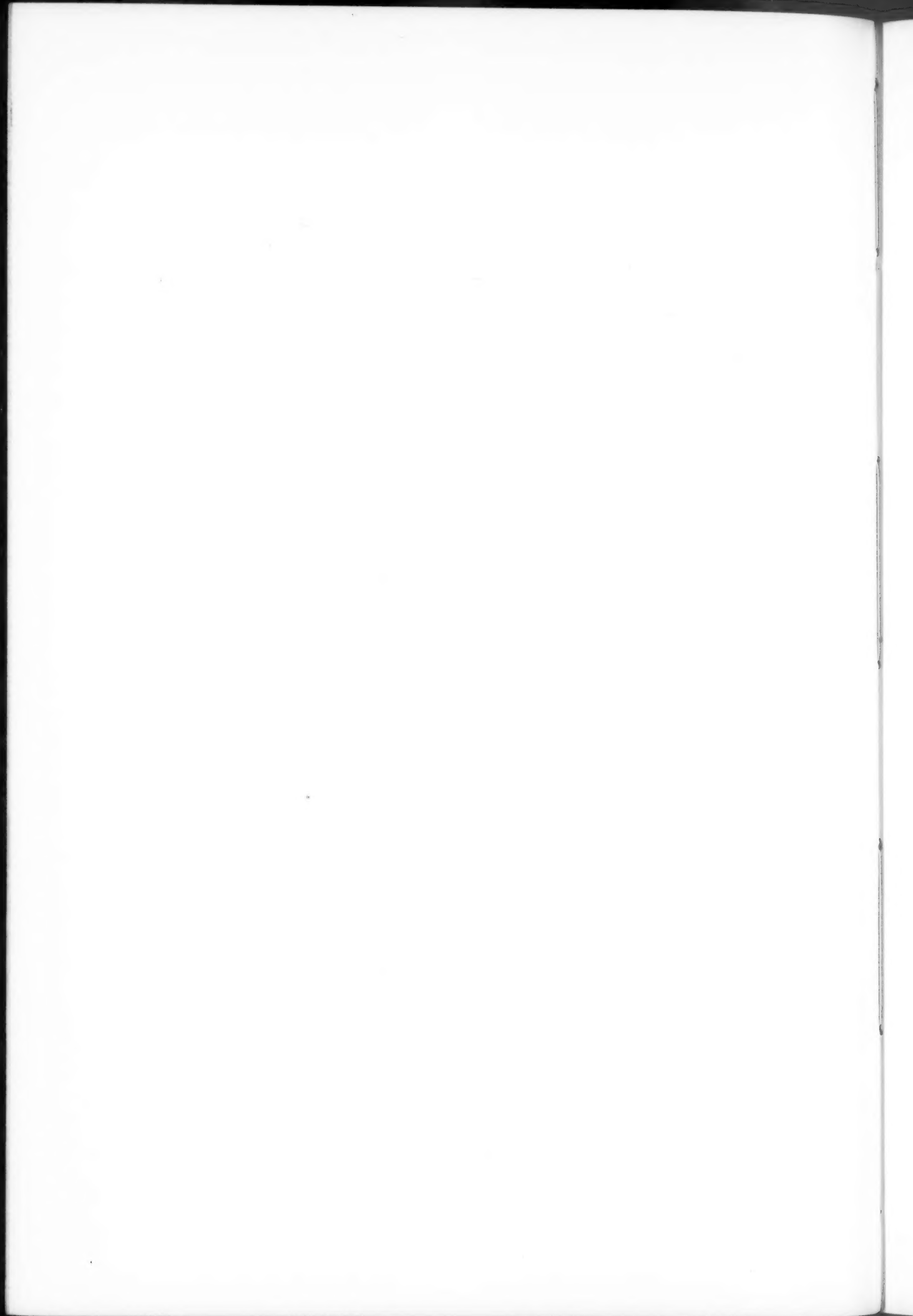
TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL, BAYEUX.

buildings. Under his supervision Hackstoun was drilled to a more minute and precious execution of detail, and after this preparation was commissioned to make drawings in the North of France. The pencil drawings reproduced here belong to this tour; the rest went to the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, or remained in the possession of Mr. Ruskin. After the date of these studies Hackstoun worked for a number of years at Perth, at St. Andrews, and other places in his own country, putting more landscape and less architecture into his drawings. A number of them were shown at Van Wisselingh's gallery about four years ago, and struck those who saw them by their seal of character, beating out moody, sad coloured designs. He ought to be employed, as Cotman was by his patrons; or as he himself was, till Mr. Ruskin's generous scheme was interrupted, to depict the unspoiled relics of ancient buildings, particularly those he understands best, the sparse and beautiful antiquities of Scotland. In a score of drawings he has rendered the gaunt essence of St. Andrew's, and if fortune helps him he will come to be known, in Mr. Ruskin's phrase, as the "historian of those dark Fifeshire fishing towns" and of other forlorn and moving scenes.

THE greatest star that has risen in modern mystical art, at once more brilliant even than many of the treasured names of the undiminished Italian Renaissance, has set; on the removal from our working midst of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, painter—courtesy would add, poet. If it were in the obscure understanding of the past, to give us a dream of loveliness, a latter-day revelation, permeated with didactic purpose, disposed to be almost wholly intolerant of other persons' creeds; personal, yet always with native dignity in the increment of its development, then we have received it from Burne-Jones. An eremite art, dependent likewise on a veiled sensuousness for its inspiration and ethical expression, living, wholly vitalized by the poet's belief that this "habitat" is "his," should he bestow the greater part of his soul to the creation of the transcendently beautiful, Sir Edward Burne-Jones with Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., may be characterised as the artists of this generation, who have been in name and deed most divinely inspired. The gravity of this theme demonstrates again and again, in his work, the sincerity of his concern with life and morals. The suavity of his line distils an unanswerable conviction into our breasts of the reality of his call. Born in the year 1833, on August 28, Birmingham became his cradle and early home. At eleven years of age, he, adolescens, passed, at the wish of his father, to King Edward's school. In 1852, he entered Exeter College, Oxford, where, three years later, he made the acquaintance of an artist, whose friendship was destined, thence, onward, to be a factor of lifelong service—William Morris, a man of keen and sensitive penetration into the science of Nature's functions, the use and construction of rude and applied art, and literature. The union of these disciples of Blake, to be accurate in the investigation of the traditions of the English mystical school, proved to be of the utmost mutual benefit. In the frequent interchange of conception, when dealing with the visible expression of chivalrous romance, an expression of genius which was to bless without oppressing posterity; the heaven-born courage of each aided the other in his task! In both of these artists may be discerned, at once, a seeming anti-scholastic mannerism; a craving after the soul of a conception, attaining to its pictorial and oftentimes archaic embodiment by means of suggestion, through colour rather than by the stern portrayal of its material envelope. A supernaturalism, which secured believers by its naive



"THE COMFORTER": BY THE
LATE SIR E. BURNE-JONES.



An Ethical Retrospect of the Work of Burne-Jones. 73

timidity in the first stages of the art, and afterwards won, by means more daring, the sympathetic appreciation of its enlightened proselytes—believers and disciples in the truest sense. For it must be acknowledged, if ever art founded a school whose influence is traceable through the labyrinths of painting, architecture, glass-staining, textile manufacture, not to omit poetry, the mistress of them all, that guided and founded by Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, their collaborators and followers, must ever be most famous. To them have, at times, been affiliated other enthusiasts in the world of art; the supporters of the substitution of sentiment for bare records of fact, whose life is spent in the continual coaxing of love out of all of its shells of concealment (let posterity judge them serenely in quiet abstraction) for the contemplative delight, too, in the process of its own sanctification; a delight almost as evanescent and ecstatic as the means which procure it; a delight, moreover, only enjoyed by artists in their best days (unless, indeed, it were gross on our part to analyse past artistry into goodness, to the disregard of its own code of laws). Ours, now, would not, but has to be a lingering and mournful retrospect. For who, amongst the brothers in art of the lamented artist can make, by the "mute eloquence" of his work a similar wave to the public. To Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as to a painter-poet, Burne-Jones, eager, palpitating, first declared his creed. In conjunction they worked with the utmost mutual regard, with a noble tolerance of each other's individuality, joining hands in many flights of fancy, each metting the other during years of energetic labour and achievement. William Morris, Burne-Jones' other companion in arts, had, for a time, worked in the office of the late George Edmund Street, in this capacity coming frequently into intercourse with Mr. Philip Webb—another of Street's pupils, and a strong ally of the movement. Through many years of concentrated and individual effort, these two craftsmen upheld, vehemently, in loyal and ever distinguished manner, the ideals of Burne-Jones, in the design and execution of tapestries, mural paintings, and stained glass. From the painter, came the figures; from the poet, Morris, came the woof and warp of the technics of weaving, bringing into service the train of dyes and slaked colours for tinging and bronzing sheets of glass; on the architect, Webb, devolved the task of drawing the birds. This coalition of the practical elements of craftsmanship, with the volatile spirit of the painter's art, engendered a spirit of socialism, which has never been so triumphant on the side of labour as now. Offshoots or currents from this centre and source of mental activity and labour-elevating agency may be traced in the Arts and Crafts Society, originally the St.

George's Guild, a society all of whose members, actuated by the health-giving, stimulating love of production and original craftsmanship, aim at the raising of the status of the manipulative artist. Only the inspired poet, Burne-Jones himself, who took up the "stole" of his priesthood, in the illustration of poetry, as one evidence of his higher calling, can be said to have surpassed the aims—partly misdirected—of the society itself; the exclusion of textmen, substituting these for sentimentalists of design. The English renaissance, of which the forerunners can be named, has not produced a more brilliant or useful chapter than that made by the doings of this company of hero worshippers.

What the writings of John Ruskin, D.C.L., had been to the preceding age, the efforts of Burne-Jones have been to the present generation. When Ruskin wrote, it was to awaken the susceptibilities of men; when Millais painted, it was to please, train, and cultivate their vision; when Burne-Jones designed, it was to make them artists. To him, glorious, though limited, artist, the filling of an enclosing rectangle was as welcome and fertilising stimulus to his genius as the result was delightful and curious to his band of admirers and irritating to his Philistine traducers.

Study, in season or out of season, the windows from this artist in Salisbury Cathedral; the "Angeles Laudantes" and the "Angeles Ministrantes"; the glazed voids in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, depicting the sainthoods of St. Cecilia and St. Catherine; the east windows of St. Peter's, Vere Street, London; and you will have been nearer and nearer to, and therefore more deeply acquainted with, the vaster resources of the glazier's art in its greatest achievements of the nineteenth century. The culminating point of decorative art amongst all art that is high is the modest, yet devout subjection of the artist to light itself.

Where can one find the equal of the decorated pianoforte designed and painted, both inside and on the out, for Mr. William Graham, by Edward Burne-Jones, with the story of Eurydice, and Mother Earth suckling her offspring? Can the whole range of textile manufacture in England supply an example comparable with the magnificent series of tapestries designed for Exeter College, Oxford; who herself swathed the nascent artist in the fifties. From whose gifted hands came the glittering tablets in "gesso" that made artists and architects jealous, and connoisseurs curious once more? In each case none but the austere yet mirthful recluse of the Grange.

But, as a painter of ideal easel pictures, enshrining the romance of modern or mediaeval lyric, we have the artist at his most popular, though not

74 *An Ethical Retrospect of the Work of Burne-Jones.*

highest eminence, that walk, inevitably, as with the greatest painters that ever lived, leaning in the higher parallels to the painting of buildings. So far we have glanced at the ennobling yet work-a-day-life side of the artist. Let us liberally review the dogma of this disquisition. Has the painter really and worthily placed himself at the head of this art age? The answer touching infinite issues must be complex. His champions would retort, "Has not Burne-Jones made the art age in which he was, until the last, envired?" He certainly was more in it than of it, treated as a hero by it, rather than only receiving the scant recognition of the age for which he toiled. Dispassionate criticism would say Burne-Jones has won by his own prowess the eye of his critics. He, "ipse," has fixed the lens of the cyclorama in and through which the public gaze has been directed at his inventiveness. He up to the last, and not his agents, has galleried his admirers. After all, may this not have been achieved at a loss of truth to other and less majestic ideals? Possibly in small things, but nothing in proportion to the gains to arts' wider sphere. All art is progress; although the sun may never but eclipse the light of this or that planetary order. The noise of the thunder-clouds from the Grosvenor Gallery has not paled or pinched the faces of the guardians of Piccadilly. The higher tenets of doctrine had, in the hand of Providence, to be taught, and, if not by the Royal Academy professors, in cabinets, silent and secluded. The depths of pathos having been stirred, the flaming javelin of Gallic enquiry raised, it mattered not if Time or Judgment lifted its finger at the older Institution, and revealed a newer elysium! What saw the outside world? Only a cloud of dust wheeling Southward (against and in the direction of the Royal Institution of Art Culture).

During the long conflict of his manhood, Burne-Jones unlocked many a door of knowledge, guarding as a true knight its hidden secrets. Thus, the happy possessor of his paintings can muse longest upon the incisive homilies discernible therein, for their edification, not merely for the tickling of a whimsical fancy, the temper of the painter allowing a fraction of the as yet unabsorbed "myth" to go to the public, through exhibition, at a date shortly after the completion of the work. "The Hours," an exquisite example of the artist's middle period, is characteristic in the suggestive joining together of the hands of "Evening" and "Night," grouped against an appropriately devised background. Leave us one brief turn of life's glass, and we may profitably learn the under triumph of poetic inspiration in that scene of the sea nymph entitled "In the Depths of the Sea."

Here, again, is the Divine drama going on, in the

conflict between a wanton of the sea and her treasure, the corpse of a youth from whose pursed lips the bubbles of imprisoned air float in thousands, higher, upwards, as he is dragged, unceremoniously, unresistingly, downward. The face of the mermaid seems the solidest piece of flesh painting this artist has ever given us; the brilliancy of colour, the drawing, and the modelling defy comparison, and drain the resources of the most trained observer. Who, may even time ask, has drawn the mystery of descent so expressively? The tail of the creature nervously bent as it nears the bed of the sea, the finny extremity shot aloft again, instinct with grace of movement, the scientific modelling of the tail and the shadow of that appendage on the bed of the sea.

In 1883 the painter gives us the grandest painting from his palette, owned by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour—"The Wheel of Fortune"—a scheme, no doubt, in some sense inspired by Giorgione. This work shows him at his very noblest attainment, in the representation of the human figure; the drawing and modelling of the limbs of the beings bound to the "wheel" demonstrating the possession then of the highest capacity in art for dealing with so difficult a problem.

Turn your thoughts once from this, and allow them to fix on a nobler vision. A grand opportunity of decorating the interior of a building, such as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, would undoubtedly have found Sir E. Burne-Jones at an even grander note of sublimity. A solemn *Yes* and *No* would inevitably have rung in the complex questions of theme and anti-theme. A note higher than echo to the achievements of the past would have been sounded, and the tri-mystical representation of the Word-Incarnate would have been gloriously enriched once more in His Earthly Temple. To illustrate the mind of the artist, a journey should be paid to the church built in Rome by the American community. In the apse of semi-circular form, seated upon a rainbow of iridescent mosaic, is a figure of our Lord in the act of benediction. On either side, in shadowy space, are three niches. But who are their occupants? Angels of the Archangelic hierarchy. Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Chamuel, but the fifth, though occupied, leads to the sixth, vacant, empty! Can this be by intention? Yes, we should have heard of it, perhaps, by a side wind from the artist's treasury—his garden summer-house, it may be. The empty niche was the shrine of Lucifer, the fallen Archangel! With what measured percussion falls the story on our ears when the sacred mystery is placed before us in this algebraic form. Must not reason unbend also, before the painter of the "Days of Creation," who gives us angels, one to six, in six panels, and cheats our anxiety for a seventh in the asseveration (a

glance from the catalogue) that says that there was no creation on the seventh day, for in it the Creator rested; the great chorus going up from six! A passing mention of "The Chant d'Amour," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "The Golden Stair," "Venus Looking Glass," "The Annunciation," and the "Briar Rose" series will serve by precept of numbers to raise a laurel crown over the head of the departed poet-painter, now in eternal rest.

B

OURGES: ITS CATHEDRAL AND OTHER CHURCHES: BY S. N. VANSITTART: PART TWO.

To the right of the central doorway is that of St. Stephen with history of his life and martyrdom. Beyond is that of St. Ursin, among the episodes of whose life are his being sent to Gaul by the Pope with his companion St. Just, carrying the relics of St. Stephen, burying his companion, baptising Leocadius and his son.

Subjects of Old and New Testament form a series of sixty-two vigorous yet naïf-carvings below the

vaultings, all tastefully intermixed with birds and griffins.

The clock with inscription recording its gift in 1372 by duke Jean, has been removed from the central porch to the top of Pellevoisin's tower. Another clock inside the cathedral is of 1423.

The names of the many *ymagiers* who chiselled the stone are all French. Among the best known we find those of Pierre Byard, Nicolas Puyson, and Marsault Paule, who, in partnership, produced the sculptures of the central portal completed in 1390. The history of the life of the Virgin is by the last named artist, who for the beautiful St. William, now mutilated, received twenty livres; for bas-reliefs the pay varied from three to eleven livres.

The lateral portals, older by a century and a half than the nave, originally formed part of the church completed in the beginning of the eleventh century, and by an unaccountably happy chance, or purpose, were removed at the time the present cathedral was commenced and replaced piece by piece in position level with the floor of the new building, six feet higher than before.

Thus have been preserved to us the Byzantine-like statues of kings and prophets full of character, draped in clinging lace and pearl-edged garments and wearing long pointed shoes.

Fragments of the previous building are so frequently met with in the masonry of the cathedral, as to make it all the more wonderful to find these archaic statues spared.

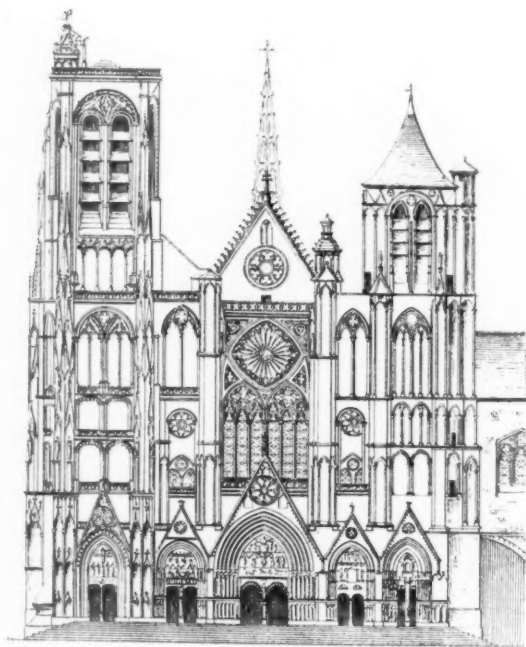
Like the figures of corresponding date at Chartres their slender length is due to the double purpose they serve, being columns as well as statues, carved from a single block, bases included.

The Abbé Barreau justly observes that these doorways have gained considerably in effect by the later addition of the airy dentellated square porches, which, almost festooned with carvings themselves, produce a mysterious and a harmonious solemnity of light and shade.

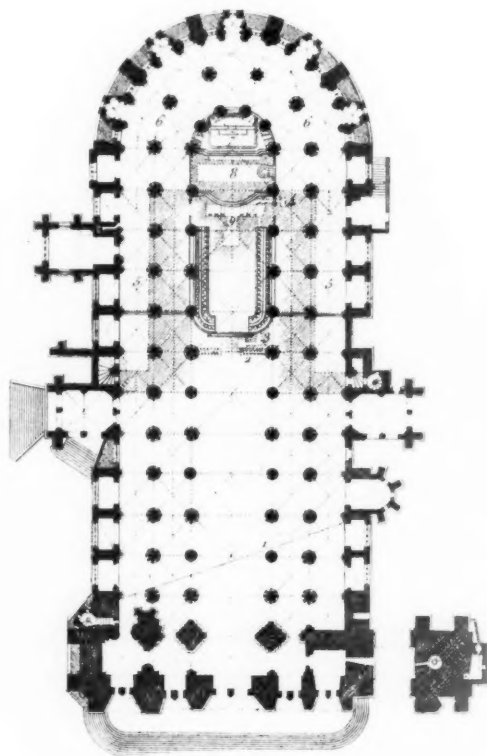
Of these entrances the northern, dedicated to *Notre Dame de Grâce*, is admirable for "facility and perfection of design." Over the solid *vautaux*, wooden doors, carved with trefoils and the letter R, initial of the Le Roy family, is a frieze, Grecian in style, reproduced in all probability from a Roman fragment then existing. The ribs of the vaulting afford one of those delightful surprises of individuality which add so much to the charm of



NORTH DOORWAY, BOURGES CATHEDRAL.



FRONT ELEVATION.



PLAN.

1. Line of meridian.
2. Ancient screen.
3. Former descent to vault of archbishops.
4. Present descent to the same.
5. Galleries leading to subterranean church.
6. Subterranean church.
7. Group of the entombment.
8. Catacombs.
9. Vault of archbishops.

Timber work

Windows under large arches

Upper gallery

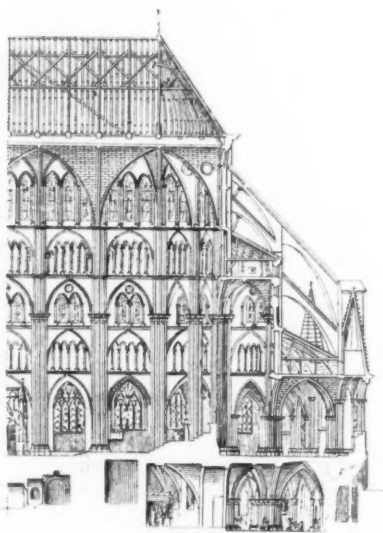
Windows of aisles

Lower gallery

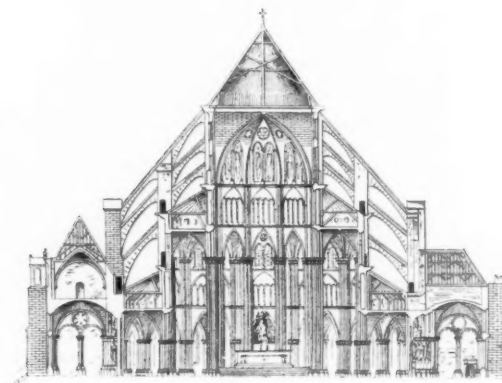
Pavement

Catacombs

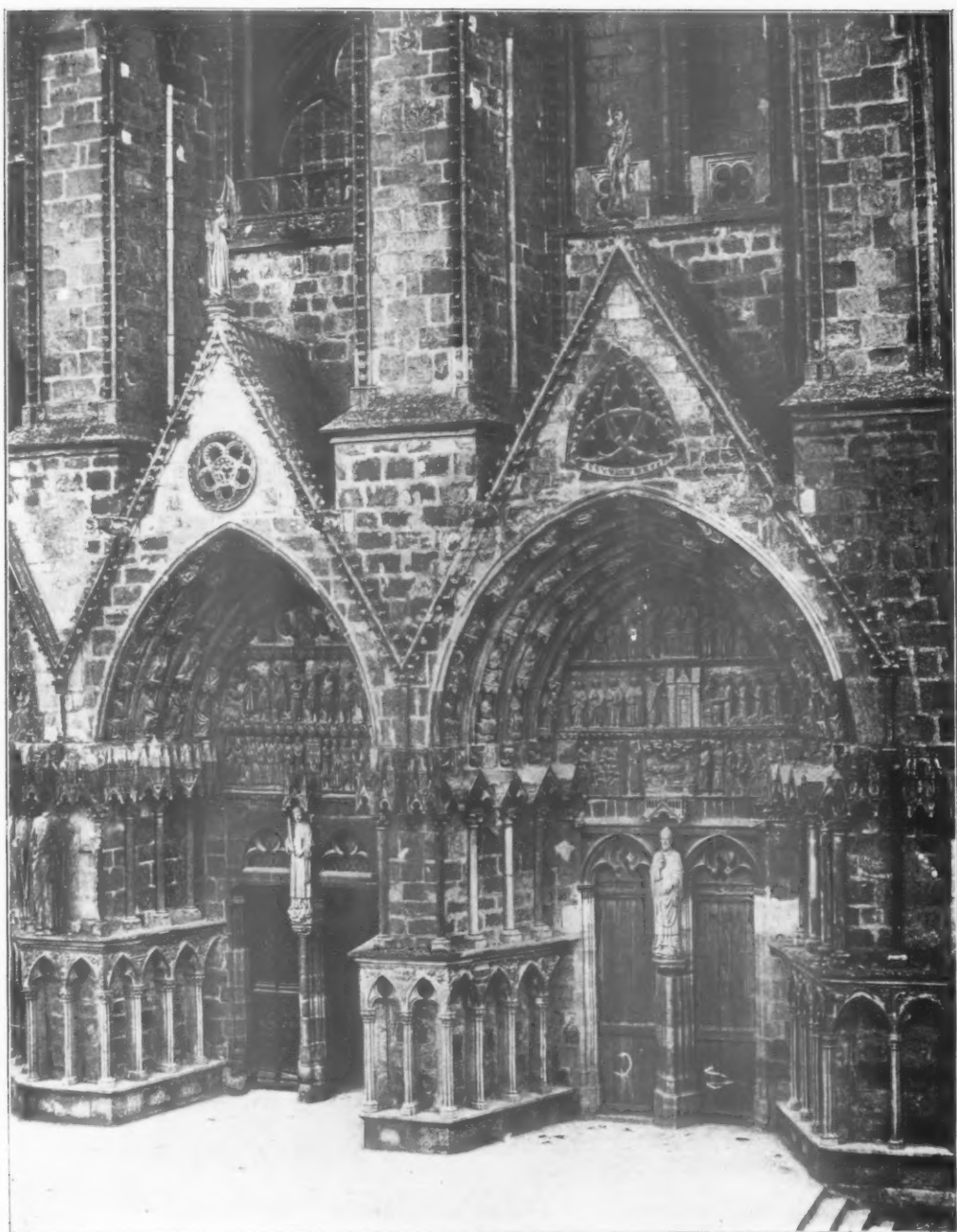
Subterranean church



SECTION OF APSE.



CROSS SECTION.



DOORWAYS OF ST. STEPHEN AND
ST. URSIN, BOURGES CATHEDRAL.

Gothic ornamentation; instead of the usual crocket terminals, the fancy of the artist has led him to portray a series of life-like monkeys and malevolent looking hybrid birds. Defaced beyond recognition is the pediment, and the statue of the shaft between the doors has shared the fate of those of the West front.

The ornamentation of the South porch is a perfect web of intricate romanesque design at its best.

Crowned Kings of Juda beneath varied turretted canopies, known in France as *Jerusalem-célestes*, stand on short fretted and chevroned pillars, and are surmounted by figured capitals—a St. Hubert on horseback chases a huge bear erect behind a tree, Samson rends asunder the lion's jaws, a pair of most friendly looking griffins are shaking hands, and the evangelistic eagle on the *alto relievo* pediment peers inquiringly into the face of his Lord.

In this porch is also an arabesque doorway of the Renaissance, and a statue of St. Stephen, an excellent specimen of twelfth century art.

On the tawny wood of the doors bequeathed by Jacques Cœur and his son Jean the archbishop,

stand out profuse, initials and winged hearts, and the legend in letters, which though dissimilar, recall the clear-cut style of ancient Rome, *orate pro defunctis et benefactoribus ecclesiæ Reginaldus Boiselli*—friend and executor of the donors.

The sacristy, another gift of Jacques Cœur, has his initials and arms on ceiling and glass, as well as those of his protector Nicholas V., and the fleur de lys of France.

Spared by the Revolution, because to substitute plain glass for coloured would have cost too much—though even here the craze for "light," so detrimental to the cathedral of Amiens, caused the removal of glowing panes from many a window—the stained glass is second only to that of Chartres for quality, while great is its variety of design and subject, from the blended minute kaleidoscopic compositions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the finished picture with architectural backgrounds and correct perspective of the seventeenth, in exchange for which the mystic devotional compositions of former centuries were too often destroyed.

Of thirteenth century are the large windows of the choir, the predominant colour being that deep rich blue so characteristic of French glass of the period. The large rose window is of the fourteenth century. Of the fifteenth are the four panels in the chapel of St. Ursin, built by Jacques Cœur, probably the best of his century.

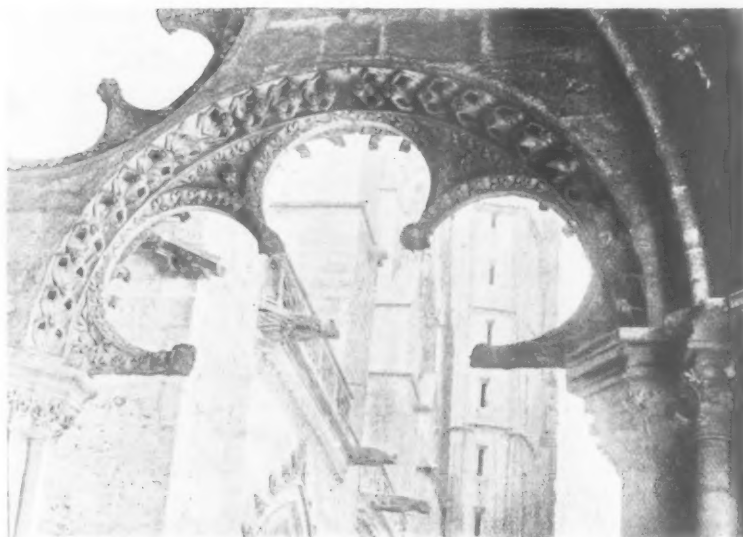
Typical of the succeeding age for finished drawing and composition is the glass of the Tullier chapel, by Jean Lescuyer, whose rendering of the martyrs Laurence and Stephen denotes the influence of his studies in Italy.

Dated 1619 is an Assumption, of rich colouring and careful though affected design; in a corner of the picture are the donors Marshal Montigny and his wife.

Legends of early saints and events and parables of Scripture are illustrated in the windows of the chapels of the apse with pictures and names of the crafts which gave them. Thus in one is shown the process of fur dressing, in another are medallions of the slaughtering of cattle, the *signature* of the guild of butchers.



SOUTH PORCH OF CATHEDRAL, WITH JACQUES CŒUR'S CARVED OAK DOORS.



BOURGES CATHEDRAL: NORTH PORCH
SHOWING MONKEYS IN VAULTING.

The work of the *verrier* was at all times arduous, says Handicquer de Blancourt writing in the seventeenth century. In the large factories twelve hours at a time mostly standing and stripped, in smaller furnaces they worked in shifts of six hours, the designer being seated in an arm-chair to which were fastened the necessary implements.

Men of gentle birth originally, they enjoyed with the title of *écuyer* sundry privileges even before the days of Philip *the fair*, probably added to by Charles V., who granted them special immunity from all taxes and liabilities to military service.

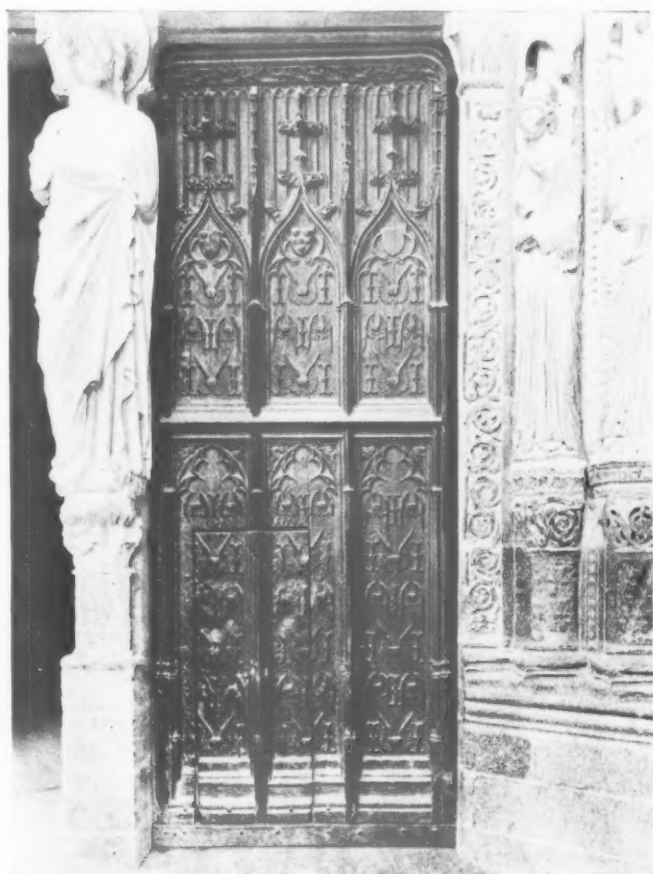
In 1431, at the request of Henry Melleim, one of the foremost glass artists of Bourges, Charles VII. by letters patent confirmed and extended these privileges to all glass painters of France, as did also Henry II. in 1525, and Charles IX. in 1563.

The number of glaziers claiming to be noble and exempted from taxes—they tried long to prove that the craft in itself was ennobling, in accordance with a decision in 1383 of the Grand Council of Venice—increased to such proportions as to occasion a decree in Lorraine forbidding the manufacturing of glass to those of noble birth on pain of taxation, a decree reversed in a measure in 1603 by Henry IV., who decided that noblemen could, without derogation, practice the craft of glass making.

The oldest of the side chapels named after canon Pierre Trouseau, has in its window the coats of arms of two antipopes, of Clement VII., Robert of Geneva, who freed the Chapter from episcopal jurisdiction, and of Pedro de Luna, Benedict VIII., represented by the canon at the consecration in 1405 of the Sainte-Chapelle of Jean de Berry.

An exquisite fragment is the Annunciation and Adoration in the crypt, of early twelfth, perhaps of the eleventh century, the oldest coloured glass in France; very beautiful the star-spangled green robe of the angel Gabriel, the King in the centre is a restoration.

This interesting relic of the bygone cathedral was hidden out of sight till rescued from oblivion by the late father of Monsieur



BOURGES CATHEDRAL: SOUTH PORCH: DOOR
CARVED WITH INITIAL I AND HEARTS WITH-
IN WINGS FOR I.C. (JACQUES CŒUR).

Octave Roger, whose extreme kindness in supplying me with many a detail, as well as with photos practically unattainable, I here take occasion to gratefully acknowledge.

On a black slab is the full-length aged image of Jean de Berry, with at its feet a muzzled and chained bear. Of the noble monument which Jean de Rupuy, surnamed de Cambray, erected in the Sainte-Chapelle by order of Charles VII., and removed hither in 1757, nothing else remains, the exquisite base with forty canopied niches and alabaster statuettes "of the virtues of the prince and the grief of the people," by Stephen Bobillet and Paul Mosselman, of Holland, having been broken to fragments during the Revolution.

A few of the statuettes strewn on the floor were picked up as curiosities, and have since found their way to the museum, others were turned at the lathe into pillars for ormulu clocks.

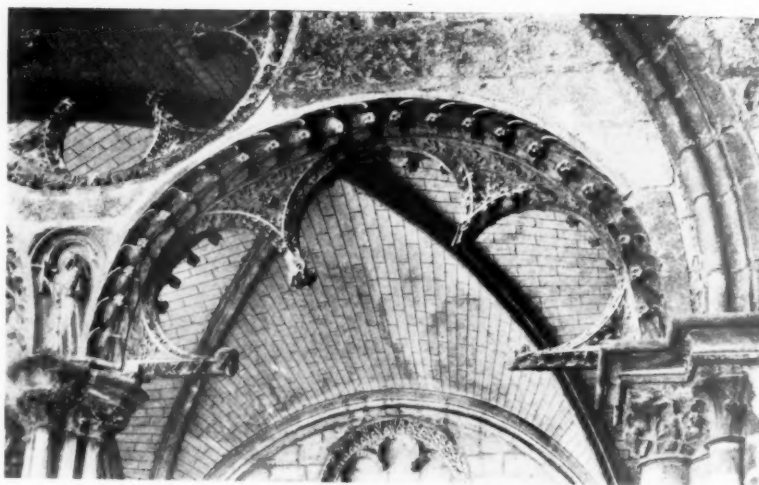
In a chapel above are coloured kneeling figures of Jean and of his second wife Jeanne de Boulogne, of which the heads are modern. Holbein's sketch of these statues of Jean de Cambray, may be seen in the museum at Basle. Close by in a dark recess is a sixteenth century Entombment, the more than life size figures of which, the Christ excepted, are coloured.

The supporters of the duke were a swan *navré* and a bear with the motto *Oursine le tems verra*, adopted, it appears, in remembrance of a fair English lady named Oursine, to whom he became attached during his exile across the Channel after the treaty of Bretigny, as from the following quaint verses in King René d'Anjou's romance *la Conquête de la Deuce Mercy*:

Jehan duc de Berry, suis-je de verité sage,
Qui en tenant prison et pour mon père ostage.
Le roi Jehan, qui estait es mains des Anglais pris,
Je fu si ardemment destre amoureux espris.
D'une dame anglaiche servante au Dieu d'amours,
Que vaincu me sentis par ses gracieux tours,
Pour elle prins un mot, et mis soubz mon escu,
Le sisne blanc navré autre mot plus n'y fu;
En ses liens me tint dont je ne peu partir,
Et lors me commande le Dieu d'amours venir
Moi rendre son subject, avec ceulx qui y sont,
Aportant mon blazon comme les autres font.

The early thirteenth century *verrier*, like his predecessor of the twelfth, designed his figures in accordance with prescribed rules, stiffly and in clinging robes, after the Byzantine style.

Travelling from place to place to supply the



BOURGES CATHEDRAL: NORTH PORCH:
SHOWING OWLS IN VAULTING.

demand for his wares, manufactured on the spot, he had little time for improvement, says M. Olivier Merson, though noteworthy exceptions are found.

In the second half of the century, foliage and figure begin to be modelled from nature, as can be observed in many an example of the dress of the period.

Of this date is the medallion window, mostly with deep blue background and small figures expounding Biblical events or the legends of saints, which, starting from the base of the window, are read upwards from left to right. These historical lights are usually found in aisles and apse.

In the higher windows of the nave patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, of large, often of colossal size, are the subjects. Sometimes a scroll placed at the feet indicates the name. *Grisaille* or *pattern* designs on a grey or green ground are used in places where more light is required.

The principal aim of the craftsman of this period was the harmonious contrast of variegated and deep toned colours for the enhancing of the scintillating effect, of which even faults such as scratches, air bubbles, and uneven surfaces were turned to account, and truly successful was he in his purpose, for the depth and brilliancy of his production has never been surpassed. The secret of his success, says Winston, lies in the peculiar nature of the glass, of which "each colour, besides being deep, is harmonious in itself." No tint being absolutely pure, the effect, he says, can hardly ever be bad.

The small *mosaic* glass employed possessed the advantage of minimising the inconvenience of frequent breakage in baking, or consequent on the use of the heated iron for cutting, and the jagged edges left by this method of division imparted a marvellous strength and cohesion to the lead-surrounded fractions.

In the following century architectural details appear in the backgrounds, the figures grown larger are placed on brackets and under canopies, and a border occasionally surrounds them. The drawing is more correct, the drapery more free, the colouring and detail more exact, even perspective is introduced. A coat of arms or a figure of the donor is more frequently met with. The gain—if such it be—is at the cost of the former harmony and brilliancy of effect. White and especially yellow, consequent on the discovery in the beginning of the century of a method of staining white glass yellow, invade the composition.

Though at this time glass was much used in the dwellings of the rich, owing to causes such as the disasters of war and the cooling of the fervour which had characterised the period of the building of the great cathedrals, little is found in sacred edifices.

Emulating the sculptural intricacies of the fifteenth century the artist in glass, now a finished

draughtsman, overcrowds his pictures with details.

The tints are frequently of great brilliancy produced by the *doublage* of sheets of different colours. In the second half of the century the use of *surface* enamels, poor in comparison with the deep toned *pot* enamels, becomes general, and the removing of colour from the surface facilitates the display of ornaments and designs on dress and in coats of arms. White and yellow predominate, the shadows are tinted, the faces mostly not.

Usually without borders, but often with explanatory scrolls, the letters of which are a clue to the date, the subjects are still of the Old and New Testaments, of martyrs and miracles, with portraits of the donors freely introduced, while the treatment approaches still nearer to that of the painter. Glass of this century is plentiful in churches and in buildings, public and private.

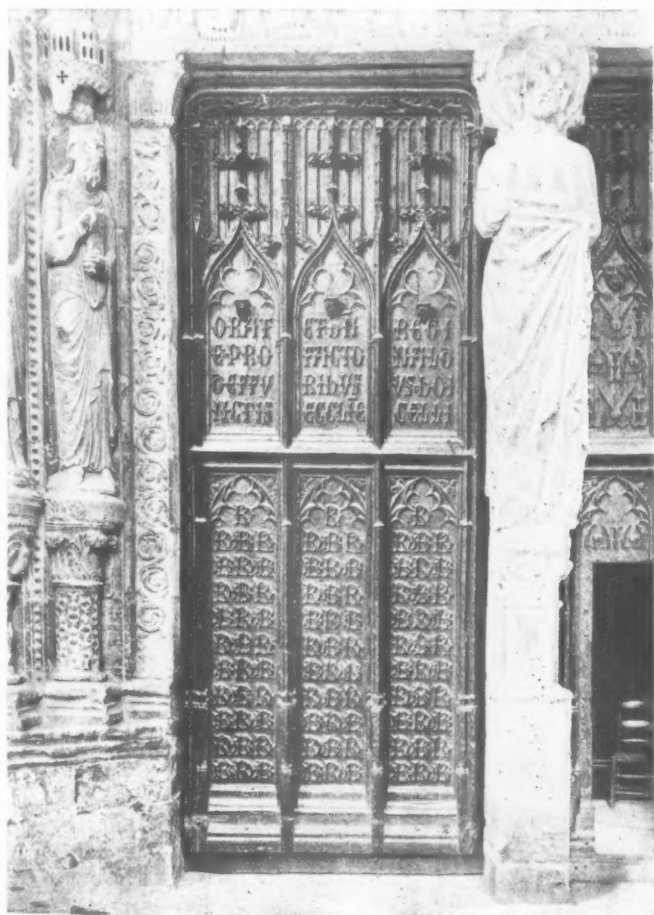
The skill of the designer culminates in the early sixteenth century, but the medium is no longer that of old. The use of *enamel* or *stain* has become general, the diamond has supplanted the red hot steel, and the machine-made lead strips, owing to their feeble grip on the smoothly cut pieces, are the cause of frequent repairs.

The subjects often from the cartoons of masters and even of mundane events extend over several lights. The panes are large. *Grisaille* is extensively had recourse to.

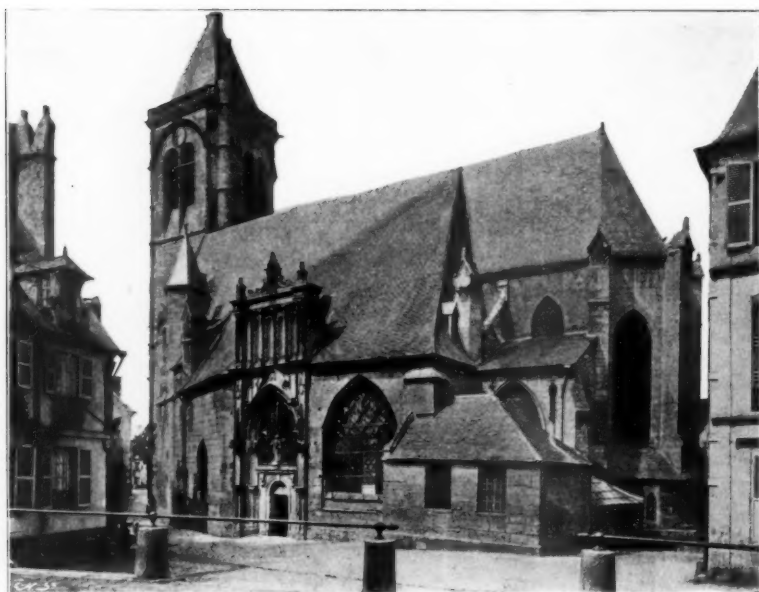
In the seventeenth century mere painting in enamel becomes the general practice, and leads to the decadence of the art of the glass founder whose long enjoyed privileges come to be disregarded. Exaggeration in attitude and drapery characterise the figures, heaviness and forced perspective the architectural backgrounds, and the leads, now meaningless, bind together mere squares of glass of equal size.

Complicated lozenge patterns of plain glass become fashionable, itinerant glaziers, the *courreurs de lozenges*, are allowed to destroy many an old window by the removal of darkened or damaged panes, and to substitute colourless cubes to light up the oil paintings which now fill the churches.

Thus gradually the art died out, and glass in geometrical patterns of fanciful names becoming a mere article of trade, the best French artists emigrated to other countries. No coloured glass, says Le Vieil, was made in France in 1768.



BOURGES CATHEDRAL: SOUTH PORCH:
SHOWING STATUE OF CHRIST OF XIIITH
CENTURY BETWEEN DOORS. INITIALS OF
R.B. ON DOORS (REGINALDUS BOICELLI).



THE CHURCH OF NÔTRE DAME, BOURGES.

Though for convenience the changes are broadly classified according to centuries, the transitions were, of course, gradual, in the same way as with architectural development and decadence, for no changes are brought about abruptly.

Of the many other churches Bourges once possessed, with the exception of three still in use, fragments only now remain. The church of St. Pierre le Guillard was built during the thirteenth century, with side chapels of later date, in one of which are the remains of the jurist Cujas. It contains a picture of the seventeenth century illustrative of its legendary origin. A mule kneels in homage before the Sacrament in consequence of a dispute between its masters, a Jew named Guillard, and St. Antony of Padua. Converted by the prodigy the Jew founded the church, though unfortunately for the legend this quarter of the town was during the twelfth century the parish of St. Pierre de Jaillard.

The original church of St. Bonnet of first half of the twelfth century, was destroyed by the great fire of 1487, and rebuilt fifty years later to remain incomplete. It has a panel by Jean de Boucher *l'Education de la Sainte Vierge*, and windows designed by Jean Lecuyer the *vitrier* of Bourges, who, to the accurate drawing of the Italian school, knew how to impart that religious sentiment which rarely characterised glass of the sixteenth century. In a corner is the artist's name, with the date 1544.

A tall heavy tower dwarfs the façade of what is now Nôtre Dame, after having been originally

dedicated to St. Peter. Founded in 1157, it was burnt down in the fire just mentioned and rebuilt in the following century. The chief thing of interest in it is the tomb of Jeanne de Valois—divorced wife of Louis XII.—transferred from the convent of the Annonciade, of which she was founder and abbess. She is represented in the black dress and veil of the order, scarlet scapular and cord, and on her shoulders the royal mantle semé of fleur-de-llys. A handsome marble holy water stoup is inscribed with an aphorism of the sententious sixteenth century kind, *Tout*

se passe et rien ne dure, ne ferme chose Tant soit dure, 1566.

THE CHURCH AND THE VILLAGE BARLEY: WRITTEN BY THE REV. J. FROME WILKINSON, M.A., F.S.A.; ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX. ANSTED.

"At the borders of the county [of Hertfordshire] is Barley. The Church of St. Margaret was rebuilt in 1872, with the exception of the fine Norman tower and south aisle. There is a brass inscription to Dr. Willet (1621)." This is all the information that is to be gathered out of *Murray's* latest edition of the county handbook for our proposed theme. Let us see whether somewhat closer inspection and deeper research will not bring to light a story that will show, that the annals of the typical rural English village are not so uneventful as they are proverbially said to be—a story worth the telling, though we can only give portions of it in outline.

Hertfordshire has been aptly called the "county of lanes and hedgerows," one of the glories of rural England. Its southern border is better known than its northern, from its nearer neighbourhood to London and greater railway facilities. To the cyclist, however, who traverses the great North Road, known as the Ermin Street, this comparative inaccessibility does not exist; he will find, however, that the character of the county changes as he reaches the high level of the line of hills (a

continuation of the Chilterns) which form an undulating plain, at no point wider than some four miles, lying outside, save on its southern edge, of the drainage area of the Thames or London Basin. Lanes and hedgerows there still are, but they no longer form the prominent features of the wide landscape; they have given place to downs, woods, dells, and small watercourses locally known as "riddies," the plateau being intersected here and there by deeper and wider "dens" or valleys. Green, in his "History of the English People," aptly describes this chalk country as "the billowy heavings and sinkings of some primeval sea suddenly lashed into motionlessness, with soft slopes of grey grass

The parish (2725 acres in area) is roughly divided into two portions, that to the east and that to the west, each consisting of high ground rising from 300ft. to close upon 500ft. above the sea level. The former is covered with a crown of boulder clay, gravel, and at places a deposit of brick earth. The latter forms an undulating slope of denuded chalk, with its ridges and valleys all looking north towards the lowlands of Cambridge and the Fen country. The village itself consists (as it has done since its earliest days) of a group of "ends" clustered round the cross hill and the parish church.

The long life of the ancient village, or "town," as it was always called, closed the last of its



"THE OPEN CHAMPION": DRAWN BY ALEX. ANSTED.

or brown-red corn falling gently to dry bottoms," and "woodland flung here and there in masses over the hills." "A country of fine and lucid air, of far, shadowy distances, of hollows tenderly veiled by mist, graceful everywhere with a glowing, unaccentuated grace." On the north-east corner of this little highland belt lies the village, or township, of Barley, with Essex for its eastern border, and Cambridge for its northern. As indicated by the name (Bergley, or Berlai of Domesday Book); it is the *burh* (Anglo-Saxon), earthwork, or fortified town, situate in the *ley* (A.-S.), or open clearing; old *Chauncy* aptly puts it thus: "Seated among the hills in the Champion."

Barley forms the water parting between catchment basins of the Great Ouse and the Thames.

eventful chapters with the Private Enclosure Act, which passed into law in the year 1819, followed, as it shortly was, by the New Poor Law. The village of to-day dates from the time when these two legislative measures come into working, what of old parochial life the former had left, and it was but a weak and stunted plant, the abolition of self-government, consequent on the formation of Union Districts, completed.

Taking, then, the early years of the century as our starting point, and adopting a now fashionable historical method, we will work backwards from the known and written to the dimly known and unwritten story, seeking in the early morning of primitive racial history to recover some lost or long-forgotten pages in the "book of origins," and not

hesitating, when historic sources run dry, to call in the friendly aid of geology, archaeology, and anthropology—all ministering to the overruling purpose in hand.

From "An Account of the Lands in the Parish



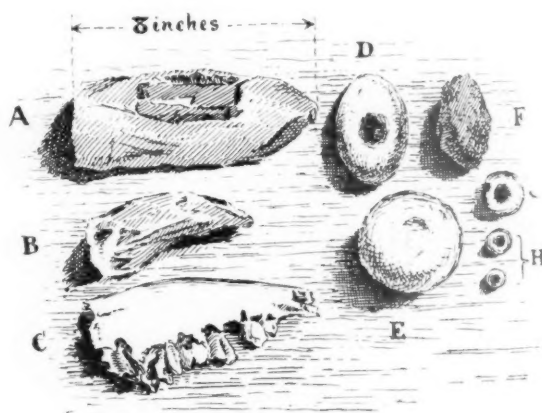
ROMAN CINERARY URNS.

with the names of the several Holders" (1800), we may gather some useful knowledge. The number of holders, omitting the rectorial glebe, is forty-nine, the number of inhabited houses ninety-six, the total population 494, of whom 130 were engaged in agriculture, and 50 more in some trade or handicraft. Putting the number of separate families at a hundred, it is evident that nearly half of these were not merely working on the land for others, but that they were landholders in work on the land for themselves, and many of them employing others to work for them. The significance of the fact is manifest, and becomes enhanced, when we learn that the just short of fifty holdings varied in size from three hundred acres down to three rods, the account closing with the pathetic entry, "The Poor Blind Woman—1 acre." Note, reader, not "a" but "the" poor blind woman, better known to the parish as such than by her family name, holding by a "customary tenure" going back beyond Domesday that home and little Danish toft enclosed with it, which henceforth becomes "the blind woman's corner." We may judge, too, that she had her cow, and did not lack neighbourly service. But for us the chief interest lies in the dispersion of the holdings over the whole parochial area, and specially in the manner in which the arable portions were scattered, interspersedly and intermixedly in strips, or groups of strips called "shots," over the great open village fields. The whole survey before us gives 2300 acres of open arable fields—an addition of 600 acres to the amount that remained such nineteen years later, at the time of the enclosure and the agrarian revolution that followed in its train. We have still to deal with the glebe lands which, from a contemporaneous terrier, are found to consist of sixty-three acres lying intermixedly in thirty-four "shots" in the open fields, not only of Barley, but also in those of three neighbouring parishes.

We must now turn to other sources of information; must shift the point of view, and take our stand on ancient historic ground, from which we shall be enabled, I hope, to trace back the little stream of our village story nearer to the fountain head. I allude, of course, to Domesday, that book of dooms (judgments) from which, "as from the judgment on that last and terrible day there can be no escape, so here, should any dispute arise in respect of the matters contained, appeal thereto must be final and indisputable" (Richard, Bishop of London, writing one hundred years after).

William the Norman desired to obtain information of the nature and amount of every man's fee, to fix his homage, and to ascertain the precise value of services and payments in kind and coin, in order that he might reimpose the Danegeld, which, at one time levied as blackmail payment to the Danes, had been continued for defensive purposes against them, till remitted by the Confessor. But incidentally Domesday Inquisition, as we read between the lines of statistics, tells us a good deal more; it becomes a social, as well as an economic, record. It palpitates with life, with human interests and relationships; "the wail of the distressed, the overbearing greed of the intruders," alike find expression on every page. But we must focus our attention on the few folios which treat of the landholders, superior or inferior, tenants or sub-tenants, in Hertfordshire, who held land in Berlai. And we must premise that the land of the Hundred of Edwinstree, of which the vill of Barley forms a portion, was *terra regis*; still more anciently known as folk land; in other words, that the king was supreme landlord.

We have four manors lying almost wholly within



GROUP OF NEOLITHIC AND CELTIC ANTIQUITIES.

the parish bounds, which contemporary, or subsequent, documentary evidence enables us to identify as those of Barley (afterwards Hores), Minchin Bury, Abbots Bury, and Green Bury. The Manor

of Barley is in the possession of William de Obdurville, one of the Conqueror's most powerful followers, whom he had loaded with the lands of the conquered; this manor, however, should not rightly be reckoned among these rewards of conquest. For after Edgar had become sole king, and the Danes had submitted to his rule, we learn (from the *Liber Eliensis*) that he was persuaded by Archbishop Dunstan and Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, to surrender by charter the whole district of the Isle of Ely, for the purpose of rebuilding St. Ethelreda's Monastery (destroyed by the Danes), thus richly endowing the new monastic church, and converting it into a Benedictine House.

king. He had under cultivation two hides and a half in demesne. As a rule it appears, from Domesday Book, that the Church was allowed to retain her property, and that the lands of existing English religious houses did not change hands. We, accordingly, find the Abbess of Chatteris still in possession of the Manor of Minchin Bury, or Nuns' Bury (A.S. *mynecen*, a nun). Chatteris was one of the very earliest houses of the "She Benedictines," commonly called Black Nuns, founded in the tenth century by Alfwen, the wife of Ethelstan, Earl of the East Angles, and nurse to King Edgar. She held this manor, *de capite* of the king, and, with his consent, granted it as an endowment to



"MINCHIN BURY": AN ANCIENT MONASTIC HOMESTEAD: DRAWN BY ALEX. ANSTED.

This Manor of Berlea was among the number of the extra endowments which were added at the time of the consecration. But at the last stand of the English under Hereward the Wake, in defence of the Isle of Ely, the incensed Norman king sequestered all the lands of the monastery outside the Isle, and divided them among the officers of the besieging army. In this way the Manor of Berlea fell to William de Obdurville, who refused, on the submission of the monks, to obey the injunction of Archbishop Lanfranc (as representing the commission appointed by the king) to return the alienated manor: henceforth it was lost to the Church. It contained four hides and a half and ten acres. We leave, for the present, the vexed question of the precise superficial area of the hide. William Obdurville was a tenant-in-chief of the

the convent. This manor consisted of three hides and a half, of which one and a half was in cultivation in demesne, and "now [1086] another may be made." The manor hall, or house, would be occupied by the steward of the abbess, who acted on behalf of the convent, and superintended the work of the reeve and other servants of the abbess and nuns, who were in turn responsible for the cultivation of the demesne.

The Manor of Abbots Bury, then known as Ælfgarslawe, was held of the king by Eudo Fitzhubert, commonly known as Dapifer. He was a very great man indeed at court, and was successively seneschal (hence the special application of Dapifer) of the Conqueror, Rufus, and Henry. He held, also, with other estates, the neighbouring manor of Newsells, most of which lies in the village

of Barkway, on the southern boundary of Barley, but the smaller portion lies in the parish of Barley interspersed among the old open fields, together with several homesteads. We shall have a word to say about Newsells presently. Eudo Dapifer, the lord of both these manors, and of thirty more in Essex and in Hertfordshire, was unquestionably a person of great eminence. It was Eudo's father, Hubert le Ric, who, when sent on an embassy to the Confessor, prevailed upon that weak monarch, on his deathbed, to nominate the Duke of Normandy as his successor. The chief incidents of his son's life have been preserved in a Latin MS., belonging to the priceless Cottonian collection deposited in the British Museum, and though somewhat beside our purpose, I venture to set down the curious incident which placed him in his high office. William Fitz-Osborn (then seneschal) had served up a badly cooked goose for the royal table, and would have received a violent blow from the irate king, had not Eudo interposed his outstretched

hand, with the result that the old server was deposed in favour of the intervener between his person and the hasty temper of the Conqueror. If William the Norman partly owed his English crown to the loyal services of Eudo's father, Rufus certainly owed his succession to the energetic action and wise counsels of Eudo himself, who, leaving the conqueror's deathbed, hastened to England and took such measures as placed William II. on the throne. He did his best to curb the violent outbreaks of the Red King, who feared not God nor regarded man; and, strange as it seems, to the end continued in great favour with the king, while he gained, at the same time, the

favour of the whole nation. Nor did his good offices to the sons of the Conqueror close with the death of Rufus; there is little doubt that he was chiefly responsible for the prompt action of Henry in hastening to Winchester and getting himself recognised as king by the barons there assembled. This grand old man lived on till 1120, a right hand to the "Lion of Justice," as Henry Beauclerk was truly named. Towards the close of his eventful life he determined, following the growing example of his day, to found and richly endow a great religious house, and in this godly purpose he had the encouragement and counsel of the clerkly king—the third in succession he had served with unswerving loyalty in the turbulent days preceding the Barons' War, when allegiance to the head of the state was lightly preserved and as lightly thrown aside. He, accordingly, built for the Austin Canons the "noble and stately monastery" of St. John's, by Colchester (commenced 1097), whose abbots were among the twenty-eight mitred ones

that sat in the Upper House of Legislation. As part of the rich endowment Eudo gave (with the leave of the king), the ancient manor of Ælfarselawe, which, in consequence, took the name of Abbotsbury. The old barns of the monks are still in use, while we find further traces of their occupation in the counters, made at Neuenburgh, with their nonsense Latin inscriptions which they used in their book-keeping. The Manor consisted of two hides and a half.

Coming to the Manor of Green Bury (four hides and ten acres), we learn that it was held at the time of the Domesday Inquisition by a sub-feudatory, or mesne lord, under the tenant-in-



INTERIOR OF MINCHIN BURY BARN:
DRAWN BY ALEX. ANSTED.

chief, Hardwin de Scalors or Scales, the founder of the noble and distinguished family of that name. One of this family granted the manor in the reign of Henry I. to the Priory of Anglesey at Bottisham, in Cambridgeshire, a small religious house of Austin Canons, of no reputation, and founded either by that king or by Richard de Clare. The Manor house itself has long disappeared, but the site, covering some two acres of ground, may still be clearly traced, with the old sectional divisions, roads, and encircling moat.

Nearly two hundred years later (1256) the Scales came into possession by marriage of the adjacent Manor of Newsells, to which reference has been made. The history of the family involves the telling of so many important chapters of English history, that we must content ourselves with one or two bare references. Robert, first Baron Scales, was in great favour with Edward I., attended the king in the Welsh wars, as well as on the Continent, and was finally summoned from Newsells, with horse and arms, to Carlisle (26 Edw. I.) for service in the expedition into Scotland. His prowess in arms and lovable disposition are handed down to us by the chroniclers of the times. An account in a MS. now in the British Museum (Cott. M.S., Calig. A., xviii.), the earliest roll of armorial bearings known to exist (*vide* "Cussan's History of Hertfordshire"), in its list of English nobles and their arms gives the following:

Robert de Scales bel et gent

Le ot rouge o cokilles de argent.

The handsome and gentle Robert de Scales,

Bore red, with shells of silver.

(*Transl., Thomas Wright.*)

His grandson, another Robert, was summoned in 1343 to provide ten men-at-arms and ten archers for the French war, the king (Edward III.), in the words of the writ, adding "if he would go himself the king would be mightily pleased." But, perhaps, the most famous of his line was Lord Thomas, a contributor to the famous *Paxton Letters*, who accompanied Henry V. to France with twenty men-at-arms and sixty archers, and for his gallantry was created a Knight of the Garter and made a Seneschell of Normandy. He was, also, high in favour with Henry VI. and his Queen, whose cause he espoused with unswerving fidelity, and paid the penalty of being cruelly put to death by Warwick, the kingmaker. The family died out with the execution on the scaffold, not to say murder, of Anthony Wodeville, Earl Rivers, and brother of Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., who had married the daughter and sole heir of Thomas Scales, and in right of his wife was summoned to Parliament as Lord of Scales and Newsells. He was executed by order of Richard, Duke of York, at Pomfret Castle, for refusing to give up the young Princes,



BARLEY CHURCH.

of whom he was the governor. The aforesaid manors (inclusive of a portion of the Manor of Newsells), with the addition of another hide and a half of land held by Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother, and twenty acres granted to Jeoffery de Beck, another of the Norman Barons, go to make up the territory of the Vill of Barley, as held at the time of the Domesday survey. For the purposes of cultivation it was mainly divided into lords' demesne and lands in villainage, the former portion for the use of the lord in chief under the king, or the mesne lord's use, the latter being parcelled out among his followers, according to the custom of the manor, in return for different labour services and fees. These tenants, great and small, as we should call them, in the unstable phraseology of Domesday, made up of terms half old and half new, in part the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Latin previously in use, and in part Norman French, consisted of *liberi homines*, *bordarii*, *villani*, and *cotarii*, some fifty in all, with ten sevin or theowes.

On comparing *Anno Domini* 1086 with 1800, we are at once struck with the way in which the ancient parish has preserved, all unimpaired, through the long centuries of political changes,

its land tenures and agricultural customs. The number of holders at the commencement of the present century is found to be identical with the number given in Domesday; while a glance at the Court Rolls of the various manors (going back to the reign of Henry VI.), at the chartularies, and other documents of the religious houses, shows that the different classes of tenure have been wonderfully preserved, and that the division and distribution of the land of the village was in 1800 practically identical with that of the eleventh century. The chief difference lies in the absorption of the majority

strips by intervening "balks" of green turf. The old customary services were gradually commuted for yearly money payments, varying, according to the size of the holding, from sixpence to sixty shillings. At a later period these rents became only nominal, but at the time when the commutations were made they unquestionably represented the then current value. It should, also, be borne in mind that a multiplier of thirty has to be used if we institute a comparison between our own time and that of William the Conqueror, or one of half that amount if we substitute the third Edward for the



THE FOX AND HOUNDS INN, BARLEY.

of the *liberi homines*, who were from time to time bought out by the secular manorial lords—chiefly during the last century—who, by the dissolution of the religious houses, received by grants from the Crown the estates of the Church. Right down to 1800 was, also, preserved the wonderful distribution of these several holdings, great and small, throughout the open common fields of the parish, ten in number. For example, a holding of, say, thirty-three acres of arable land would "lye interspersedly and intermixedly" over the superficial area of 2300 acres in no less than forty-two pieces, or strips, in all ten fields, each strip varying in size from two roods to one acre, separated from other

Conqueror. It is outside our purpose to enter into the system of cultivation in vogue from earliest times right down to the disappearance of the old village community in the present century. It must suffice to send the curious reader to a perusal of the story of "Piers Ploughman," and to the quaint but all-informing rhymes of "Tusser's Admirable Old Book of Husbandry" (1520-1580).

But, passing beyond Domesday, we cannot fail to perceive that the heavy hand of the Norman Conquerors had already, under the influence of the feudal system, in all its fulness, tended to curtail the liberties of the land holders, and to replace *free* tenants by *villein* tenants, the *liberi homines*



THE WELL-HOUSE, "WAGGON AND HORSES INN."

being only found on the rolls of the Church Manor of Minchin Bury, while the numerous *socmeni* of the Confessor's time have altogether disappeared. The great inquisition ordered by William gives the condition of the vill in the Confessor's time, and tells us that the land was held *in capite* by thegns and vassals of the king himself, and—of far more interest—by the sons of the great rival houses of Godwin and Leofric—Earls Harold, Gyrth, Tostig, and Ælfgar, who cultivated their respective "shots" side by side in the open fields. Indeed, Ælfgar, the Mercian Earl, the son of Leofric, himself occupied Ælfgaeslawe, "the hill of Ælfgar" (which afterwards became the Manor of Abbotsbury), and was so named in consequence; as was Algarkirk (Lincolnshire), from the church erected on the spot where he ended a troubled life so full of mortal chance and change. As we have noted, speaking generally, the Church did not suffer from the change of English to Norman rule; exception, however, must be made in the case of the lands granted to high ecclesiastical persons, and we find one Adam now holding of the Saxon Archbishop Stigand, instead of the foreign and very much endowed Bishop of Bayeux. All these men of Barley—all rivalries at last, but too late, forgotten—doubtless kept alive the expiring flame of patriotism, which the "holy but imbecile Edward" had allowed in his last moments to burn so low, in that last stand for English freedom under Hereward the Wake, round the monastic Church of Ely. And many are the memories which flit across the inner vision, as, taking our stand on Great Lups Hill—the highest ground in the village—we catch a glimpse, on clear days, of the "embattled towers" of the same Ely, right away north, standing against the horizon line, thirty-four miles across the fen country.

Unquestionably, however, passing over plain

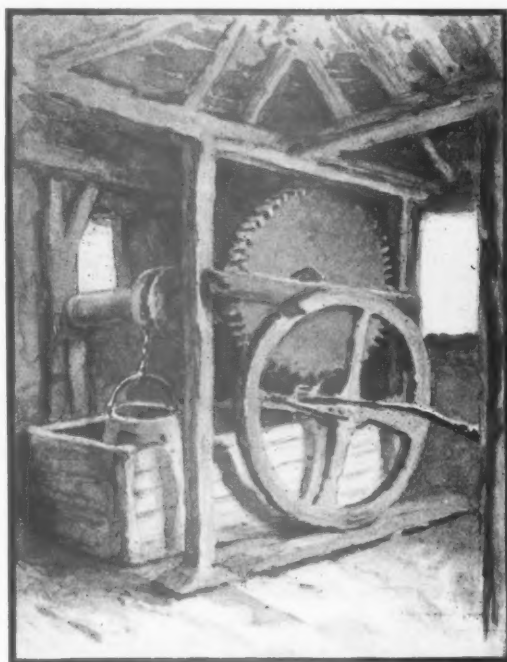
indications of a Danish occupation, the great and lasting impress upon our village story has been made by the Romans and the Britons. The northern boundary of the township is formed by the famous Ichnield Street, or highway of the Iceni, one of the four British intertribal trackways which formed the bases of the Roman military roads; while another of them—the Ermin Street—is only removed, if removed at all, a little way from the western boundary.

"From the south tilleth in to the north Erminge Street;

And from the est to the west Ichenell Strete."

Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

From Court rolls, ancient terriers, and old MS. and maps in the British Museum and the Record Office, we have been able to bring to light no less than nine other Roman roads which, with lesser connecting ways, centuriate the village, and prove beyond question the existence of Roman colonisation and the full occupation of the Romano-British agriculturist. The *hide* of Domesday Book becomes the *centuria* of the Roman *agrimensores*. Almost everywhere under the crowns of our many hills, on every commanding ridge, are to be traced evidences of the way in which the Romans made themselves at home and settled as colonists in the newly acquired territory, which the legions had added to the empire,



THE WELL-HOUSE: INTERIOR.

and the road-makers had opened up for commercial as well as military purposes.

There were the square or rectangular land holdings, sufficient for the maintenance of a family, together with a few larger estates; while in the "Champion" may still be traced earthworks and camps, with their sectional ways and gates at the cardinal points of the compass; also the *botontini*, or little hillocks of earth, marking out the boundaries, with ashes, dust, and potsherds underneath. And altars and votive tablets are not lacking. A figure of Mars was found in the neighbouring village of Barkway, in 1743, near a hill on which there still exist evident traces of Roman occupation,

Roman burial on the most elevated plateau of boulder clay to the east of the village. Here at the corner of a wood known as Cross Leys, which crowns Great Lups Hill, a farm labourer, in excavating for the purpose of enlarging a pond, came across cinerary urns of the usual type, four in number, and covered by three feet of earth. They were placed in a row extending from east to west, and round them were drinking vessels, Samian *patera*, and covers to the urns of imitation Samian ware. Dr. Seebohm, F.S.A., in his "English Village Community," has shown that the whole district in North Herts bordering on the Ichnield Way is full of traces of Roman occupation from



BARLEY VILLAGE: THE "WAGGON AND HORSES INN."

and close to the Ermin Street (*Philosophical Transactions*, vol. 43). The image is of bronze, while the tablets or engraved plates are of silver-gilt, seven in number, containing figures of either Mars or Vulcan. They are now in the British Museum. The inscriptions show that they belong to the reign of Diocletian, which fixes the date near the close of the third century. Besides fragments of Samian ware (real and imitation), black, brown, and other coloured ware, Mortaria, glass, tiles, flue pipes, bones of the ox, hornless sheep, pigs, horses, deer, geese, and domestic fowl, a considerable number of Roman coins, of various reigns, are from time to time brought to light in the course of agricultural operations. Most interesting of all, however, was the discovery only last year of

the date of the campaign of Aulus Plautius and Claudius (A.D. 43); while in Barley itself there is abundant evidence of agricultural continuity between the British, Roman, and English village community and open three-field system of cultivation. The very Romano-British and English names still survive in the field and place nomenclature, while traces of barrows and tumuli are to be seen on all sides on the high ground.

For the origins of our village story we must, however, for a moment, pass beyond the historic period to the time when the valleys in the plateau were being cut by streams that commenced to flow after the Pleistocene geological period. The crowns of the many hills show signs of the occupation of a people of the Neolithic or smooth-stone

age, of an Iberic, non-Aryan race of hill-villagers, who, in all probability, made the terraces, of which traces remain, with the interesting "lincs" or green balks on the hill sides. A good specimen of their perforated stone hammers is given (D). The material consists of a symmetrical oval quartzite pebble, with the hole for the handle tapering towards the middle. There is, also, in the same illustration, a drawing of a much damaged large celt or adze (A), probably used in felling timber. This Neolithic native—as we may almost call him—was a child of the darkening west, with swarthy

stead, and placed *in situ* with the root end upwards.

Of the parish church, as it existed in 1870, nothing now remains except the tower and the south aisle. The former is Norman, with traces of the incorporation of earlier Saxon style, rebuilt probably by one of the Scales family, on his return from the first crusade. It is dedicated to St. Margaret, virgin and martyr of Antioch in Pisidia. And a fresco on the east wall of the present church commemorates the "daisy of Paradise and pearl of the heavenly city, with her dragon, feminine coun-



THE TOWN HOUSE, BARLEY.

countenance and short stature, very different in appearance from his conqueror and successor, the fair-skinned, long-haired, blue-eyed, and high-statured Celt, who was emphatically the offspring of the dawn—the child of the day—whom Julius Cæsar found in possession.

As regards ancient buildings, Minchin Bury may well be given as an ancient homestead or bury (the chief's or lord's house). The tithe-barn, with its oak pillars, roughly hewn, but forming part of a careful architectural design, probably dates back to the tenth century, when the estate was given to the newly-founded Convent of Chatteris. The timber of the pillars is formed of oak trees cut, beyond doubt, from the ancient wood which once came down to the southern border of the home-

terpart of St. George." The nave, which was practically reconstructed at the restoration in 1871, of which the old arcade remains, was built on to the Norman tower in the fourteenth century, while the south aisle belongs to the fifteenth century. The present chancel is altogether modern. *Chauncy* tells us that "This church is situated in the middle of the vill, within the Diocese of London, upon a rising ground in the vale, and hath two fair ilels divided from the body, covered with lead." In the middle of the last century, according to the testimony of the Rev. W. Coles (*Add. MS.*, 5836, fol. 55, *Mus. Brit.*), "the tower, containing five bells and a sanitas or saunce bell, was surmounted by an extraordinary high and elevated tower of lead." This disappeared at the beginning of the

present century, as also did "a neat screen separating the nave from the chancel."

In 1871 the whole building, with the above exceptions, was rebuilt after designs of Mr. Butterfield, the style chosen by the architect being the geometrical middle pointed. A drawing is given of the village street, showing one of the old inns. The street itself contains some dozen of ancient houses, which originally formed the homesteads of the farmers of the old village. The inn, now the *Fox and Hounds*, was formerly known as the *Black Swan*, the sign being a shield suspended from the cross beam, which now supports the fox, dogs, horses, and huntsmen. It was a favourite house of resort of James I. (who used to ride over from Royston), as also, so tradition says, of the renowned highwayman, Dick Turpin, of whom several village stories are told. There is another ancient inn, situate on the Cross Hill, the *Waggon and Horses*. Here in days gone by stopped four coaches to and from London and Cambridge, the road through Barley being the old north road to King's Lynn; while as many as twenty of the old style of road waggons have been seen by village patriarchs at one time outside the "house."

An illustration is given of the old well, deep sunk in the chalk, which was attached to this inn, and which remains till this day as it existed in the "spacious days" of good Queen Bess.

The Town House, or Guildhall, opposite the church, was rebuilt by Dr. William Warham (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), rector 1495-1503; he added a free school, which he endowed; part of this endowment was to go towards teaching "poor boys" Latin. The ancient building was used as a school from 1530 to 1895, when new schools were built. It is still used for parochial purposes and technical classes. The front upper windows are modern.

Besides other ancient buildings and parish lands, Barley still keeps and uses its Playstowe, or "Playing Fields," dating from times beyond Domesday.

The Rectory House has been much enlarged, and practically rebuilt from plans by Salvin (1834). It is a handsome building, Elizabethan in style, and said to be one of the finest rectory houses in the county.

Much more might be added, but what has been written must suffice to form an introduction, not without its interest, we venture to think, to an English village story which has disappeared from superficial view under the combined influences of the Enclosure and New Poor Law Acts, supplemented by agricultural depression and elementary education.

THE DURABILITY AND PRESERVATION OF PAINTINGS: WRITTEN BY JAMES LEICESTER, F.I.C., F.C.S.

A PICTURE is the most precious of human documents. If such is the case, how earnest and unceasing should be the effort to produce durable work and to preserve the sacred heirlooms of the past ages.

At the present time artists are producing pictures which are changing—changing so rapidly in some cases that the beauty fades even before they leave the studio, and in a very few years there will be hardly a trace of their original beauty.

The treatment of pictures after they have passed from the artist's care is frequently one which tends to their destruction. Surely the durability of a picture should be a point of honour with an artist, for with permanent colours almost all things in nature may be imitated.

The permanency of ancient works of art is well illustrated by the fact that some madders are still quite vivid, and the same may be said of the vermilions; the iron reds have changed only slightly.

The red draperies painted with rose-madder are perfect at the present time in some of the works of Hans Memling and Fra Angelico. The Dutch and Flemish schools exhibit many excellent examples of most durable work, due perhaps chiefly to the judicious and proper use of Media.

Pictures produced about 1400 are in better condition than pictures painted centuries afterwards.

The bright and clear colour of the works of Van Eyck illustrate this in a most convincing manner.

At the same time we find many failures—for example, patches of black occur in drawings by old artists where the highlights were, and they had no permanent true yellow or orange pigment, the yellow used by artists in the middle ages being fugitive.

In pictures of fruit and flowers by Van Huysum and Van Os, the yellows which they mixed with blue to form greens have gone, and only the blue pigment remains.

The yellows of arsenic have not only gone themselves, but have also injured the colours they came into contact with, while the orange hues produced from the same substance have turned dark brown and in some cases black.

In more recent times, in some of the works of Cox and Turner, there is noticeable a faded and changed condition chiefly due to the use of Prussian and indigo blue, combined with iron reds. The fugitive character of indigo blue is very

marked in the skies of Copley Fielding and the artists of that period.

Some of the pictures of the old Spanish school that were painted on a dull red ground, have become so dark that the thinly painted portions are difficult to distinguish; this furnishes a striking example of the advantage of a white ground.

Numerous old works of art must have perished, and those we think so highly of now may be but the few successful results. The old and new conditions of working have an important bearing on the question of durability. In the past, the young artist was an apprentice to an older artist, preparing all the materials and grinding the pigments to be used in the production of the picture, a picture which would be slowly built up from the beginning, each pigment being used with its special medium.

The number of pigments being more limited than now, the artist was not surrounded by innumerable colours which not only fade themselves, but carry destruction to the other pigments with which they are mixed.

At Antwerp there is a trunk which belonged to Rubens in which he had placed pigments collected during his travels, showing what care he took in selecting his colours; it is of great interest, as it shows us exactly the pigments he used.

The atmosphere of our cities since the introduction of coal as a fuel is most detrimental to painting, fresco being well nigh impossible with the air full of smoke particles and sulphur compounds from the combustion of the coal.

Painting is easier now than in the past, but the greater ease of painting has been obtained at the expense of durability.

If modern chemistry has produced many fugitive colours, it has also added very largely to the list of permanent ones. Recent researches tend to show that the vehicle or medium used with the pigment is the chief cause of durability. A well-known picture of Van Eyck in the National Gallery forcibly illustrates this. It is a picture painted at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and containing at least three of the most changeable and fugitive pigments—a lake, verdigris, and orpiment. This picture is in a marvellous state of preservation at the present day, owing to the medium used.

After the time of Rubens, the method of adding resin to oil colours was gradually discontinued. This caused the artist to add a greater amount of oil as well as turpentine. This practice accounts for the fact that the materials used in the fifteenth century and the colouring of that period is in better condition than those of the sixteenth century, and when we contrast the works of later date, the deterioration becomes more marked, and the paintings in the worst state are those of com-

paratively recent production. Under existing conditions the modern artist cannot, as in the days of Cennino Cennini, serve an apprenticeship of ten years, preparing his canvases, oils, varnishes, and grinding his own pigments, but a great deal might be done by the co-operation of artists with manufacturers of their materials and collectors of their works.

The atmosphere of our national galleries requires attention. There are cheap and effective means by which all the air that enters them could be rendered free from dirt and injurious chemical compounds; also the amount of moisture and the temperature of the galleries should be most carefully regulated.

In the case of watercolours they might be preserved in frames, the air of which could be dried by artificial means, and blinds so constructed to cover them when not under observation, and so protect them from injurious influences. The use of yellow coloured blinds or faintly coloured glass would cut off some of the chemically active rays of light, but the lighting of the pictures would suffer slightly.

With respect to the preparation of materials. Is there a manufacture more important than the manufacture of pigments?

The whole of a man's life-work, the visible and surviving records of our great painters, are dependent upon a few tubes of colours. When we consider the vast sums of money given for great works at the present time, it is only honest that they should be produced of good and durable materials. Suppose our architects did not regard the future stability of their work!

Solidity should be considered quite as much as brilliancy in the manufacture of pigments.

If our manufacturers prepare their colours too quickly and without sufficient washing, and, in some cases, mix cheap and bright pigments with dull ones in order to attract the buyer, disaster must of necessity follow.

To quote actual examples of these practices—ochres are brightened with chrome-yellow and yellow lake. The covering power of white lead is spoilt with sulphate of barium. Madders are tampered with by means of some dye like cochineal, which causes the madders to alter and frequently fade. Common charcoal is coloured with indigo and sold as vine black, and a mixture is sold as copal varnish that sometimes does not contain a trace of copal.

There are many easy tests by which artists can detect impurities in their pigments; for example, if an oil colour, remove the oil with benzine, and dry on blotting paper; then test the dry powder. White lead should all dissolve in nitric acid, and zinc white in acetic acid. Strontian yellow and

cadmium yellow should dissolve in nitric acid—if the solution of the latter becomes greenish-blue, chromate of lead is there; a red residue would indicate vermilion. Vermilion, if pure, should leave no residue when heated in an iron spoon. Madder lakes with sodium carbonate give a red colour, while cochineal lakes would give a violet colour. Aniline colours can be detected in lakes and ochres by the coloured solutions they give with alcohol.

The artist should demand the chemical formula upon each tube sold, or, in other words, the true names of the ingredients. The scheme of Monsieur Vibert, which he laid before the Society of French Artists, is well worthy of consideration in this country.

He proposes that a permanent commission on the material processes of the arts should be appointed; the members of this committee to be chosen from all branches of Art having problems to solve and advantages to obtain from the work of the commission; also chemists and manufacturers. The work of the commission being to investigate inventions and processes, ancient and modern, and to indicate in special reports those which might seem preferable. To receive and reply to communications made to them, and to centralise all things bearing upon the objects of the commission. The power of preparing all agreements with dealers and manufacturers relating to products to be used for the arts to be vested in the commission. That a laboratory be established where analysis on behalf of artists, dealers, or manufacturers could be made. No monopoly to be given to anyone, no idea of commerce to be entertained. The mark of the society to be placed upon all products recognised as good. The dealer or manufacturer depositing the sample of the product and binding himself to produce a product identical with the sample.

An artist would thus be assured of a pure material in no way injurious to the preservation of his works.

Briefly considering how the process of painting has varied at different times, we find that after the savage, with his argillaceous coloured earths and dyes obtained from plants, who spread his mixtures with his fingers or a stick, we come to the painting of the Egyptians. They added to the materials used by the savage, gum, which gave a more brilliant colour and more substance; also they covered their paintings with wax to protect them from the air. Greece had painters who added resins and spread the colours mixed with wax by means of a warm spatula made of bronze, having a point with which the design was drawn. Then we have the ground pigments mixed with water spread on a mixture of lime and sand. A little later we have gums, wax, and lime, the wax being afterwards melted by holding a chafing dish of hot

coals in front of the picture. Examples of this method which have been exposed to the action of sun and rain for eight hundred years are still in excellent condition.

In the Middle Ages egg-painting largely superseded the use of wax, and with the fifteenth century came the introduction of oil painting. It is to the methods of this period combined with modern discoveries that the attention of the nineteenth century artist should be directed in order to ensure the permanency of his creations.

In the works of Leonardo da Vinci we find directions given as follows:—"How to paint a picture that will last almost for ever: After you have made a drawing of your intended picture, prepare a good and thick priming with pitch and brickdust well pounded; after which give it a thick coat of white lead and Naples yellow; then having traced your drawing upon it, and painted your picture, varnish it with clear and thick old oil, and stick it to a flat glass or crystal with a clear varnish. . . . Another method, which may be better, is, instead of the priming of pitch and brickdust, take a flat tile well vitrified, then apply the coat of white lead and Naples yellow, and all the rest as before. But before the glass is applied to it, the painting must be perfectly dried in a stove, and varnished with nut oil and amber, or else with purified nut oil alone, thickened in the sun."

Cennino Cennini, 1437, gives full and practical details for the preparation of the painting surface. He recommended panels of poplar, lime, or willow. The wood must not split or warp, and the gesso must remain firmly attached to the panel. The thorough seasoning of the wood is absolutely essential. After the panel has been cut to the size required it should be stored for at least one year. The surface of the panel should then be roughened so that the layer of plaster will adhere firmly to it. The Egyptians were adepts in this, they rubbed the surface of the wood with hard sand and a solution of gum which tore the surface of the wood into fibres, these fibres holding most firmly the gesso which was afterwards laid upon this foundation. Bands of fine linen are mentioned by Cennino Cennini as being useful in holding the panel together, and to help the plaster to firmly adhere.

There exist at several monasteries in Europe some ancient chests made about the year eight hundred, covered in this way with bands of linen and gesso, and having roughly drawn designs upon them.

A complete description of how to begin to paint pictures and to fasten linen on panels, to lay grounds of gesso on the surface of a picture with a spatula; how to prepare a fine ground (*gesso sottile*) and how to smooth the surface of a

panel, is to be found in the MS. of Cennino Cennini.

As far as possible pictures should be painted on panels in preference to canvas. The texture of canvas has a tendency to collect dirt and if the canvas becomes slack the picture is liable to wrinkle or crack. A panel also withstands a blow better, and the wear and tear of moving, as well as resisting the action of damp and gas far better than canvas. If canvas is used it should have a coating of paste, the best paste being caseine or cheese paste, which will protect the pigments from any action of the support, whether chemical or mechanical. Many artists testify to the great superiority of paste to oil sizings.

It is advisable that the edges and back of panels should have a coating of paint, or that they should be coated with a mixture of turpentine and wax to protect them from the action of damp. Some authorities advise the grey or Dutch poplar wood for panels on account of its regular grain and open pores. Mahogany and oak have veins varying in hardness so that the oil is not evenly absorbed; this frequently causes a want of smoothness in the painting.

On examining the old altar screens we find that the middle panel is generally in a very bad condition having been in contact with the wall, while the two side panels being surrounded by air, are in a better state of preservation. If at the back of a panel, at each corner, a small piece of wood were placed, this would prevent the panel from touching the wall and allow a free circulation of air.

The solidity of the ancient panels may be judged from the fact that at the siege of Rhodes, the pictures of Apelles were used by the soldiers for tables.

In the Low Countries, panels were exclusively used until the time of Rubens, and in Italy until the days of Raphael, and the fact that the government of this period had the sole right of manufacturing the panels, which were of the best material and workmanship, shows how important this question was then considered.

The early Italian painters covered the panel with gold leaf, which was fixed with white of egg and Armenian bole. At the present time panels of mahogany are chiefly used. The panels should never be less than three-quarters of an inch in thickness. If the panels have grooves cut across the grain with slips of wood loosely fitted in, they help to keep the panel from warping.

The pictures of Rubens which are on panels, are bright and look new at the present time, the same, however, cannot be said with regard to his works on canvas. A portrait of a lady by Sir Joshua Reynolds on panel, is in such excellent condition compared with many of his other works, that it

furnishes a striking example of the advantages of the panel over canvas.

In the report of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, upon the action of light water-colours, mention is made of the fact that the following pigments were able to withstand the action of light, air, and moisture, having been exposed out of doors: Indian red, Venetian red, burnt sienna, chrome yellow, lemon yellow, raw sienna, terra verte, chromium oxide, Prussian blue, cobalt blue, French blue and ultramarine ash. Also the following mixtures remained unaltered: raw sienna and Venetian red, raw sienna and Antwerp blue, cobalt and Indian red. Mineral colours were found to be more stable than vegetable colours, and in the majority of cases oxygen and moisture must be present before any change takes place. If the picture could be preserved "in vacuo" all the pigments would be permanent. If a mixture of two colours is made which do not interact chemically, light will affect the unstable one and leave the stable pigment practically unaltered. Also it was found that the rays of light which produce the greatest change in pigments were the blue and violet rays, and it was calculated that one hundred years' exposure would have to be given to water-colour drawings in galleries lighted as are those at South Kensington before any marked changes would be noticeable, the more fugitive colours excepted, and thousands of years in the case of gas light omitting the action of the products of combustion. If skylights were glazed with a slightly yellow tint it would remove the blue rays which cause the fading, but at the same time, it would alter the brilliancy of the blues of a picture and change the tone.

Many scientists and artists are of opinion that pigments should be tested by exposure to diffused daylight alone, for sunshine exposures are hardly the condition under which to test the durability of a pigment from an artist's point of view, although of great value from a purely scientific standpoint.

Pigments are influenced according to the pureness of the atmosphere and the dryness of the climate. It is possible to use pigments in the pure air of the country that would be quickly destroyed by the impure air of cities. In a fine, dry climate like Egypt, a picture could be produced which it would be difficult to produce in England and still remain as permanent.

In considering the palettes of the old masters, Egyptian blue is the only pigment we need reintroduce. A large number of the best old pigments would not remain permanent in the air of the cities of our time.

The artist now, as of old, is safest when he considers what pigments he should exclude rather

than what new colours he can add to the palette.

According to Pliny, the artists in the time of Apelles had only four colours, chalk white, black, yellow and red ochres, and in the time of Pliny the palette would be chalk white, white lead, massicot, orpiment, ochres, lakes, cinnabar (native vermilion), verdigris, sepia, blacks (ivory and grapestone), brown earths, indigo, and a blue obtained by powdering enamels. He complains of the profusion of pigments as follows: "To-day, when purple even covers our walls, when India procures to us the coloured sand from its rivers and colours drawn from the blood of its dragons and its elephants, we have no longer noble paintings. Then, when we were poorer in materials, we really were richer in Art. It is no longer soul that one paints, it is the luxury of personages. It is the material that is now appreciated in Art." A criticism worthy of consideration at the present day, though written two thousand years ago.

The durability of pigments should not be considered apart from the question of media, as many of the most fugitive pigments have, owing to the medium they were used with, preserved their freshness through hundreds of years. The media used before the introduction of oil painting were white or yolk of eggs, size extracted from old parchment, the juice of the fig tree being also added, which contains caoutchouc. With this mixture of caoutchouc from the fig-tree juice and the albumen of the egg, an excellent medium is obtained. Walnut or linseed oil are the principal oils mentioned by the old artists.

Their varnishes were prepared with amber, balsam from the silver pine and larch, and a resin obtained from juniper, together with gums from the East. The varnishes were, until the sixteenth century, oil varnishes, but about that time they dissolved the resins in naphtha and turpentine, thus producing spirit varnishes. The problem to be solved is how to obtain a medium which will protect the pigments used from air and moisture.

Oils and varnishes at present used do not prevent moisture from gaining access to the pigments.

The original way of preparing linseed oil was to have it cold-pressed from the seed, refining it by washing with water and exposure to sunlight. The longer linseed oil is kept the better it will resist moisture; in fact, the long storing of the oil may have been practised by the old masters.

Neither linseed or walnut oil protect pigments from moisture, and as these were practically the only two oils used by the old masters, it is not to the oils we must look for the perfect medium.

It is, undoubtedly, a good practice to mix a little copal varnish with the oil when painting, as it produces a hard surface, less liable to crack than oil

alone, but this does not protect fugitive pigments as generally supposed. It is probably some varnish containing Venice turpentine and copal that will lock up the pigments.

The English school of painting have used, to a great extent, a mixture of drying oil and mastic varnish, while French artists use their colours with the smallest amount possible of oil or medium.

The class of substances known as megilps are of comparatively recent introduction, and the use of them without due care has resulted in the spoiling of very many pictures. To abandon megilps, and use copal and amber varnish with oil for all oil pictures, is most advisable for the production of lasting work. When megilp has been used in glazing it soon becomes discoloured, and it is acted upon by the solutions used in removing old varnish. Turpentine is in many ways injurious to pictures, as it has the power of bringing colours together close enough for chemical action to take place, and also on evaporating it carries oil with its vapour, so that when the pigments dry they are liable to crack. Oil of lavender is recommended by many to take the place of turpentine. Petroleum as a diluting medium, if very carefully prepared and pure, is reliable.

The causes of cracking in pictures are only imperfectly understood; the use, however, of oils slightly acid in grinding pigments is one of the probable reasons. A piece of blue litmus paper would detect any acidity in the oil. Too much oil is used in the grinding of pigments; wax is also added to give body to the pigment, and this remains on the surface of the painting, the oil sinking, so that the next layer of colour will not adhere in a satisfactory manner.

Many pictures are varnished too soon; nearly a year should elapse before a picture is varnished, and a varnish which can be easily removed is the best, taking into consideration the future life of the picture.

In past ages painting was considered holy by the monks, and within the cloister the scientist and the painter were closely united. The monks prepared the materials, and, being purchasers of the artist's work, saw to its durability.

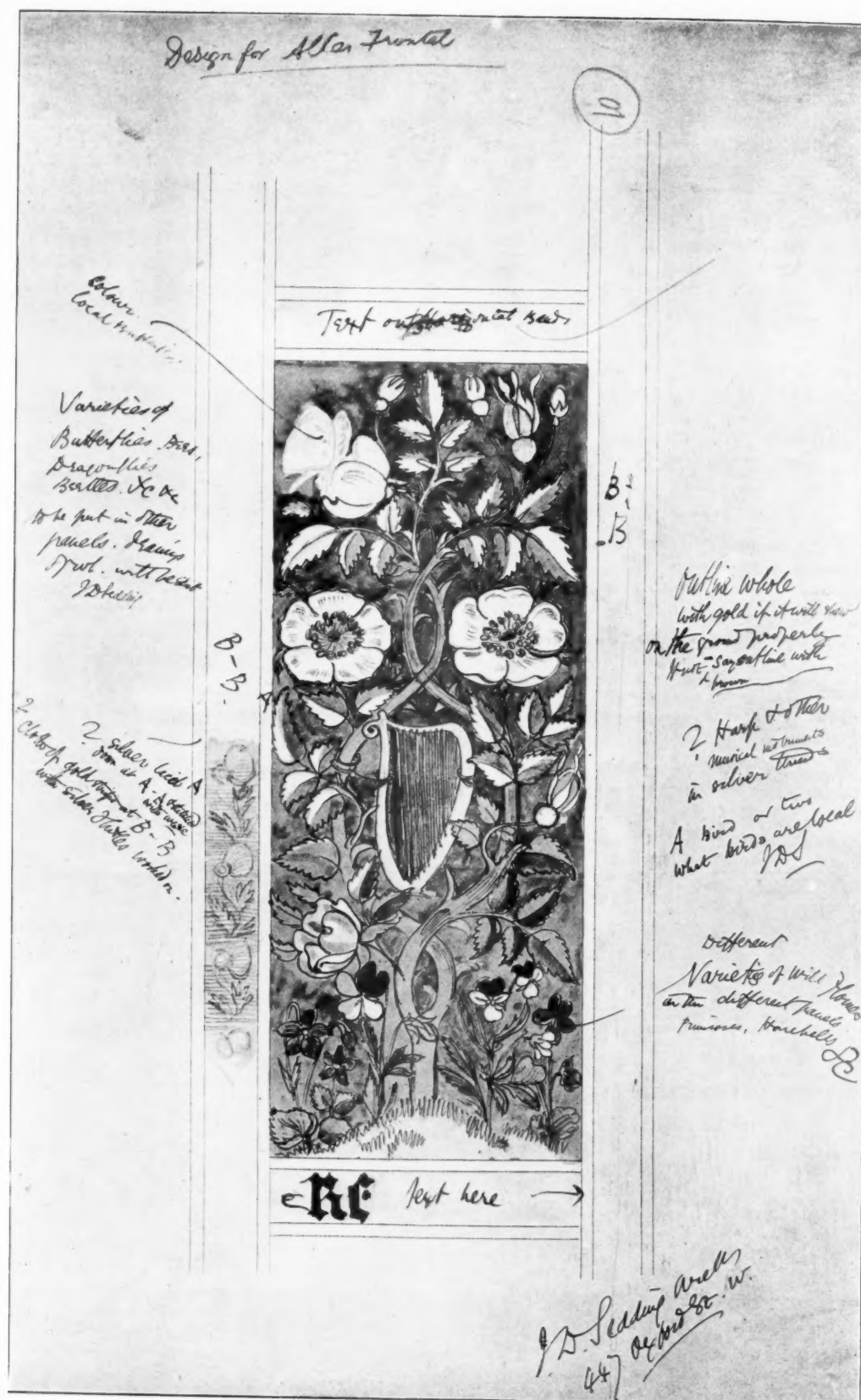
At the present time it would be well if the artist and scientist drew once more together in order to realise the idea expressed by Mr. Ruskin, that "The whole function of an artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature: to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded or *fade from the book of record*."





HOUSES IN THE STRAND.

DRAWN BY F. L. EMANUEL.



WORKING DRAWING FOR AN
ALTAR FRONTAL : BY JOHN
D. SEDDING.

ATTAINABLE IDEALS: BY JAMES A. MORRIS. PART ONE.

"The Rational is the Real,—and the Ideal is the very Soul."—HEGEL.

THIS article was primarily in part written and delivered as a lecture to young architects. Accompanying it was an exhibition of working drawings, in all stages of progress, from the earliest dreams and sketches to the half-inch and full-size detail drawings, kindly lent to me by well-known architects. Among these drawings were many showing the beautiful and nervous handiwork of the late John D. Sedding, of whom, and of whose work, I ventured to speak.

Following then this prefatory note, and asking throughout the remembrance that what is here written was intended primarily for the use of younger architects (which avowal may perhaps, in part, atone for aught that seems dogmatic); and only slightly amplifying what was then written, I will venture upon a few very general remarks on the spirit and pursuit of our art, seeking first to apply the subject-matter to the higher ethics thereof; but in the end, considering also, that portion of our work wherein it more immediately touches not the mind only, but also the pocket of that large section of society which we indefinitely call the public; wherein are not only those craftsmen and workmen who aid in the execution of our work, but also that smaller and happily conditioned portion of the community who build, and to whom mainly we look for that employment which enables us to realise our architectural ideals.

Now here, and at the very outset, we are confronted with that great perplexity in the practice of all art; that ever present question to so many of us, and one that must be faced and fairly answered: how far in our work shall this public influence us, or we it?—how far rightly consider it at all?—shall it be our suppliant, or indeed our master?

On this point, Mendelssohn has no dubiety whatever, for he at once attests, "I do not in the least concern myself with what people wish, and praise, and pay for, but solely as to what I consider good." Now with this pronouncement we must all have entire sympathy, and, I hope also, the integrity to practice as we believe; forgetting not the while that noble utterance, even if to ignoble deed:—

"Art thou afraid

To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire?"

but the power so to conjure, that others will listen

and follow, can only be born of much faith, and faith can hardly be accounted the outstanding feature of the age. None the less, Mendelssohn truly was right; and right for the public, not less than for Art. As modern architects, we have not the dominant power of creation, not even the freedom of action pertaining to those who follow his, or other branches of art; for a musician or poet may make lasting his dreams with pen and paper, unfettered by any arbitrary public claim; a painter may have illimitable hopes, and the power with the small material means of colour and canvas, at once to realise them; a sculptor, in a measure, even with clay; but an architect, however little or great his gifts, is like Prometheus bound, and so remains, till the client or patron relieves him from his bonds, in providing the material resources whereby his simplest as well as his most ambitious aspirations, become possible of attainment. In return, however, there is assumed to be on the architect's part, an implied or real obligation. In everything there is a *quid pro quo*, and the *quid pro quo* here is, that the client, conceiving that in directly providing the means whereby the realisation of the architect's dreams become possible, and in commissioning him to design, and build, buys with the commissioning, the right also to dictate upon questions of art, which are beyond his knowledge or power to comprehend; and to prescribe further, it may even be, the architect's confession of faith. Herein then, is, alas! an evil, even if one of good intent, wisely to be resisted, and, if possible, overcome.

Of course, we may say:—"This only can I do; if you employ me, this is what I will give you. In coming to me you imply belief in my work, therefore in courteous acknowledgement thereof, of that only which I think is good will I sell. If you can only take, or insist upon that other?—then I am afraid you must buy of it elsewhere." Now this reasoning is the very antithesis, alike of business as it is of commercialism, of which latter, the cardinal maxim surely is, that the demand creates, as it also controls the supply, which means, that it provides only what the public desire to buy. Art, on the other hand, seeks to give only that which it considers good, irrespective of public desire, or of public opinion in the matter whatsoever; and in this sense, the artist's craft is really a higher form of selfishness, or self insistence; inasmuch as it is incumbent upon the artist to satisfy himself only in his work, and to consider none other at all, in giving form to his conceptions of the beautiful, the children of his own

brain. This is quaintly put by John Bunyan, in his apology for his Book :

"Nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbour; no not I,
I did it mine own self to gratifie."

While Plato's prayer to God, it may be remembered, was, "Give me not what I desire, but what I need."

Thus, it is, I think, evident, that the spirit of Art and the spirit of commercialism, even in their inception, are manifestly at variance, and are, indeed, of widely different origin. Till our own age, it is perhaps true, that Art has followed in the wake of national prosperity, succeeding a period of stress and conflict, wherein the joy of victory and gratitude for deliverance has found voice with power of speech, in Art. But, on the other hand, when the spirit of commercial prosperity, uncurbed by graver need, is so urgent, that it pauses not, even with the enormous wealth of this great Victorian age, to call Art to her councils, and will not stay her hand, because, mayhap, she has wider conquests yet to win?—how then, can we expect, that in the smaller commercialism of the individual we should find Art revered and nurtured, or wonder that the very air is alive with the bleat of "Art" fabrics, "Art" furniture, "Art" novelties, "Art" nuisances and shams.

It has been often told, and well, how that in the early days of the world's peopleing, men thought simply, because they had not great store of knowledge to confuse, nor yet many words wherewith to confound; and so it was that what they had to say, they said in simple form, for they lived close to the warm heart of Nature, and spoke as Nature taught. Thus it is that the early myths, and fables, and fairy tales, which have continued to our own day, appeal so directly to our hearts; not the less because they deal with things that are true in all ages, but because also they touch, and touch closely, the mysterious and unseen: and, furthermore, these early ventures on the sea of thought are shadowed in metaphor which, to manhood as to childhood, is ever the most alluring and powerful voice of all. Deep down in that human entity which is Soul, underlying alike the lower world of nature and the higher life of man, there is a mystic bond uniting the one with the other, and both to a something loftier and more noble than we can express or understand; but this is still to us on the knees o' the gods—and it is the desire to understand this mystery of unity, and fathom its subtle perfection of parts and excellency of beauty, akin as they are in source and in similitude, that inspires alike the artist and the poet, the scientist and the seeker, in all walks after truth. For all firmamental, as all earth-shrined things, have a reve-

lation, and are part of a religion being revealed hourly.

To William Blake, poet, painter, and visionary, a sunrise was not a mere material fact. "I assert for myself," he wrote, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action! What! it will be questioned, when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea? Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it." It is with the recollection at least of this higher thinking, this ideal visual in our minds, that we should essay our work; for, by the abstract function of the soul we see into the infinite. How else could we see at all? And this spirit should especially be maintained, when these ideals are touched upon, as they necessarily must, by the practical and material facts of everyday work, and everyday life.

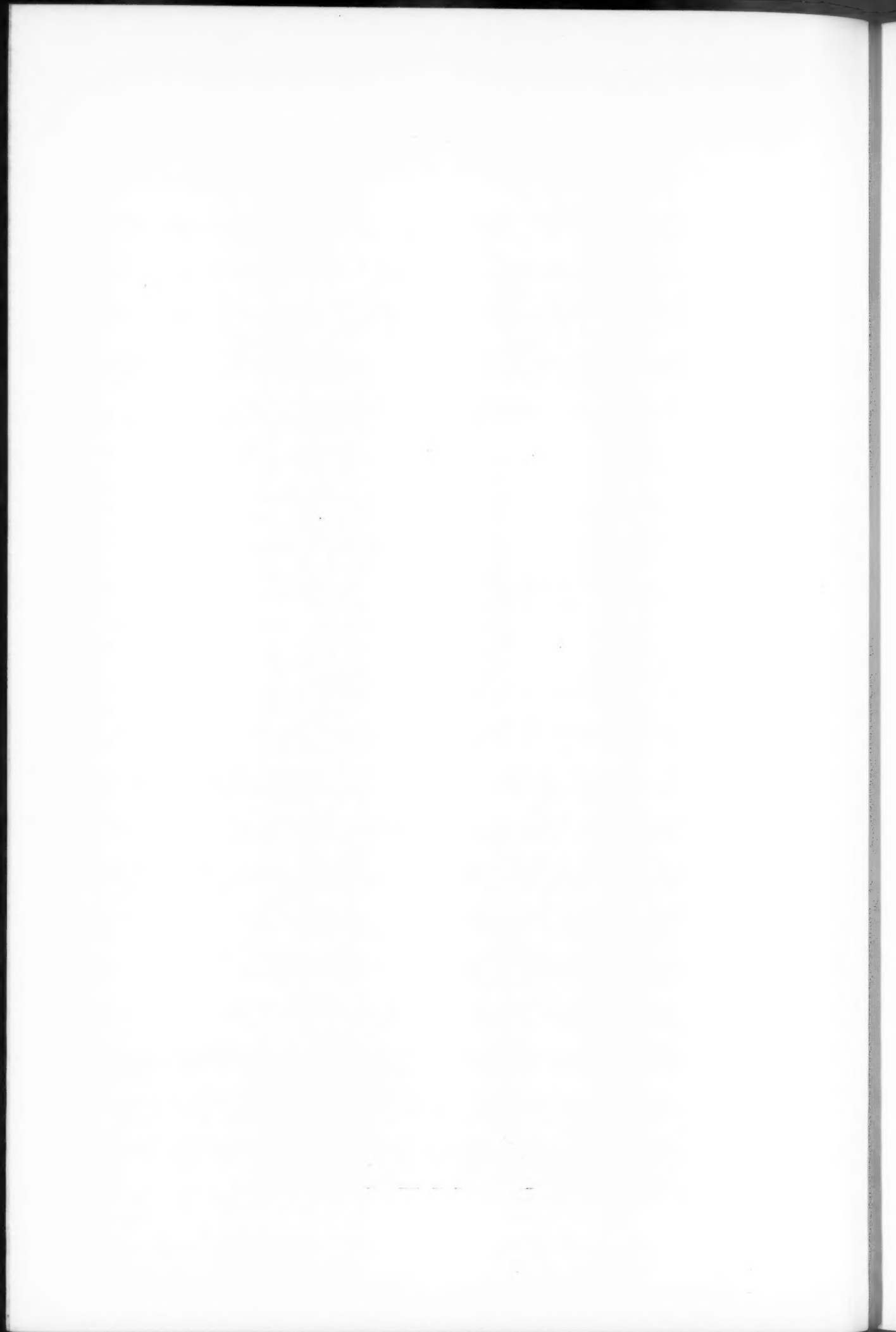
Now, whether an ideal be attainable or not is not the question. To have an ideal at all is to ensure that one is not likely to fail in good work; and that this is no visionary's dream or chimerical phantasm to follow, but a very real and very tangible thing, and, like all higher things calling for noble effort and unselfish work, is proved, I think, by all the great achievements of the past, whether in days remote or in our own. If, therefore, we have a poor conception of Art, of truth, of labour, so will our work be poor; but if the aspiration be lofty, and noble, and true, then, surely and of necessity, will the work partake also of the same spirit and character, and exert an influence the furthestmost ripple of which may touch infinity. For, as Gerard de Nerval has it in his own mystic way, "all things live, all things are in motion, all things correspond, the magnetic rays emanating from myself or others traverse without obstacle the infinite chain of created things. A transparent network covers the world, whose loose threads stream with the planets and the stars."

Most men, and, indeed, all artists, start life with an ideal; and, note, an ideal is a very different thing from an ambition. Some of these ideals are thrust aside sooner than others, some wither and fade, few thrive and bear fruit. The stress of life is a sad leveller. Hence, only the man of faith, the keen enthusiast, the grim determined fighter, or the apparently lucky, make headway at all. None the less, we all strive and hope for this better part: we set our faces, at least, steadfastly toward it; and neither are we without reward, for we have our own world! None of us, if we be indeed artists, can lift brush as painter, touch clay as sculptor, or, besides these, handle also present-day more specific



Working Drawing
and Design for the
CONNECTICUT
PASTORAL-STAFF

WORKING DRAWING: BY
JOHN D. SEDDING.



tools as architect, without dreaming dreams, and seeing visions. We belong not to a race content to dare life's daily drag, seeking only material prosperity. Rather, if we be indeed artists and idealists, living simply our own lives, we must be ready manfully, and without demur or grudge to pay the penalty of our own choosing, which is, that, to our material hurt, we oftentimes offend the purely practical and prosaic; these having an inherent tendency to resent Art, or even beauty, as an excrescence, esteeming its pursuit even a weakness; regarding it oftentimes as a thing to be tolerated or accepted, because harmless, or possibly fashionable; but having no real place in a practical work-a-day world.

Herbert Spencer, in a recent magazine article, contends with much force, that the very earliest architects were priests; the intellectually strong men, I take it, of the community. That in those primeval days, when mankind, if not the earth, was young, and when man had not yet evolved into the complex creature of today; that the men whose thoughts reached beyond the smaller needs of food, and clothing, and self; whose ideas were great, inasmuch as they included thought of their fellows, and

the desire to understand the unseen and probe its secrets; these men became in time

what I think Spencer called the "Medicine Men" of the tribe; who practised the healing art, the mysterious rite;

who professed the calling of Mediator between man and the unknown powers, whose aid alike in peace and war they could invoke. And was not the bridge-builder Pontiff, even in Rome? These men directed the worship of the tribe, and when it came to build, prescribed also the form of building acceptable to the Deity, and symbolic of his divine attributes. For, in these early days, symbolism was much, and rude men were best taught, as are children, by what the eye could see. Thus, Herbert Spencer infers that the priest was the architect, the healer, the teacher, the intellectually strong man of the people; and so, indeed, he remained throughout the early days of the mysticism of the East, the mystery and symbolism of Egypt; of Hebrew faith, and Greek mythology: he was ever the priest, the strong man, the leader, the ruler. So, too, in later years, as architect only, he still led; he yet disdained not to labour with his own hand, while the lesser craftsmen he directed; for he long remembered his priestly ancestry, and the tradition of his faith was closely woven into his work. And

closer, perhaps, as real architect, than he conceived, was a far away recollection of the day, when, as



DESIGN FOR AN OSPREY TO AN ALTAR
FRONTAL, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH,
CHELSEA: BY JOHN D. SEDDING.

primitive man, he first knew the Deity, and heard His voice in the stillness and freshness of the world's early morning; and, being awed by the solemn and supernatural therein, his simple and unanalytical nature responded, and he brought forth his sacrifice. So to him the altar became, as it has since ever been, and must remain ever, the heart or hearth-stone, of God and of man.

Now the beginnings of our Art reach far back into this shadow-land of the past, teeming with all its mystery and wonderment, all its beauty and mirage.

We strive, therefore, not only for some clearer comprehension of the marvellous beauty of the universe, but also to, in some measure, apprehend the deeper meaning of its affinity to man; and here, mark Coleridge's fervid words—"Art, an infinite thing by a finite"—the mystic aureole of genius.

Few things can lie closer to an artist's heart than does his Art, for between it, and nature, and his life, there is a threefold cord, an unbreakable bond;—and the apparent contradictions of his life become reconcilable in this higher unity.

True, we are all influenced, and, indeed, in part also, limited, by the conditions under which we work and live, by our temperament and surroundings; but Art itself is illimitable, or, to us, limited only by our individual powers of insight, work, and reverence. Admit this personal element, and all Art, to each one of us, becomes at once visibly serious, virtuous, and real, dealing as it does with our inmost being. Therefore, in this spirit it is the artist seeks quiet and seclusion for the fit exercise of his work, rather than that atmosphere of publicity which courts applause, and in which the more superficial of the craft and creed sometimes disport themselves, even with foolish inconsistency and noise, proclaiming at the street corners the excellency of their own achievements, and the virtue of their own wares. Such live their own lives, and, doubtless too, receive their own reward.

Now, in the pursuit of Art, as of life, it is good to be in earnest, but, it is well also, to be practical in working; to strive always towards a definite goal, and to keep the attainment of a sure purpose in view, from the beginning. It is well, then, to work hard, to observe closely, and to see what is possible of attainment: for Art is real, and deals only with real things.

To learn a little, we, who are architects, must close our eyes to much. The range of archaeology and modern investigation has increased unduly our knowledge of the architecture of other lands and other times; hence, in a measure the present babel and confusion, fitly emphasised a few years ago by the fiercely contested, but now forgotten, "battle

of the styles," whence was born only wind. "Verbositas hujus calamitas Artis," said Linnæus, truly. Thus it is, I have tried now to consider principles rather than analysis, to plead the universality of Art rather than the excellence of its atoms. It is good for us that our school walls at times restrict our vision; that we learn the use of wings, before we seek to fly. We need much to exercise our own individuality, to solve our problems for ourselves, and in our own way; unfettered by tradition, but with full knowledge of it; which is a very different thing.

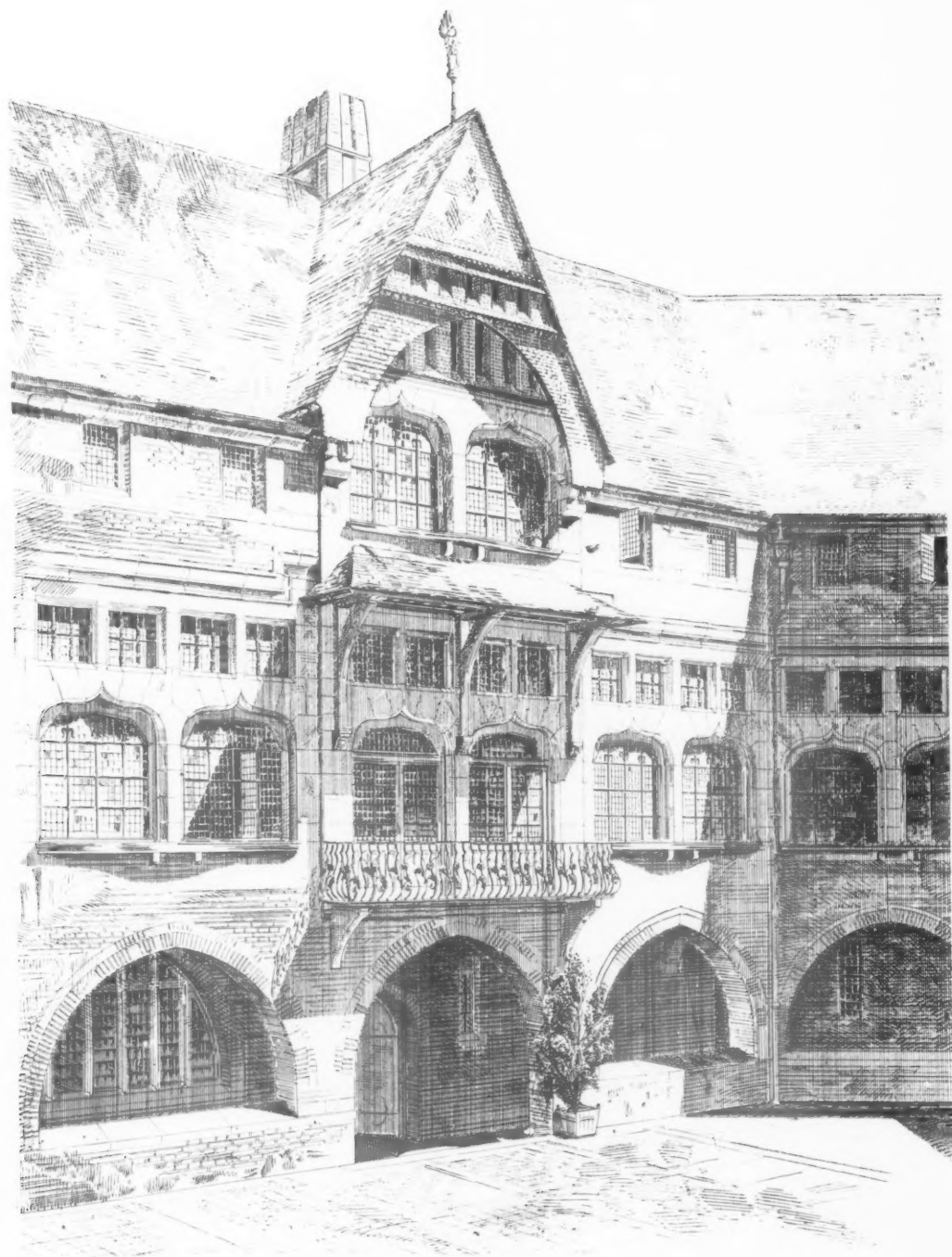
The more comprehensive our knowledge of Art and life, the greater surely, must be our range and power. The highest material beauty of which we are conscious, is the beauty of the human figure. If we come to know its subtle and softly-rounded forms, its ever-changing surface movement, its indications of strength, its power, its life, then shall we possess an ideal, inexhaustible in its richness, a mine of purest gold. If in our architectural composition we seek dignity, let us learn of it from the mountains and hills of our land, the full rounded trees, the great cloud masses and that marvellous sea!—

"Gazing at unveiled beauty o' the stars
Wi' great hungry soul."

From these we will learn, that the greatest dignity is ever the most reserved, the grandest forms ever the simplest, the most potent colour, beauty of surface, or quality of line, ever also the least aggressive; and, if we once receive these truths, and become imbued with them, then our buildings, be they great or little, must ever also, in part, partake of the same solemn power.

With this fulness, contrast the poverty of that school of teaching, whose range of vision never pierces its own room walls, which lays before its students a paper diagram, and tells them "that is Architecture." As well tell, that the portion of frail humanity they handle in the anatomical school is a breathing, living man. Composition, line, form, colour, as art itself, is to be learnt truly, and learnt only, in the highest school of all—in that school where, I believe, all those whose works we long to equal or approach, learnt it,—in the great and open school of Nature. So long as we teach that architecture is a dead art, a thing of archaeological accuracy, or mathematical reproduction and precision, so long—so far, at least, as we are concerned—will it remain dead. If, however, we believe it lives, or desire to see it live, we must, under due guidance, seek and pursue it, each one for himself alone, and each, as he feels impelled or drawn thereto; so that it may be indeed to us, not a dead art, but the living product of a living mind.

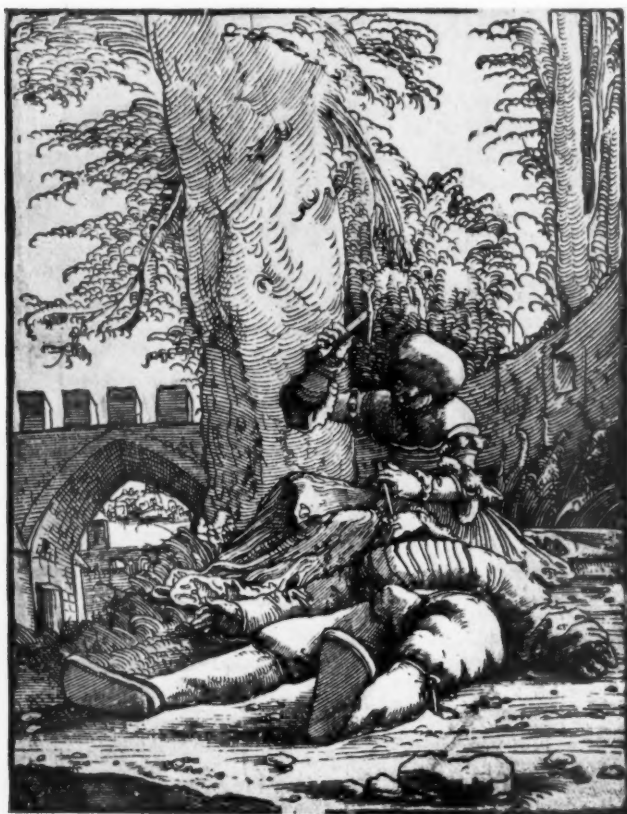
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, FINSBURY:
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY JOHN
D. SEDDING.

ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVING : BY C. J. HOLMES.

WHEN wood engraving fought and lost the battle with the process-block, its defeat was due not so much to any inherent weakness as to inability to choose the field of action. The triumph of the photo-zinc method occurred just at the moment when Mr. W. J. Linton, the accomplished designer, and author of the most up-to-date book on wood engraving, had fathered cuts that seemed to defy even the competition of a machine. Yet the result was inevitable from the first. For more than fifty years the tradition of wood-cutting had been perverted to commercial ends, and the real strength of the method was evidenced only by its exquisite mimicry of the drawings of the illustrators of the sixties. The process-block conquered because it fought on its own ground, the ground of "tone," the ground of the camera, where even the laborious dexterity of the American wood engravers could be out-maneuvred in a few hours by an intelligent mechanic.



JAEL AND SISERA :
ALBRECHT ALTDORFER.

Though they have been constantly obscured by ignorance, or business needs, the true traditions of wood-engraving are plain enough. Whether the plank of wood be cut upon its face with the point of a knife, as was the practice everywhere till the time of Bewick, and is the practice in Japan to-day ; or attacked with a graver on the end of the grain, as in the modern European method ; the whole process is one of working in light on a dark ground. It is thus, by nature, the exact contrary of the pen and ink work with which it is generally compared. As any painter of talent or experience knows, the result of painting from dark to light is, *cæteris paribus*, invariably finer than that obtained by working from light to dark. One reason, no doubt, is that the lights of a picture are generally its most conspicuous part, and quality of pigment is, therefore, most readily noticed in the lights. The second reason is a question of design. Those who have drawn in pen and ink will know how difficult it is to make their work hang together. The woodcut is in this respect like a picture painted on a dark ground, which has unity because the tone of its shadows is more or less uniform, as Reynolds noted a century ago. Fine woodcutting, if it is to attain its object with the least possible labour, as it should do, will be economical of its lights, and will, therefore, contain a goodly proportion of shadow, out of which the design will emerge. The quality of line obtained is also different from that of the pen drawing. The knife of the graver can cut as cleanly as ever the pen can draw, but it can in addition follow a curve, be its radius long or short, with a sweeping accuracy that the pen, even in a master hand, cannot quite imitate. The difference is important. All good drawing is the rendering of delicate curvature, and for this, especially on a small scale, the pen is a most intractable instrument. In a big drawing the reed pen may be induced to follow rounded contours accurately, but the stiff angular character of most modern pen drawing is due, not so much to any incapacity or ignorance on the part of the artist, as to the natural defects of his instrument. It is upon these two excellences, the strength and evenness of tone that comes in working from black to white and the fine quality of the engraved line, that the claim of the woodcut is based. Full advantage can be taken of technical excellences only when

the designer is his own engraver, so that the most genuine triumphs of the art occur when these professions are combined or, at least, closely connected.

The origins of European wood engraving are so



"THE ENTOMBMENT":
ALBRECHT ALTENDORFER.

obscure that often we are able to do little more than guess at the nationality of the designers, and cannot even make guesses about the cutting. Even in the case of famous Italian books, such as the Veronese "*De Re Militari*," the Venetian "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*," and the Florentine "*Quattregio*," we can do no more than speculate. All, indeed, seem to indicate that the craft of drawing on wood and the craft of engraving were already separated, for the designs are the designs of draughtsmen in black and-white rather than of original engravers. Nevertheless, in the Florentine books one may note a recurrence of solid or fretted blacks that would seem to indicate that a professional engraver had a hand in the design, were it not that this feature is characteristic of the whole school, and it is unlikely that the general practice of the Florentines differed radically from that of their neighbours.

The early wood engraving of Germany lies under a similar cloud of doubt. Modern research has shown that even Dürer can hardly be counted among original engravers, though under his influence the professional cutters attained a manipulative skill in the rendering of the pen line, that culminates in the work of Lutzelberger. The perfection with which he has rendered Holbein's wonderful Dance of Death designs, is the more marvellous since his dainty little blocks were all engraved with the knife. Those who have tried that method of cutting will understand how incredibly dextrous the man must have been, who could do his delicate work with

such an instrument. Hardly less skilful was that extraordinary artist Albrecht Altdorfer, the one designer of the period who is still supposed to have engraved a considerable portion of his work. Some of his woodcuts are undoubtedly the work of a cold mechanical hand, but the series illustrating "*The Fall and the Redemption*," and the more remarkable of his religious and mythological prints, have certain features in common that separate them from even the best commercial engraving of the time. Of their dainty minuteness and of the exuberance of their romantic fancy this is not the place to speak at length; but in addition the cuts show an economy of whites and a fusion of mass that indicate the practical engraver. We can hardly imagine that a commercial interpreter would ever have dared to leave figures so blended with shadow that their separate forms are indistinguishable—perhaps the most remarkable distinction between Altdorfer's prints and those of his contemporaries. It should be added that the several reproductive engravers of the period in their chiaroscuro prints display a personality and vigour of treatment that raise their prints almost to the level of original works of art; indeed, their success is so remarkable that, but for the extreme rarity of the prints, one might think that their method would have long since attracted attention and imitation.

Later, in the Low Countries, Jegher's prints after

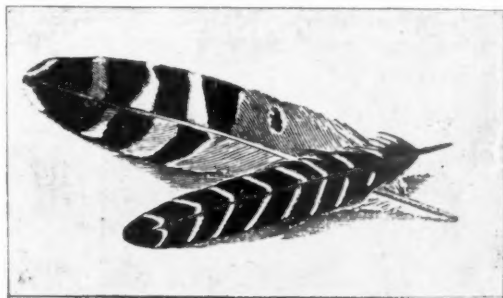


"THE DEATH OF
THE VIRGIN":
ALBRECHT ALTENDORFER.

Rubens show a technical resource that is not unworthy of their great originals, and may possibly have influenced Jan de Bray, who was an admirable wood cutter as well as a skilful painter. Visitors to Hampton Court may remember his clever picture

of himself and family playing at Antony and Cleopatra. His woodcuts in the Museum, mostly portraits and animals, show a similar accomplishment, though they display no great depth of feeling either for the material or for design. Was it an accident that the other remarkable wood cutter of the period, Jan Livens, was also a follower of Rembrandt? Rembrandt himself may have experimented on wood, for the one almost unique little cut of "A Philosopher" is just what one might expect from him. Livens, however, went further. He was not a great painter, and, judging from his drawings in the British Museum, an unexpectedly timid draughtsman. Nevertheless his woodcuts are anything but timid. The print here reproduced is so natural and lifelike, so modern in style and sentiment, that it is difficult to realise that it is seventeenth century work, or how extraordinary was the insight involved in selecting just the lines needed and not one more. Those, however, who are interested in the subject will find it well worth their while to go to the British Museum and see his three prints there. The portrait of a seated ecclesiastic is perhaps the most remarkable, not only from the genius with which the man's character is rendered, and from the dignity of the composition, but from the absolute mastery over material the thing displays—the boldness with which the dark silk robes and the biretta are left uncut, save for

the few slashing lines that indicate the sheen where the light strikes upon them. That Livens should still be practically an unknown man when so many bunglers and pedants have achieved reputation is



TWO FEATHERS:
BY THOMAS BEWICK.

a caprice of fortune for which an enlightened posterity will doubtless make amends.

An interval of about a century separates Livens from the next great original engraver, Thomas Bewick. A stronger contrast could hardly be imagined. Livens was an inheritor of the tradition of Rembrandt, and painted courtiers and kings, our own Charles the First among them. Bewick was born in Northumberland, as far from London in the eighteenth century as are the Shetlands nowadays, at a time when English art was only just beginning to rise from the gulf into which it had fallen with the waning of the traditions of Vandyke. To the end of his life he was a provincial of the provincials, showing little or no trace of the largeness of style that Reynolds and Gainsborough developed so nobly in the metropolis. Readers of Ruskin's "Ariadne Florentina" may remember the extraordinary cut of a Venus there reproduced, which illustrates this side of the English engraver's work more aptly even than the author's eloquence. Like nearly all English work that has achieved a lasting reputation, the woodcuts of Bewick succeed more by their vigorous independence and originality than by any following of the style and tradition of his predecessors.

Bewick's prints are important in more than one respect. He was the first notable woodcutter who employed the modern method of working with the graver on the end of the grain of the wood, instead of using the knife on the face of the plank. This had been the universal custom till the early part of the eighteenth century, and the French engraver Papillon mentions, with contempt, some mad fellow who had come from England to cut on the newer system. The mixed good and evil of the method is apparent in Bewick's work. The graver makes a delicate and certain white stroke, of which he



PORTRAIT OF A MAN:
BY JAN LIVENS.



THE WEDDING OF DAPHNIS
AND CHLOE: BY C. S.
RICKETTS.





avails himself with the dexterity that has made him famous. Yet this very delicacy leads him to try to rival steel engraving, to represent delicate gradations of tone in sky and landscape, which could only be attained at the expense of freshness and vigour. His spirit and fancy give a perpetual interest to his little cuts of country life, but his birds and beasts will not stand comparison with the work of other good animal draughtsmen. Though the suggestion of colour is managed with consummate skill, the beasts themselves lack life and

Thornton's "Pastorals," a full appreciation of his medium, unmarred by any conventions of steel engraving or painting. Force, fancy, poetry, one always expects from him, but hardly the temperate sense of the exact strength and value of his materials that these wood engravings display. This harmony of thought and technique survived only in the exquisite prints of Edward Calvert, whose genius was more pensive and more retiring than that of the painter-poet. The elaborate biography published a few years ago and the exhibition at



"WINTER": BY C. H. SHANNON.

motion. The figure cuts do not lack life and motion, but their artistic effect is killed by the hankering after the delicacy that can only be obtained on metal. He is seen at his best in such little prints as the engravings of feathers, which convey his feeling for colour and texture with extraordinary directness.

That eccentric genius William Blake left his mark upon so many technical practices that it is not wonderful to find wood engraving among them. It is wonderful, however, to find in his little cuts to

Burlington House of a number of Calvert's works in oil—works that seem to anticipate so much by the best modern painters—have done something to establish the reputation of this almost forgotten artist.

Though his cuts are not, perhaps, the most important part of his life's work, they attain a degree of delicacy and refinement that is almost incredible. Clever as the engravers were who tried to make the woodcut rival the minuteness of steel engraving, their triumphs of minute precision,

even on their own ground, could hardly stand comparison with some of Calvert's tiny prints, which never for a moment lose the raciness proper to their medium. The occasional oddity of the figures



A STORM: BY
WILLIAM BLAKE.

or of the design fuses so perfectly with the thought rendered and the method employed to render it, that criticism is disarmed by the very frankness of the man's gentle personality.

Of Bewick's pupils, Luke Clennell was a good engraver as well as a water-colour painter of vigour and originality, while the work of another, Samuel Williams, has survived to our own day in connection with those delightful books "The Cowslip" and "The Daisy." Possibly the staid comicalities of those "Cautionary Stories in Verse," the antiquated costumes of the children, the boys with their stiff peaked caps, the girls in their short frocks and frilled underclothing, may have served to blind generations of readers to the real artistic merit of these pictures. A third pupil of Bewick was better known. William Harvey was one of the most popular original engravers of the early Victorian period. Why he was popular it is hard to understand, for his mannered feebleness was apparent even in the uncritical days when "Every Boy's Book" and "The Scalp Hunters" were newly discovered treasures. From the point of view of the trade engraver, his famous plate after Haydon's picture displays considerable dexterity, but nothing could prove more conclusively how low the arts had fallen in England than the fact that such a designer could prosper. Not until the stimulus given to painting by the Pre-Raphaelite movement spread to wood cutting can modern engraving be said to begin.

In the calm that followed the stress of that rebellion Mr. William Morris and others engraved certain designs of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, which were, perhaps, the first indication in our own time that wood engraving was once more doing its proper work, and that its

proper work was worth doing. The cuts, for instance, in Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" are real woodcuts, and not imitations of painting, or pen and ink, or pencil drawing.

The next English publication containing woodcuts actually engraved by their designer, was the second number of *The Dial*, published early in 1892. Rather more than a year afterwards came the well-known "Daphnis and Chloe," with its "thirty-five woodcuts in the Italian manner, designed and engraved on the wood by Charles Ricketts and Charles Shannon," as the prospectus has it. The work of designing and engraving the pictures and the "numerous initial letter pieces" occupied a year, from April, 1892, to April, 1893. Judging from the mass of work the engraving represents, it must have been a busy year for the two artists. The model chosen was the *Hypnerotomachia*, so the cuts are for the most part worked in pure line. One thing, however, is noticeable. The earlier engravings have a tendency to imitate even the mannerisms of the Venetian original; later the design grows more independent, the line more fluent, the spacing more ample. Their next joint publication, Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," marks the development still more definitely, and shows a return to the engravers' feeling for fretted black spaces which has since remained characteristic of their cutting. After the publication of "Hero and Leander," Mr. Shannon for a time gave up wood engraving, though recently he has executed a series of chiaroscuro prints, exhibited at the Dutch Gallery a few months ago, one of which he has allowed me to reproduce here. As



"CENTAUR WITH A BOUGH":
BY T. STURGE MOORE.

the second block is wanting, the complete effect is necessarily not given, but the print is enough to show how perfectly he can transfer to wood cutting the largeness of design that is a characteristic



"SALOMÉ": BY
LUCIEN PISSARRO.

feature of his lithography and painting. What, for instance, could be more majestic than the lines which enclose the veiled figure passing into the doorway? Our age has a facile way of imitating most things, but our designers do not usually take dignity and reticence for their ideals. Mr. Shannon is one of the few exceptions to the common habit, and as he is an artist of quite unusual gifts, he cannot help doing fine work whatever his medium may be.

Mr. Ricketts has remained a wood engraver in spite of the attractions of other forms of pictorial design, the control of a publishing business, and the mass of details inseparable from the practical work of a printer, of a book-binder, and a critic. The experience gained in the production of the early numbers of the *Dial*, "Daphnis and Chloe," "Hero and Leander," "The Sphinx," and "Silverpoints," culminates in the work he has done for the books issued from *The Sign of the Dial*. Even here there is a distinct progress. Set after set of initials appear, each making its predecessors look a trifle less perfect by contrast with some daintiness. His floral borders grew ever more delicate, more coloured, and more ingenious in their evasion of the difficulties introduced by the tall demy octavo page. His engraving, too, displays new beauties. The prints in "Daphnis and Chloe" or "Hero and Leander," with all their grace and delicacy, might appear a little cold, a little wiry, if compared too critically with the "roundel woodcuts" in "The Marriage of Cupide and Psyche." Mr. Ricketts's art, in fact, is still in process of evolution. For an enthusiastic student of design in all its branches, some change, some progress is inevitable so long as the studies last. While acquiring his knowledge he has attained a mastery of the graver which at present is unique. Observe, for instance, how he cuts the insertion of the petals of a flower or marks the shapely whiteness of a hand or foot. It is this love of beautiful things for themselves that makes his work so vivid, so thorough. The objections sometimes raised to his drawing are made usually by those who do not understand the novel problems in design which it is Mr. Ricketts's aim to solve. Design is for him, as it should be for every artist, the architectural base on which art must build. Hence he subordinates everything to it. He takes an intense pleasure in the beauty of things animate and inanimate, yet when design demands it he sacrifices this pleasure ruthlessly. Mr. Ricketts's conventions are sometimes puzzling to the unobservant or the ignorant because he draws his inspiration as readily from a Greek vase painter or a piece of Oriental stuff, as from the classical



"BÈCHEUR AU TRAVAIL": BY
JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

or mediaeval sources known to enlightened schools of art. His strangely original style is, indeed, a blending of this intelligent reverence for fine tradition with a personal preference for what is simple, definite, and severe.

M. Lucien Pissarro, whose name is often associated with that of Mr. Ricketts, is by his birth and training a native of France, so that his work will be mentioned later with that of the French engravers. Of the other artists of the *Dial*, Mr. Sturge Moore continues to engrave his own designs, which, at least in England, have not met with the attention they merit. The set of prints illustrating "Metamorphoses of Pan," his illustrations to "The Centaur" of Maurice de Guérin, and an unpublished series of subjects from Wordsworth (lately exhibited in the Munich Exhibition) display quite unusual boldness of invention, and joined to a very real feeling for the material employed and the conventions proper to it. If, now and then, the exuberance of his fancy leads him to grapple with subjects that appear to overtax his very considerable technical skill, the fault is at least on the right side, and is uncommon enough in these days to have almost the aspect of a virtue.

Mr. William Nicholson does not aim so high, but knows exactly what he wants and how to get it. No popular artist of the present day deserves his popularity better. His prints are conceived as

separate pictures, and not as illustrations designed to accompany type, in this way renewing the traditions of the Japanese broad-sheet. As pictures many of them are admirable, and they are so well known as to need no illustration. Now and then the design may be haphazard, the spacing unfortunate, but such portraits as those of the Queen, Mr. Whistler, and Lord Roberts are at once instinct with humour, with character, and with a real feeling for the art of woodcutting that make them, in their way, unique. The cutting of Her Majesty's eyelid is as brilliant a piece of work as any touch that Mr. Sargent has laid on canvas—and that is saying a good deal. Mr. Gordon Craig has recently produced some pretty prints in a similar style.

The fancy, strength, and accomplishment that have made Mr. William Strang one of the most important of living etchers, give his experiments in wood engraving an interest that first efforts do not usually possess. His "Book of Giants" is really nothing more than a series of experiments, but the experiments are experiments by a serious student of art, who knows the good points of other men's work, and does not hesitate, in search of knowledge, to attune his mood for a moment to theirs. Mr. Strang in his woodcuts may sometimes think of Mr. Nicholson and sometimes of Millet, just as in his etchings he has thought of Rembrandt or Van Dyck or Professor Legros, but the result is always a thing instinct with a separate personality, and that personality is no weak one. After all, the external influence is only visible here and there. The cuts, as a whole, have as much individual wit and raciness as the verse that accompanies them. Mr. H. M. Brydon has engraved one or two of Mr. Strang's designs, and has also cut a series of large portraits with the knife that display considerable mastery of his materials. Experiments in colour printing from wood blocks on the Japanese system have, in the hands of Mr. J. D. Batten and Mr. Morley Fletcher, produced some interesting results, though they have not yet quite attained the success of their originals. Nevertheless, their efforts have planted the technique of colour-printing on a fairly stable ground, where doubtless it will bear good fruit in the future. Woodcuts more frankly experimental are being produced on all sides, but a definite tradition seems to be followed by the Birmingham school alone. Their work is a signal instance of how much a thoroughly well-organised system of training may achieve, even before enough time has elapsed for any marked personality to define itself clearly.

In France the tradition of wood engraving has been less definite. Till the eighteenth century the name of Geoffroy Tory stands practically alone, and he produced no work that is equal in interest to the Italian models he imitated. Then Papillon appears,

THE BOOK OF GIANTS



No VI.—GIANT AND THE KNIGHT

BY WILLIAM STRANG.

a cutter of extraordinary accuracy and skill, but spoiled by the showy flimsy fashion of his age. It is not until the time of Millet that French woodcutting assumes importance. Millet's work on the wood has characteristic vigour and vitality, though only one or two designs were actually cut by him, the majority being interpreted by his brothers. His forcible style, no doubt, had much to do with the artistic development of M. Lucien Pissarro, a son of the well-known painter, whose earliest wood engravings are almost contemporary with those of Mr. Ricketts. M. Pissarro uses the graver and the knife with equal facility, and has made notable experiments in colour printing. His cuts of child-life, and his illustrations to the "Queen of the Fishes" show not only a remarkable feeling for natural gesture, but a sense of fresh charming colour that can only be matched by the prints of the great artists of Japan. Of his work with the graver, "The Book of Ruth and The Book of Esther," and an edition of the "Moralités Légendaires" of Laforgues are characteristic examples. Like the "Queen of the Fishes," these two books have the additional interest of being decorated and printed by the artist himself.

From a chronological point of view it would have been, perhaps, more correct to deal with M. Auguste Lepère before M. Pissarro, because M. Lepère was engraving his own designs in the seventies. At that time, however, he was merely an exceedingly accomplished commercial cutter, who worked in tone and had not realized the true capacities of his material. It was not till late in life that he became an original engraver in the true sense of the word, and he deserves every

credit for the determined manner in which he has renounced his early ideals to follow in the steps of Dürer and Millet. His plates in "L'Image" and elsewhere are forcible enough and true engraver's work—though the feeling and talent underlying them are not such as mark genius of the highest order. More definitely artistic, perhaps, is the achievement of Mr. F. Valloton, in whose coloured cuts Eastern and Western influences are harmoniously blended. The landscapes of M Rivière are also excellent, and render the restfulness of quiet places seen at nightfall with the large simplicity that is appropriate to them. At the same time it would be unwise to attach undue importance to his work, which does not really mark any considerable advance on engraving done elsewhere.

It is most unlikely that the fortune of wood engraving will be different, except, perhaps, in the case of colour or chiaroscuro prints, where there is still plenty of territory as yet unoccupied. So much cannot be claimed for most of our artistic methods.

SOME HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN WORCESTERSHIRE: BY H. TANNER, JUNIOR, AND H. INIGO TRIGGS.

It was after a stay of several weeks in the many delightful stone-built villages that are to be found nestled amongst the Cotswold Hills that we



"SEVERN END": DRAWN BY
H. INIGO TRIGGS.

Wood engraving is too laborious a process to have any future in England except as a medium of artistic expression of a peculiar kind, and any attempt to revive it on a commercial basis is foredoomed to failure. That it should have been practised here even for a decade argues no little devotion and easy self-sacrifice on the part of our engravers, and it is only natural that their long apprenticeship should have already given their work the stamp of a thing definitely well done, which is denied to the more accidental output of the Continent. No medium can with impunity be taken up lightly. Etching and lithography have enjoyed in turn the brief patronage of fashion. But the real honour has always rested with the pioneers who bore the burden and heat of the day.

decided to run north and see something of the half-timbered work of which the country around Worcester contains so many interesting examples.

We had left a neighbourhood full of interest to the architect and archaeologist, revealing as it does so much of old English manners and customs. The houses, almost without exception, are built of the local limestone, which is both abundant and easily worked, there being therefore every inducement to build substantially and well. Time, too, deals very gently with this stone, the effect produced by centuries of exposure to the weather being merely to harden the surface and impart a soft green tint. Railways in this district are few and far between, a fact we found to our cost on more than one occasion; the population being entirely agricultural,

no great increase of residents has taken place during recent years, and hardly a modern residence is to be met with.

This then is a brief description of the country to be found on the south-western border of Worcestershire, but as we proceed northwards the character of the buildings alters considerably, and we find ourselves in the midst of some of the best half-timber work to be met with in England. It has quite a character of its own; there is a quiet charm about it which is perhaps more pleasing than the considerably more ornate work to be found in Cheshire, where the contrast between the dead black of the oak and the pure white of the filling is, to say the least, somewhat harsh.

It is, indeed, open to question whether at the time most of the half-timber work was executed it was invariably the custom to distinguish the wood and plaster by this very violent contrast; on the contrary, there is reason to believe that various tints were used, and that the woodwork was not blackened until rendered necessary by the decay which took place in subsequent ages. There is in existence an order by the Common Council of Worcester, on the occasion of one of Queen

Elizabeth's public progresses, to the effect "That every inhabitant within the liberties of the citie shall forthwith whitlyme and colour their houses with comely colours. . . . The fower gates shall be sett in some decent colour, namely, in an ashe colour." In humbler buildings it was not unusual to cover the whole of the wall surface,

both plaster and timber, with a uniform yellow wash.

Our first stopping place was Tewkesbury, which possesses one of the very finest among English churches. There are few religious buildings of the size of Tewkesbury Abbey having anything finer in effect than the Norman front to the west, with the grand old grey tower in the background. We wander down the streets, with the half-timber houses and their many nodding gables forming a picture at almost every point of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. R. HEMSWORTH.

OLD HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S: EAST
END AND MAIN ENTRANCE.

view, on to old Mythe Bridge, whereunder flows the river Avon. To our left are old gardens, the view from one of which—the old Bell Inn—is so well described in the words of Mrs. Craik, familiar to all readers of "John Halifax, Gentleman":—"At the end of the arbour the wall which encloses us on the riverward side was cut down—my father had done it at my asking—so as to make a seat something after



THE KING'S ARMS, OMBERSLEY: FROM A SKETCH BY H. TANNER, JUN.

the fashion of Queen Mary's seat at Stirling, of which I had read. Thence one could see a goodly stretch of country; first, close below, flowed the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—here a narrow, sluggish stream, but capable, as sometimes we knew to our cost, of being roused into fierceness and foam. Now it slipped on quietly enough, contenting itself with turning a flour mill hard by, the lazy whirr of which made a sleepy incessant monotone which I was ever fond of hearing." The Avon at Tewkesbury is an ideal place for the restless architect; here he can idle away many pleasant hours within hearing distance of the old Abbey Church clock, which still chimes the quarters on eight of the sweetest toned bells we had heard. In the fields by Tewkesbury was fought on the 4th of May, 1471, the battle between the troops of Queen Margaret, under the Duke of Somerset, and those of Edward IV., which ended so disastrously for the former.

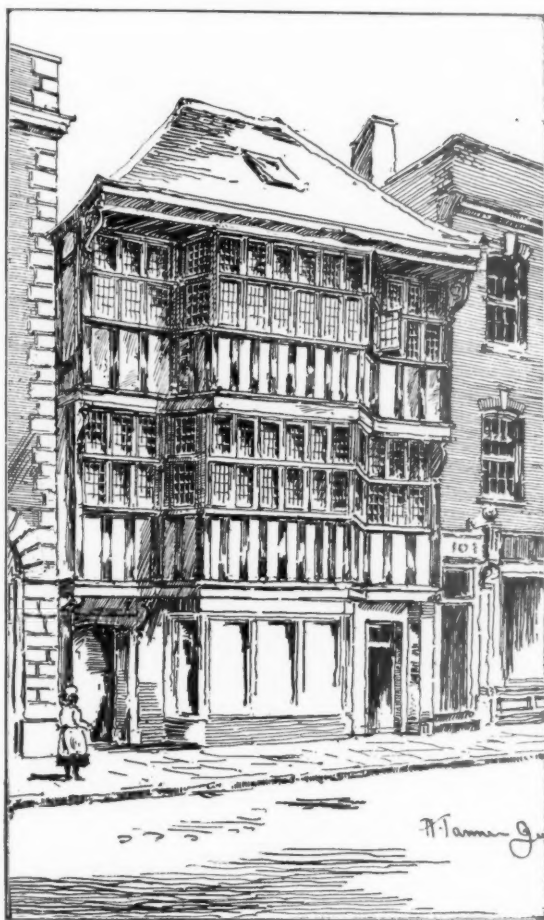
But to return to the primary object of our visit, we had not far to search for half-timber houses, these are mostly to be found in the three principal streets. The many examples of domestic work strikingly illustrate the commercial successes of the town in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which only gave way to the supremacy of Bristol in the seventeenth century.

Within a few miles of Tewkesbury there existed until quite recently one of the most perfect examples of late Elizabethan half-timber work to be met with in England—Severn End—the seat of Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart. This old house, which consisted of an extensive group of buildings forming roughly three sides of a quadrangle, was burnt down in October, 1896, together with its ancient furniture, pictures, manuscripts, and books. We give a sketch of the garden front, which presented an exceedingly picturesque appearance with

its timber gables, bay windows, and massive chimneys.

Another interesting example is Eastington Court, about three miles from Upton-on-Severn, formerly the manor house, but now a farm. The building has unfortunately been allowed to get out of repair. It dates probably from about the time of Henry VII., and is thus one of the oldest examples of a timber-built manor house to be met with in the county. With the exception of sundry coats of paint

and whitewash, it has undergone little change. The general design of the principal front is particularly pleasing; the assortment of gables—some carved with a vine pattern—together with a huge ivy-covered chimney form a charming group.



OLD HOUSE, TEWKESBURY: FROM A SKETCH BY H. TANNER, JUN.

Within the house many changes have taken place, but the hall still remains, with the oak screen in its original position.

We now cross the Malvern Hills to Ledbury, a place of pilgrimage for all readers of the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, at Hope End, not far from here, spent many years of the early part of her life. Ledbury to-day is an old-fashioned agricultural town which has seen few of the changes that have so altered the appearance of some of its neighbours. Its curious half-timbered market hall, restored in 1866 and elevated on sixteen oak

Malvern Hills by Herefordshire Beacon, and, skirting the foot of the hills, soon brings us to Madresfield Court, an interesting half-timber house, lying about a mile to the right of the high road. The original parts of this Elizabethan house have been restored and additions made to blend as well as possible with the old work. The long gallery has been rebuilt in its original position, and the dining-hall, which is the full height of the house, occupies the place and retains the position of the old hall. The most interesting part of the city lies between the market cross and the cathedral. The



PORTER'S MILL, NEAR WORCESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. R. HEMSWORTH.

pillars, its wonderfully fine old church, which exhibits various stages of architecture from Romanesque to Perpendicular, and excellent old houses are not only interesting in themselves, but the general aspect of the whole place is particularly pleasing. A narrow lane lined with half-timbered houses leads up to the church, and forms in itself a charming picture of mediaeval England. History tells us that Ledbury was the centre of many military engagements during the Civil Wars. Prince Rupert made it his headquarters, and resided in one of the old half-timbered houses belonging to the family of Skynner.

The road from Ledbury to Worcester crosses the

Worcester of mediaeval days was largely constructed of oak and plaster work, and, judging by the remains still left to us, there were many good buildings to be seen. The business instincts of the people have, however, had much to do with ridding the city of these fine old houses, and even such a delightful old building as the Commandery is partly used now for business purposes. This Commandery is one of the numerous hospitals for the poor of which Worcester has been possessed. It was in 1524 suppressed by Wolsey, its revenues being used to supplement the resources of his colleges at Ipswich and Oxford. The Commander's House and Great Hall, rebuilt in Henry the Eighth's reign, are

all that remain to us now, but the fine hammer beam roof, with its beautiful carving, and the Minstrels' Gallery are sufficiently interesting to warrant a visit.

There are several good examples of half-timber construction to be met with in Friar Street and the Trinity.

A walk of about six miles, through charmingly wooded country, brings us to the quaint little village of Ombersley. The centre of interest is perhaps the old-fashioned inn, where one has an opportunity of discovering what good Worcestershire cider is. In one of the old houses, so the tale goes, under the



MARKET HALL, LEDBURY: FROM A SKETCH BY H. TANNER, JUN.



GEORGE'S COURT, WORCESTER: FROM A SKETCH BY H. TANNER, JUN.

floor of an upper room, an original portrait of Henry IV. was found in 1868.

We are now in a district which, within a radius of a few miles contains many old examples of domestic work, foremost among which we must mention Westwood House, built by Sir John Packington in the end of the sixteenth century; the mansion was occupied by the descendants of the Packingtons until about eighty years ago, when the male line became extinct. The present owner of the property is Sir A. F. Godson, M.P.

The design of the entrance lodge, of which there is an illustration in "Gotch," is pleasing. It consists of two buildings, between which are a pair of wrought iron gates, with an Elizabethan timber screen and canopy over. The mansion is a large quadrangular red brick building of four stories. A curious feature of the design are the four wings which, projecting diagonally from the corners, are terminated in square towers; they are said to have been added as an afterthought, although if their date, 1592, be correct, they must have been built within a few years of the erection of the main fabric. Of the interior one notices the saloon which occupies the entire

width of the first floor towards the south-east. The elaborately carved oak fireplaces are of the Elizabethan period, but the ceiling, a specimen of florid plaster-work, is of later date. The hall, which is immediately under the saloon, is of the same size but not so lofty. A fine oak staircase attracts attention with its massive balusters, supporting at intervals Corinthian columns surmounted by globes.

A little to the south of Westwood lies Salwarpe, on the river Salwarpe, which joins the main stream of the Severn at Hawford Bridge some fourteen miles below the village. An old half-timbered farmhouse here is very well worth a visit. Continuing our way through the ancient town of Droitwich, we arrive at Mere Hall, one of the most important of the Worcestershire half-timber houses. Access is gained to the

elaborate wrought iron entrance gates up a noble avenue of ancient elms. On either side of the gateway is a quaint Queen Anne summer house. The hall possesses quite a peculiar character of its own. The front elevation is, on a whole, symmetrical, though Mr. Niven, in his excellent work on Worcestershire houses, does not think the present house is as originally planned. The long uninterrupted line of window in the upper story of the

central part, with the fine, small gables above, and the deep, unpierced space below, is good in design, and gives much character to the place. We regret that Mr. Habershon (who one would suppose, from his knowledge of half-timber work, would have had more regard for so interesting an example) should have added, in 1823, the turret and sash

windows, which detract so much from an otherwise charming building.

Elmley Lovet Lodge is another very fine specimen of half-timber construction. It was held in the reign of Henry III. by Sir Thomas Lovet, and remained in the possession of the same family for several generations. According to Habershon, the present house stands on a site formerly occupied by the park keeper's lodge. The house was built by the Townshends; the date 1635,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. R. HEMSWORTH.

THE MOAT, DORMSTON.

together with the common seventeenth century "Nisi Dominus" in the centre gable of the principal front, probably indicates about the time when the whole of the structure as we now see it was erected. Nearly all the lower windows have lost their mullions and been fitted with sashes, but with this exception the place has undergone little change since it was built. An avenue leads from the church to the principal



HUDDINGTON COURT.



PUDDLEFORD, EASTHAM, NEAR TENBURY.

front of the house, which consists of three large gables, the centre one having the before-mentioned inscription; the other two, one of which is in a very dilapidated condition, are fitted in with trefoil work, making a very effective design. The other side of the house overlooks the gardens and a bowling green. On the first floor, the principal room or gallery has a moulded plaster ceiling of good design, but with this exception, and some delicately moulded panelling of the usual type, there remain few of the original fittings.

We now wend our way south again to Pirton Court, halfway between Worcester and Pershore. In the reign of James I. it belonged to Sir William Corteyn, who is perhaps best known as the founder of the colony of Barbadoes. Internally, there is not much of the original character of the house retained, except perhaps some of the panelling remaining in the hall. The most distinctive feature of the exterior is a long, low building, largely consisting of upright timber work; the back has a long bay window, ending in a gable in the roof, with half-timber quadrants; the panels immediately under the windows are filled in with modelled plaster work, though this may not be contemporaneous with the remainder of the building.

Leaving Pirton Court, after a walk of about

four miles we arrived tired and hungry on a lovely summer's evening within sight of Pershore tower, nestled amid acres of plum and pear orchards. In the morning we visited the abbey, almost as interesting as its larger and better preserved

neighbour of Tewkesbury. Being formerly built of wood, both church and convent have been thrice destroyed by fire, first about the year 1000, then in 1223, and again in 1288, on this latter occasion by the sin of a brother, who, contrary to the rigorous rules of the brotherhood, went a-courting with a lantern. The fire consumed not only the abbey church, but the greater part of the town as well. Pershore bears all the marks of a quietly prosperous old market town. Its wide street is lined with respectable red brick houses, faced with stone, many of them having their windows blocked up—relics of the days of the window tax. We quit Pershore, and, calling at Evesham—where are many old houses, especially in Bridge Street—pass on to Rouse Lench Court, for centuries the seat of the Rouses. During the Civil War Sir Thomas Rouse was the chief supporter of Cromwell's party in the



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. R. HEMSWORTH.
OLD HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S
(SOUTH SIDE).

county. The gardens here are the chief attraction; ranging up the side of the hill, they are formed into numerous green terraces and slopes, bounded by ancient ivy-grown walls and trim-cut yew hedges; in one part the yew has been trained

into great walls and arches with exceedingly quaint effect.

We now have to bring our jaunt to a close, and, continuing our way back to the land of stone buildings, finish our travels at Broadway, a straggling village, and one thoroughly characteristic of the neighbourhood. As its name implies, it consists principally of one wide street, full of picturesque houses, mostly of seventeenth century date. Architecturally speaking, there is not much about them to strike anyone, but the interest is derived rather from the grouping and general effect than from any richness of detail.

favour with judges, we submit that the young designer is likely to find it a doubtful boon. "A reliable text-book to which he may refer with confidence for his artistic guidance," were indeed a *desideratum*, but to that end a series of reproductions of even premiated students' work will hardly suffice, though it is quite in accordance with a system of payment by results, that someone should feel "the necessity of providing the Art student with . . . a guide to what the examiners of the Department of Science and Art require, if the student desires to obtain success under their examination." It is only fair to add that other reasons



LULSLEY COURT, NEAR WORCESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. R. HEMSWORTH.

NATIONAL COMPETITIONS.*

IN a somewhat wordy preface, the editor of this compilation hazards the opinion that "it should prove of inestimable value to students." If, as seems to be implied, its value mainly consists in the indication which it affords of the style of work that finds

are adduced for putting forth the publication, and with more show of cogency. Doubtless there is a sad necessity for some such index of the success, or the lack of it, attained by our State Schools of Design. Such an index the present volume may very well supply. A more rigorous selection, which would have resulted in a better, if smaller, book, would have less faithfully reflected the normal product of the Art schools of to-day. Of more than a hundred and fifty designs here reproduced, a small—a very small—minority are of

* "National Competitions, 1896-97: An Illustrated Record of National Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medal Designs, Models, Drawings, &c." London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

striking merit, but the greater number are, to speak plainly, poor in the extreme; while not a few are, as models for imitation, absolutely vicious. And by no means, be it remarked, is the failure due to want of skill, nor in all cases to deficient sense of beauty, but generally to sheer want of feeling for the special material. The dexterity is amazing, the dulness past all belief. In wearily turning over these pages of unrelated "brain-spun stuff," uninteresting in their cleverness, and restless without animation, one's thought instinctively turns for relief to the miracles of loveliness that have found a refuge from the wreck of centuries within the walls of our museums. How is it, one asks, that in an age when the name of Art is invoked on every hand, in season and out of season; when a smattering of the crafts bids fair to become a fashionable folly; with our "improved" methods of production, and our elaborate State machinery for fostering Art, how is it that the results of all our deliberate conscious striving seem so weak and futile beside the beauty created, as it seems, without effort by the everyday artisan of mediaeval times? "Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

Alas, it will not avail to gird at South Kensington, after the manner of many! The hindrances to a healthy growth of Art are deeper rooted than that. The conditions could not well be less favourable. The break up of the old handicraft system with its perpetually varied invention, giving place to the machine-made pattern of the factory; the excessive subdivision of labour, and in particular the ever-increasing separation of designer from maker, and of user from both; the virtual extinction of that system of apprenticeship by which formerly the workman gained a knowledge of his craft; the restless vagaries of fashion, artfully stimulated for commercial gain—these causes are more powerful to strangle the Arts than millions of miles of red tape. We are still in the transition to we know not what, still "struggling between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." What the future may hide we cannot yet foresee, but it is safe to say that if Art is ever again to become more than an ill-assorted jumble of past styles, some new method of systematic training must be devised, either in the Art schools or elsewhere, for teaching the young workman his business; and if the distinction between designer and maker is to continue, it is essential that "the designer should learn the practical way of carrying out the work for which he designs. I think," said Morris, "that this is the foundation of all design."

C. W. B.



SENAM EL-GHARABAH IN THE WADI KSEIA:
"THE IDOL OF WONDER" (SHOWING
CARVING ON LEFT HAND JAMB).

THE TRIPOLI MEGALITHS: IDOLS OR OIL PRESSES? BY H. S. COWPER, F.S.A. PART ONE.

My first visit to the Tripoli hills was in the spring of 1895, and this was followed up by a second a year later. Upon my return in 1895 I sent to the *Athenæum* a rather long letter, describing in some detail the curious ruins, called by Tripoline tribesmen "Senams," which I had with some trouble examined. One result of this letter was that, like M. de Rougemont, I was invited to describe the monuments and discourse upon my excursions before the Anthropological and Geographical sections at their Ipswich and Liverpool meetings. These invitations I accepted, and in the discussion which followed my paper at the first-named section at Ipswich, Mr. Arthur Evans "thought it more probable that these trilithons were connected either with some old form of sepulchral cult, or with some other form of worship which grew therefrom."*

These facts are only mentioned here to show that the suggestions which I ventured with great

* *Times* report.

diffidence to advance as to the origin of the Senams, met with no direct contradiction when laid before the highest scientific authorities of the country. After my second visit, Messrs. Methuen arranged for the publication of the "Hill of the Graces," containing an account of the monuments, and of personal experiences in the country; but just when the book was through the press, and in binders' hands, I suddenly heard that Mr. J. L. Myres and Mr. Arthur Evans had visited Tripoli, had inspected some of the Senams, and had announced on their return, that these strange monuments were unmistakably the remains of olive oil presses of Roman date.

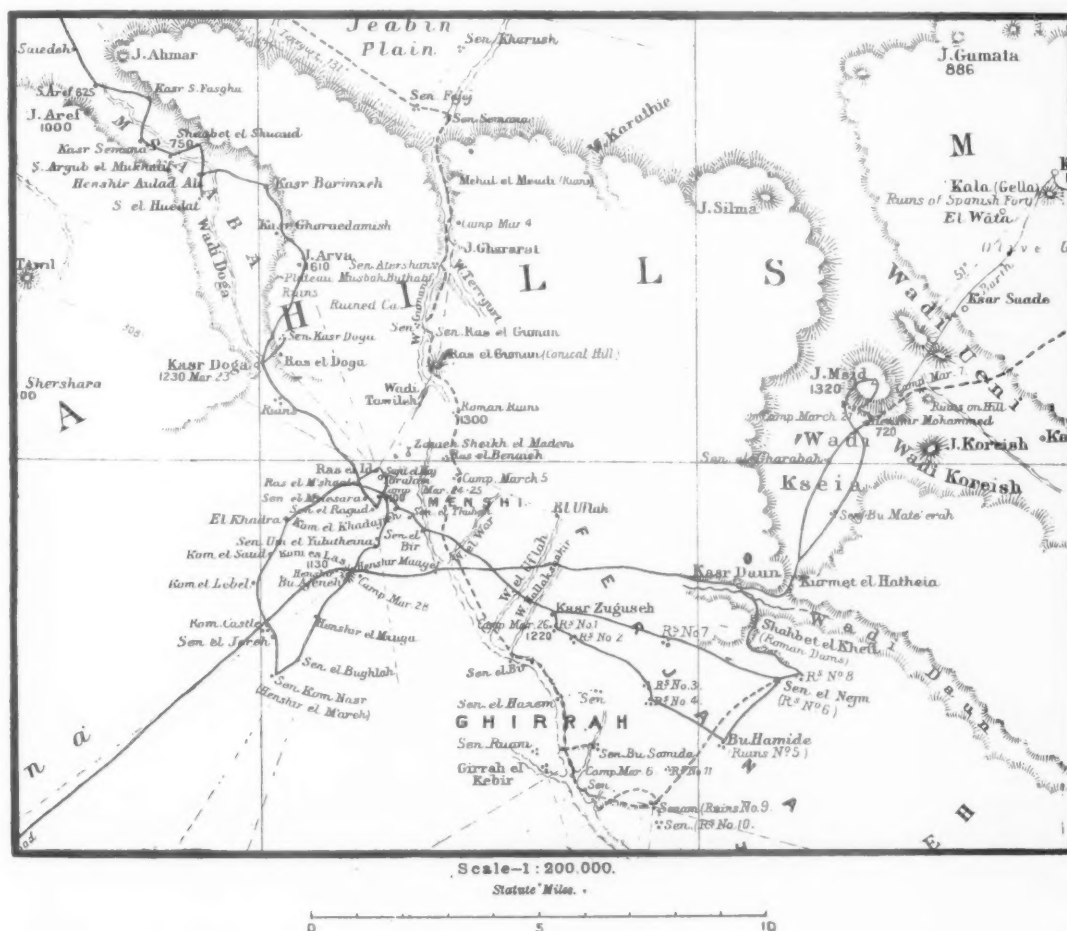
I must confess that up to that moment such an explanation had never occurred to me, nor, indeed, had I ever regarded my own suggestions as particularly wild, after witnessing the open-eyed astonishment with which the savants and antiquaries at the learned societies had looked upon my lantern slides.

My proofs being all passed, it was impossible to

discuss the new theory in its pages; yet I felt at once that it merited consideration, and also that if it was meant seriously it would most likely make its appearance when the "Hill of the Graces" was under review. Accordingly I placed myself at once in communication with gentlemen who were well acquainted with the oil industry in North Africa and Syria, and I turned to the various classic treatises "*De Re Rustica*" to find what could be gleaned on the same subject in ancient times. And it is the results of these enquiries which I purpose to give fairly in the ensuing pages.

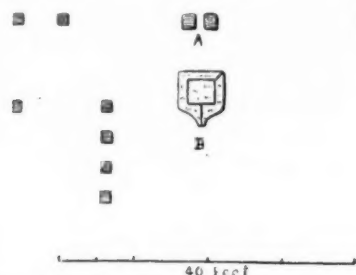
In the meanwhile, however, the "Hill of the Graces" was published, and, for a book a large proportion of which was taken up by archaeology, had, I think I may say, a good reception, for out of about thirty notices in leading papers and reviews there was no single instance in which my suggestions, tentative as they were, were seriously challenged as improbable by the critic.

Even if these remains are really in origin Roman oil presses, the hill range of Tripoli, where the



MAP OF PART OF TARHUNA, WHERE THE
SENAMS ARE MOST NUMEROUS.

Senams are found, can hardly lose in interest, for nowhere else probably could be found such a complete and remarkable illustration of an important Roman industry. Again, if this explanation



PLAN OF SENAM EL-RAGUD
(TARHUNA PLATEAU).

be accepted, it is at least ridiculous that my own suggestions should have remained for three years totally unchallenged in print, and it is at any rate desirable now that both explanations should be before the world.

The case for the religious origin of the Senams has been fully stated in the "Hill of the Graces"; we shall therefore in the present paper concern ourselves with little besides the theory that they are oil presses, and sift and balance the evidence for and against. This evidence we can conveniently divide into four classes, which can be named statistical, constructive, historical, and traditional.

STATISTICAL EVIDENCE.

The first method is to take the central area of Tarhuna, that being the locality most thoroughly explored, and try to ascertain what crop of olives it is capable of producing, and what number of Senams, if they were presses, would be required to work such a crop; we can then compare this number with the number of Senams we may estimate were originally standing within the district specified.

The area we have to consider extends from a point about three miles east of Jebel Msid on the east to Jebel Bu Tawil on the west, and from Senam Kharush on the north to Ghirrah on the south. It is twenty-three miles by eighteen miles, and equals, therefore, 414 miles, or 264,960 acres, which for our purposes may be called 265,000 acres. It is a mixture of rolling hill range and plateau, though intersected by numerous ancient water-courses, some of which are wide and some very rocky.*

The question is, How many olive trees would this area bear?

Now the number of trees per acre varies very

widely indeed. Near the town of Tripoli at the present day, where only a small garden, here and there, is devoted to olive production, no less than sixty-seven trees are sometimes planted to the acre. Where, however, a considerable district or even estate is entirely given up to olive culture, matters are quite different. Columella says that they should be planted 60ft. apart in order that they should grow*: and this spacing in a grove of several acres would give about fifteen or sixteen trees to each acre. At the present day there is in the vicinity of Sfax (Tunisia) a large area under olives, and, careful culture being observed, the trees are planted 75ft. apart, which gives eight or ten trees to the acre, where planted over a continuous area.

But when treating of considerable areas, there are many factors to consider. It is evident that cases, where a district equally extensive with that we are considering, is entirely devoted to the culture of the olive, are exceptional: in fact, we believe that such cases are now nearly if not quite unknown. Nevertheless, there is said to be a less area near Sfax where nearly a million trees are standing: but the country is flat and productive, and the mills and presses are at the towns, where those employed in the industry live, and where the crop is brought for pressing. In Tarhuna the Senams are scattered broadcast, and the harvesting population must have been equally distributed. Moreover, Tarhuna is on its surface of a very varied character, so that it cannot be said that the cases are at all parallel.

The late Sir Lambert Playfair, in his handbook

* "De Re Rustica," XVII., 3.



SENAM IN WADI TERR'GURT: SHOWING PRESS-BED AND WEIGHT-STONE (?) IN FOREGROUND.

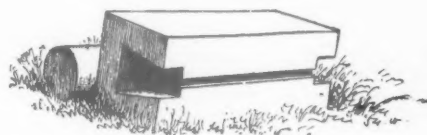
* Full description of country in Sections II. and III. of the "Hill of the Graces."

to Algeria,* reckoned that in all Algeria there is sufficient land to contain a hundred million olive trees. Now Algeria contains 150,000 square miles, or 96,000,000 acres, so that we may say roughly that he considered the olive bearing capacity of that country to be one tree to the acre. This calculation is, of course, meant to allow for all other crops and industries still to go on, and to occupy their proper area of land surface. Although Algeria has, therefore, an area about 360 times as large as that we are considering, the same conditions in a less degree prevail in the latter. The population must have lived in the hill range where the Senams stood, and they must have had their own pastures and grain crops, and, moreover, they must have had to take their share in supplying the general market on the populous coast. Besides, the country is so cut up by wadies and ravines, that it is evident that the entire area could not be planted.

Mr. J. T. Leadbetter, of Gabes, in Tunisia, who has had personal experience in olive culture, basing his calculations on the olive groves near Sfax, planted at eight to ten trees to the acre, is inclined to think that the Tarhuna area might be planted half as thickly, *i.e.*, at five trees to the acre. But this estimate I consider decidedly too large, because Tarhuna must always have been the most fertile district within reach of the densely inhabited coast fringe, where lay the luxurious and populous cities of Leptis and Tripolis, or Oea, the residents of which would certainly not be content to live on such fare as olives. Tarhuna, then, even more than in the present times of steam transit, must have supplied the neighbouring coast with meat, grain, and perhaps fruit. The Syrian olive groves round Jerusalem are planted thirty to forty trees to

the acre, but as only one acre in every hundred is under olives, the real ratio for the district is only thirty to forty trees to a hundred acres, or about one tree to every three acres.

Considering all these points, I think the fairest



STONE OF THE "SEMANA" TYPE.
(WEIGHT STONE FOR LEVER.)

estimate we can make for our area would be about two trees to the acre.

Now the power of one of the great Sfax mills, such as we shall shortly describe, is 5,000 trees, or 500 acres of ten trees to the acre. But the Senams themselves, if they were presses, must, from their size, have had a decidedly less power, which, from certain evidence, we may estimate at 2,000 trees, or 200 acres, that is at the Sfax rate of planting. We are therefore now in a fair way to make our estimate:—

265,000 acres, at five trees to the acre, equals 1,325,000 trees.
265,000 acres, at two trees to the acre, equals 530,000 trees.

And, accordingly, 662 presses of the 2000 tree capacity would be required to work the crop on the first estimate, or 265 presses of the same size for the second estimate, which I have shown to be probably the most correct. On the other hand at the Syrian rate of only forty trees to a hundred acres, the district would only contain 106,000 trees, necessitating only fifty-three presses of the capacity we estimate for a Senam press, or twenty-one presses if the large Sfax type had been in operation. In other words the first two estimates are for a district in which olives form the sole or the staple

* Murray's "Guide to Algeria and Tunis," 1891, p. 88.

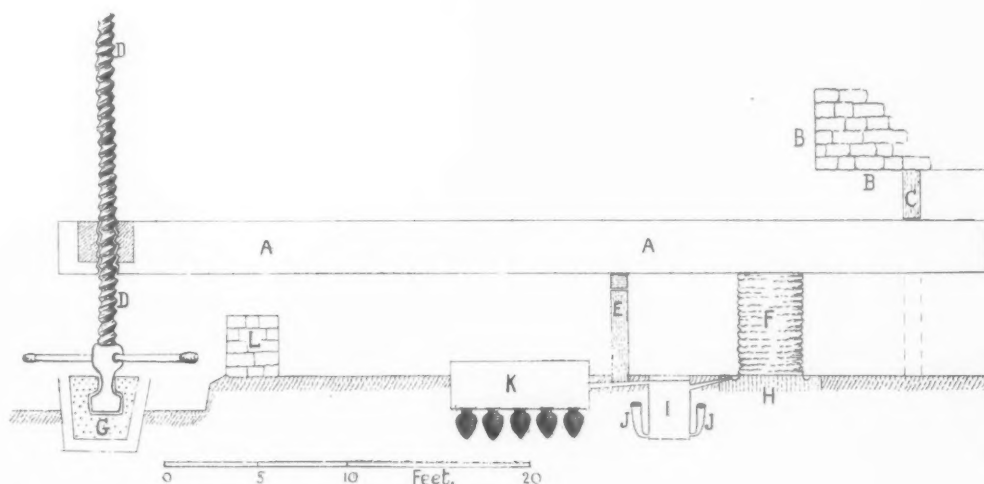


DIAGRAM OF A SFAX LEVER SCREW PRESS.

crop, the other for a district like that round Jerusalem, where olive culture forms only one industry among others.

Now the total number of trilithons standing or fallen which I personally noted in Tripoli was 166, of which 150 were found in the 414 square miles which we have adopted as our unit, as being the most thoroughly explored. On referring to the map, it will be seen how very numerous the sites are along the black and dotted lines which mark my route, and it can also be seen what a very large area remains totally unexamined. Of course my guides were instructed to take me by routes on which the best preserved sites were to be found. But as I never deviated a mile without accidentally stumbling on ruinous sites with fallen or buried Senams, I feel no hesitation in saying that in ancient times there must have existed at least three times the actual number of Senams I counted, and in all likelihood far more. It is, indeed, highly probable that, hurried as most of my visits were, and conducted, as my examinations were compelled to be, without excavation, the 150 Senams represent not more than one half of the original number which were erected on those particular sites; so that we may assert with confidence that in ancient days the minimum number of Senams in the 414 square miles was 450, and a considerably larger number is far more probable. It is therefore evident that if these monuments are oil presses, we have stumbled on an area which was given up almost entirely to the culture of the olive tree, and to the preparation of oil.

CONSTRUCTIVE EVIDENCE.

To understand the nature of this evidence it is necessary first to know the plan and construction of what the Tarhuni Arabs call a Senam or Idol. To begin with, we always find the foundations of a fine rectangular enclosure of good masonry measuring from 70ft. to 250ft. in length. Either in the wall itself or just within it stand the Senams themselves, which are upright stone erections from 6ft. to 15ft. in height, composed of two jambs surmounted by a capstone or lintel, so that they

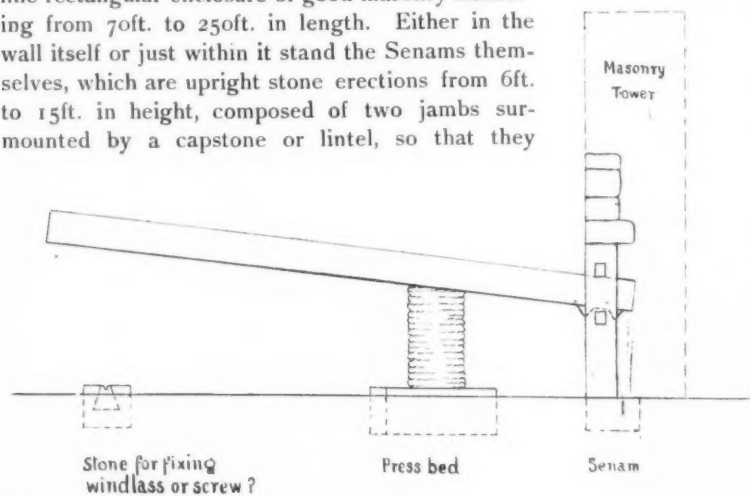
immediately remind one of the great trilithons of Stonehenge. The Tripoli Senams, however, are not always trilithic, for the jambs are sometimes composed of one long stone surmounted by one or two smaller ones, which in their turn support the lintel. They stand on carefully worked footing stones for support, and the space between the jambs averages 16½ in. The stones composing the whole are quarried and squared, but as a rule only one side, that which faces into the enclosure, is carefully and accurately dressed.

The most curious feature of the Senams is the series of square holes worked in the jambs from side to side, that is in a line with the enclosure wall. These holes are generally about 2ft. apart, and it is to be noticed that while they penetrate right through one jamb, those in the other are only half perforations, or dead sockets as they may be called. There are also generally other square holes or mortises cut in the inner angles of both jambs on the enclosure side of the Senam, at one or more points intermediate between the other holes. Both sorts strongly suggest the application of some mechanical appliances or wooden structures.

Five to 7ft. distant from the dressed front of the Senam were often found large flat stones measuring 6ft. to 8ft. square, and placed flush or nearly flush with the ground. On the surface of these is a broad incised channel enclosing a square or circle about 4ft. in diameter, from which two channels lead, one to an angle of the stone, and the other to a spout which projects on the side furthest from the Senam. These stones on the religious theory of the Senams are the altars.

Still further from the Senam on the same side, and at a distance of 20ft. to 25ft., were sometimes noticed, and apparently *in situ*, the very curiously formed stones which, in my inability to guess their use, I have termed, from the site where I first noticed them, the "Semana stones." They are cubical in form, 5ft. to 7ft. long, and 2ft. to 3ft. in width and depth, and are always carefully dressed. In all cases a deep and wide mortise is cut at each end, and these are connected along the top by a groove or channel.

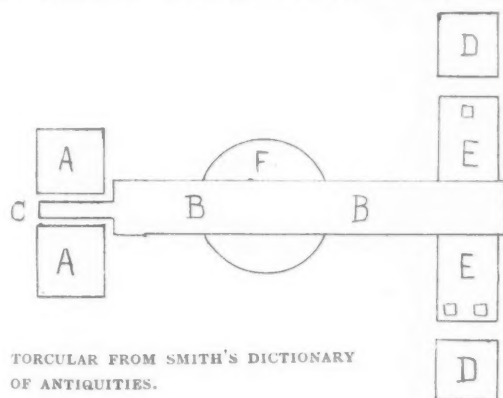
These constitute the principal features of a Tripoli Senam. And the only other thing that we need call attention to here, is that the great court or enclosure is in many cases divided by lines of plain square stone columns disposed at such in-



A SENAM AS A BEAM PRESS.

tervals that they never could have been intended to support a roof.

Now at the present day the form of press in use in Tripoli is the roller press, a type of which may



TORCULAR FROM SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF ANTIQUITIES.

A A. *Arbores*.

B B. *Prelum*, properly applied only to the beam lever; but often used for the whole press.

C. *Lingula of prelum*.

E E. *Sucula*, windlass fixed by.

D D. *Stipites*, or two other posts.

The *sucula*, being turned by crowbars (*vestes*), drew down the lever beam by a rope attached. To lift the *prelum*, a pulley, *troclea*, hung from a beam above.

F. *Area*, or press bed, on which were placed the *fiscina*, or olive pulp baskets. The above is from a Torcular found at Stabia, and is to illustrate Cato de Re Rustica XVIII. and Columella XII., etc.

Pliny, however, mentions the screw press as of Greek origin.

be at once dismissed as having no similarity whatever to a Senam. But near Sfax there is, or quite recently was, in use, a great screw beam press, an examination of the mechanism of which, when we have a Senam plan before us, becomes very interesting. We give (p. 127) an accurate copy of a drawing kindly furnished by Mr. Leadbetter.

The mechanism of the Sfax press is as follows. The great lever beam A is composed of one, two, or three beams of pine wood, each about 50ft. long, and 20in. to 24in. square in section. B is a masonry tower containing a wooden framework C, in which one end of the lever can be supported at the required height in pressing. At the opposite end of the beam is the screw D made of oak, about 18ft. in height. By turning this the outer end of the lever can be raised or depressed.

In working the press the screw end of the lever is raised, and then, a wooden bar or bars having been inserted on the wooden frame E, the screw is reversed, which depresses that end of the lever, while it rises correspondingly at C. The end of the lever in the tower is then supported by the insertion of wooden supports, and the screw end of the lever is then run up to the required height.

The baskets of olive paste 3ft. 3in. in diameter are now piled at F. The screw is then reversed, and as the lower end revolves in a block of masonry, G, the latter acts as a weight and the beam is drawn down, thus bringing the pressure on the baskets.

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The oil and juice run out by the groove and spout of the press bed H into a tank for separating them, I, and thence into a settling tank, K, in the floor of which jars are embedded. J J are exits for juice from tank I; L is a pillar on which the beam when at its lowest can rest.

The analogy between a Senam and this form of press are at once apparent. The Senam itself is the equivalent of the wooden framework C in the tower B, while the holes in the Senam jambs are presumably contrived to support that end of the beam in raising it, and to hold it down when pressing is in operation. The altar (?) corresponds with the press bed H*, and though the actual use of the "Senama Stone" is still obscure, it must on the oil press theory be in some way connected with either a screw or some simpler type of contrivance, such as windlass and weights.

Another structural difficulty is found in the angle-cut holes. If the lever beams were on the average only 16½in. wide the weight would be hardly sufficient, except where, in tall Senams, several beams worked one on the top of another. The presumption therefore is that the beam end where it worked between the Senam jambs, was cut down narrower than the rest. Consequently the projecting edge of the wider part would mask the corner cut holes. And, since bars placed across the Senam in these holes would have nothing to retain them in position, they would fly out upon pressure being brought on them either up or down, so that they could not well be used in the same way as the side holes.

Various sorts of vine and olive presses are mentioned by Cato Varro, Columella, and Pliny, but the form which is represented by the Sfax press is undoubtedly the *torcular*, of which Cato ("De Re Rustica," XVIII.) has left a description. We need not, however, quote it here, because it is so full of technical terms and figures that it is not by any means easy to understand: and it is somewhat doubtful if the dimensions have been correctly preserved in the text. We reproduce, however, a figure enlarged from Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities," which is given in that work to illustrate Cato's description. It will be observed that the *arbores*, presumably always of wood, are placed close together, and that the *prelum*, or lever, ends in a thinner part called the *lingula*, which worked between the *arbores*. The other end of the *prelum* is manipulated by a windlass (*sucula*), but the exact construction of this, and the use of the *stipites*, or logs, are very obscure in Cato.† Neither is it apparent whether the *lingula* was fixed like a

* It is suggested that the two spouts were for changing the direction of the flow of oil, so as to keep separate the produce of different proprietors' baskets.

† In the ancient presses the press bed was called *area*, and the olive pulp baskets *fiscina*.

hinge, or moved up and down, as in the Sfax press. If it was fixed it would account for the absence of any equivalent of the framework E, and the whole press would be nearly identical with a simple type recently in use on the Island of Jerba, where one end of the beam was hinged, and the other raised and depressed by means of a windlass and weights.

It must be conceded that the constructive evidence for this origin of the Senams is distinctly strong. It remains, of course, very difficult to see why the framework was constructed of enormous stones, during a period when timber was plentiful, whereas now the framework is of wood, while timber is so scarce, that it has to be imported. It is also probable that these Senams, tall and slender as they are, could not resist the pressure of the lever unless they were built into masonry towers: yet in all but one or two cases, all masonry has disappeared, while the Senam itself remains standing. And yet nothing could be easier to upset than a Senam.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A HISTORY OF FRENCH ART, 1100-1899: BY ROSE G. KINGSLEY.*

ON taking up this book and beginning to read the panegyric of French art with which it commences one is inclined to wonder when the writer began to take an interest in art matters. For it commences with a sentence which ends thus: "French art . . . has for a considerable time been completely ignored in England," an astounding statement which is, however, qualified in the next paragraph by the admission that "within the last decade a remarkable awakening has been manifested." But surely many English artists have gone to Paris for their training during the last forty years and have made the successive fleeting phases of French painting familiar to the British public; and equally surely there have been picture galleries in London for the last thirty or forty years which have made it their special business to bring French pictures before English buyers, while the year of the Commune saw the arrival of several distinguished French artists who did not hurry their departure from London, which showed that they found patronage. But it is no doubt true that the majority of English artists have preferred to keep to a style founded upon the sound traditions of the ancient Dutch technique instead of taking up the French discoveries—at least until the last few years.

This book marks an advance in the way of looking at art matters in that it gives some space

to architecture and architects, and even refers to such things as stained glass, enamels, medals, ivories, and decorative metal work, which some years ago would scarcely have been mentioned in a "History of Art." It is true that these things are only just referred to, and perhaps this is as well, for that Miss Kingsley does not understand very much about them is evidenced by her reference to Jean Cousin's glass on p. 101, where she says "He was the great reformer (!) in glass-painting. His glass is remarkable for the effects he obtained *by using enamel colours on white*" (the italics are ours.) Each period is treated on a very good plan; first a sketch of the general course of events, and then notices of the lives and works of the architects, sculptors, and painters who lived and worked during the time; and though this dictionary of artists is rather dull reading, it makes the book useful for reference. The literary style has certain mannerisms which grate on the ear and offend the eye, while often causing the author's meaning to be obscure at first reading: such as the habit of cutting up a sentence with full stops, of which it is sufficient to quote one instance. On page 452 one reads: "Now every provincial city has its museum, which is aided by the State as well as supported by the local Municipality. And the four National Museums of France are the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Versailles, and Saint Germain. While two other museums of very recent date have been instituted with regard to their direct educational effect on the artists of France." On page 136 an extraordinary sentence on the work of the brothers Le Nain reads thus: "Some seem to suggest of the work of the most modern artists. The remarkable picture in the Louvre, 'Retour de la Fenaïson,' foreshadows of the work of J. F. Millet." And on other pages are errors of spelling and French forms of words which indicate careless proof reading, and suggest slipshod translation from French notes.

It is scarcely fair to expect a book which deals with so vast a subject to be complete, even in the sections which are treated with considerable detail, and the principle of selection upon which Miss Kingsley has acted is not obvious, so that perhaps one should not be surprised, for instance, to find no mention of Chartran or François Flameng among the decorative painters; and it is equally strange to find no mention of Luc Olivier Merson. On the other hand, the Impressionists are treated of with great fulness. Still, on the whole, the authoress endeavours to approach each section with enthusiasm, and the introductions to the chapters on the Classics, the Romantics, the Realists, Idealists, and Impressionists, if read one quickly after the other, will correct the over-appreciation of each.

A. W.

* A History of French Art, 1100-1899: By Rose G. Kingsley, Officier de l'Instruction Publique: Longmans, 1899.

PEWTER: SOME OF ITS USES:
WRITTEN BY H. J. L. J.
MASSÉ.

THERE has always been a certain amount of laxity in the use of the words "tin" and "pewter." Bapst, in his invaluable work "*Études sur l'étain*," now out of print, writes of *estain pur* as quite distinct from *estain mort*, i.e., tin alloyed with lead. But, as absolutely pure tin is not a very practicable or workable metal, it requires something to be added to it to counteract its natural brittleness.

Étain is the ordinary French term for pewter, and by *potier d'étain* is meant our pewterer. The old French was *espeautre*, and Lacombe tells us that *peautre* was in use as early as 1220, though the word is now obsolete. In early ecclesiastical writings "stannum" (tin) or "stanneus" (made of tin) are in common use.

The Dutch equivalent is *speawter* or *peawter*, connected with our "spelter." The Italian is *stagno* or *peltro*, and the Spanish *peltre* or *estano*. The German is *zinn*, or *zinngiesserzinn*.

Fancy compositions called *zinn-stahl* are made into spoons and sent over here for kitchen use, but they seem to contain the minimum of tin with the maximum of lead, i.e., about equal parts, or 56:44, with traces of antimony to give the metal the requisite degree of hardness.

Pliny must have regarded the two metals tin and lead as very similar, for tin, according to him, is *plumbum candidum*, while lead is *plumbum nigrum*. The quick oxidation of lead was, per-

haps, taken as the differentiating sign of the commoner metal. Pliny, too, mentions *stannum*, but, according to Beckmann, this was an alloy of tin and lead, a very hard pewter. Much of the early pewter must have contained small quantities of silver, introduced together with the lead. This may account for the beautiful patina which exists on some specimens of early pewter.

Lead, again, especially that used in the earliest times, has, on analysis, been found to contain small quantities of tin, and it has been found that some early leaden fonts are, in reality, composed of pewter.

A corresponding laxity has prevailed in the alloying of tin to make pewter, and it is this fact, coupled, perhaps, with the introduction of china and of nickel and German silver goods, that caused the downfall of pewter.

Bapst gives an analysis of some pewter of the fourth century, as follows:—

Tin, '6958

Lead, '3042,

and states that it contained no copper or arsenic. This formula contains a very high percentage of lead, very much higher than would be allowed for domestic use in France at the present day. It is of about the same quality as plumber's solder, and slightly better than the tin, or rather pewter, foil used for wrapping up tea, chocolate and tobacco. The analysis also shows that the cheapening of tin by adding lead had been introduced at an early date.

Tin was known in Asia from very early times, and from thence the tin mentioned in Biblical and



THREE SPECIMENS OF GERMAN PEWTER FROM
THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Homeric times was undoubtedly derived. Later on in the world's history, the Phœnicians, those indefatigable voyagers, discovered the tin-mines in



PEWTER SPOON (TEMP. ELIZABETH).

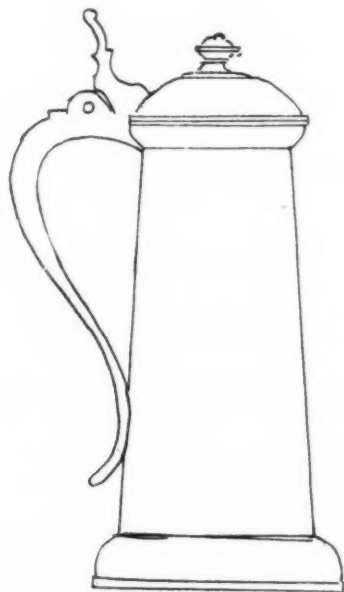
S.W. Britain and in S.W. Spain, and from that day to this the production of tin in England has gone on steadily.

At first tin was used with copper to form bronze, but seems soon to have been used alone as a substitute for other metals in the household, from the fact that tin vessels, unlike those of iron or copper, gave no appreciable taste to the viands cooked in them. Tinned utensils too, were used in early times.

Tin, as we know, was used at an early date for coinage, and specimens are extant of coins from Burmah, Siam, China, and also from Sicily.

Pewter or tin was used in classical times, as reference is made to it by Plautus, by Suetonius, and also by Vitellius.

Tin, more or less pure, has been found in the lake dwellings of Switzerland, and in a curious form, viz., as an inlay in pottery of a rude kind. This



CHURCH PLATE, ENFORD, WILTSHIRE.

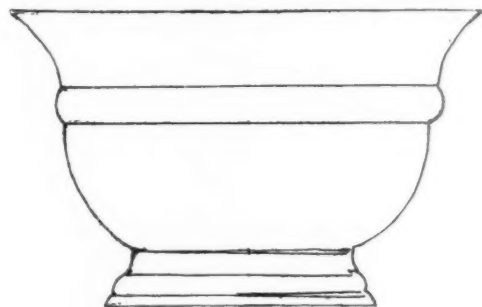
shows that it was looked upon then more as a precious—than as a common, everyday—metal.

When tin became more general in Europe, owing

to the increased production from Britain, it was used largely by goldsmiths in Greece and Italy.

The Romans later on seem to have used pewter, getting their tin from Cornwall both through Gaul overland and by ship. The Roman legions in England left many specimens of official seals, round, oval, and rectangular, in their station at Brough in Westmoreland. These seals were in great request thirty years ago by the local tinkers, who found that the metal made excellent solder. Similar seals, probably of lead, have been found on the outer wrappings of mummy cases.

Buttons, brooches, spinning whorls, and children's toys, undoubtedly of Roman manufacture, have been dug up at different times in England and on the Continent. In some cases they seem to have been actually the possessions of the person with



BAPTISM CUP (1680), CLAY-BROOKE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

whom they were buried; in the greater number of cases they seem, from their make, to have been mere counterfeit presentments of the things used by the deceased during life.

English pewter of the best quality consisted in early times of tin with the addition of as much brass as the tin could take up. This quality of pewter was termed "finite," and of it were made almost everything that was made in pewter, *i.e.* esuelles (*écuelles*), salt cellars, platters, chargers, square pitchers, square cruets, chrismatories, and other things that were made square, ribbed or fluted.

The second quality consisted of tin and lead in the proportion of 112 : 26 or, roughly speaking, about 4 : 1. This, being a softer alloy, was used for articles of a round shape such as pots, small bowls, cruets, and candlesticks.

Curiously enough pewter made of tin and lead in this proportion of 4 : 1 is found to be the same as that employed by the Japanese in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and is the proportion used for spoons and candlesticks in France at the present day.

The finest quality of more modern English pewter, known as *plate-metal*, and used as its



PEWTER MEASURE (ENGLISH WORK, 18TH CENTURY), WITH IMPRESS OF YEARLY GOVERNMENT STAMPS, IN THE POSSESSION OF E. P. WARREN, ESQ.

name implies, for plates and dishes, was composed of 112 parts of tin, alloyed with 6 or 7 parts of regulus of antimony. It has been found that the antimony becomes so intimately amalgamated with the tin that there is no danger from the health point of view. Another kind known as tin and temper contains tin and copper only, and is strictly not a pewter at all.

Another alloy given by Wallerius contains tin 12 parts to 1 of antimony, with the addition of $\frac{1}{8}$ th part of copper. This is of course akin to the alloy known as Britannia metal.

It is customary for many to sneer at Britannia metal, but it should be remembered that it is the nearest approach to the best plate pewter of bygone times, for it contains no lead.

A second quality of pewter called *trifle* is that used for the public-house pewter pots. This is tin alloyed with lead. Inferior pewter, containing as much as 40 per cent. of lead, is sometimes used for tankards and inkstands, and is known as *black metal*. The third or lowest quality contains more lead still, and is known as *ley-metal*. This is used for large wine measures, ice-moulds, etc. Pewter, according to Pemberton, consisted of tin 9 parts, and antimony 1 part, and articles made of this alloy are capable of standing severe wear and tear, without losing their shape.

English pewter seems to have always had a good name for quality. This was due to the rules under which the workmen were bound down. No outsiders, unless they had been properly apprenticed, or were lawful workmen, were allowed to

meddle with the pewter trade. No counterfeit or base pewter was allowed to be made, and in the fifteenth century, chargers, platters, dishes, saucers and bowls had to be of a specified weight. Another salutary rule after 1504 was that pewter had to be marked by the makers as a guarantee of their work. Foreign competition, which had been the cause of the introduction of base metal, was stopped by Henry VIII., who, by Act of Parliament, ordered foreign pewter to be confiscated, and made it illegal for any foreigner to act as master, journeyman, or apprentice in England. By the same Act, English pewterers were forbidden to work at their craft elsewhere than in England under penalty of losing the privilege of being Englishmen.

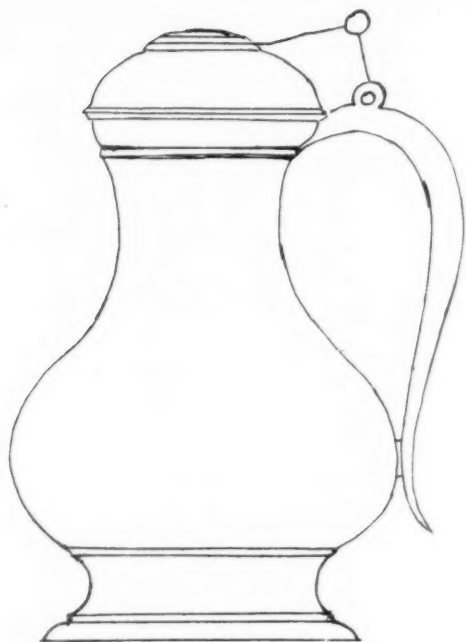
Workshops where pewter was made were inspected five times per annum, and sellers of defective ware, or ware of unstamped and of inferior metal were fined.

The chief users of pewter for a long time were the ecclesiastical authorities, both for use in their churches and in their religious foundations. Pewter took its place side by side with gold and silver, as being a metal suitable for the making of chalices, patens, and other vessels. Early chalices were made of wood, horn, marble, glass, copper, and lead; but wood and marble dropped out of use, as they were too porous; marble, like glass, was too fragile, while bronze, copper, and lead were found to affect the wine injuriously.

Pewter chalices have been found as early as the



PEWTER VESSEL (GERMAN WORK, 17TH CENTURY) IN THE POSSESSION OF E. P. WARREN, ESQ.



LUBENHAM, LEICESTER,
CHURCH PLATE (1635.)

seventh or eighth century, and seem to have been decorated with gilding, in fact it was an understood thing that the inside of the sacramental vessels should be so treated.

The use of pewter for chalices was not general, and was allowed, exceptionally, in cases of poverty. In England and Italy pewter chalices were expressly forbidden, but were nevertheless used occasionally. The bowl of the chalice was gilt as a rule.

Chalices or crosses of pewter were buried with ecclesiastics from a very early date to show the rank of the deceased. Abbots and Bishops were buried with a crozier, usually of gold, and priests with a chalice. St. Birin, Bishop of Dorchester, who died in the seventh century, was buried with a crozier and chalice of pewter, as was proved when the tomb was opened in 1224. These pewter objects seem to have been made for interment purposes only and not for actual church use.

Chalices have been found in graves at Chichester, Cheam, in Gloucester Cathedral, and in other places.

The custom seems to have continued general until the fourteenth century, rarely later.

Heart-cases have been found at Rouen, and also at Holbrook, in Suffolk, and they seem to have been made of pewter.

In the time of the first two Crusades, spoons of a rude shape and porringers of a kind of pewter seem to have been in use.

Crosses, of the shape known as Maltese, have

been found in twelfth century tombs. They seem to have been inscribed with a prayer of absolution (scratched on the metal with a stylus) and placed under the crossed hands of the deceased before burial.

Pewter cruets or flagons for holding the wine and the water, have been found as early as the time of Charlemagne, but they did not become common before the middle of the fourteenth century.

Bowls or lavabos for the chalices and cruets, candlesticks, chrismatories, stoups, fonts and font-linings, wafer-boxes, incense-containers, monstrances, pyxes, not to forget organ pipes, were also made in pewter, but these latter were more in use on the continent than in our own country.

Church plate of pewter does not seem to have been very common in England. As early as 1075 Bishops, by the Council of Westminster, were forbidden to consecrate it for church use. The same prohibition had been made in Rouen in the previous year. At the dissolution of the monasteries very little pewter or "tynne" seems to have been confiscated, and what little there was seems to have been domestic rather than ecclesiastic in character. From the returns made in the reign of Edward VI. cruets or flagons seem to have been more in use than chalices or patens.

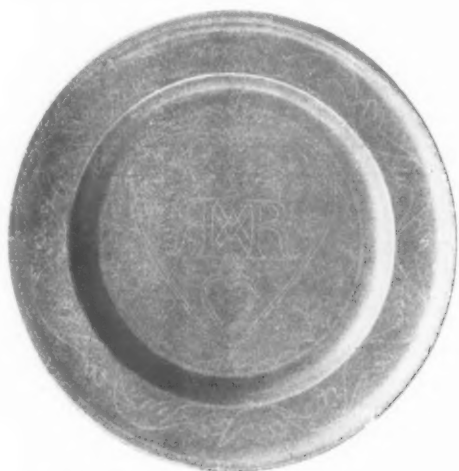
When church plate was collected and confiscated by Henry VIII. and Edward VI., pewter began to come into use again, and by the end of Elizabeth's reign it was by Canon law allowed for Communion use if no purer metal were available. Much of the pewter made in the next century and a half remains



GERMAN TANKARD FROM SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

to this day, some of it is still in use. Much of it, too, has been appropriated by parish clerks and by collectors, and in some few cases the old pewter flagons, paten, and almsdish have been melted down and used as a lining for the font. As the Bishop of Carlisle said, in 1880: "There is much of historic interest attaching to these pewter vessels, and they deserve a place in the treasury of the church to which they belong."

Tokens or badges, especially those worn by pilgrims, were made in pewter or in lead. Specimens still survive of palmers' shells that have been



ALMS DISH, 18TH CENTURY:
FLEMISH WORK.

buried with deceased pilgrims, and of pilgrim badges—notably those bearing the inscription "CAPUT THOMÆ," *i.e.*, tokens commemorating Thomas à Beckett, the Martyr of Canterbury.

These badges were worn by pilgrims in the twelfth century. As Chaucer says of the Canterbury pilgrims, they "set their signys upon their hedes, and some oppon theyr capp."

A common badge in N. France was that of St. Denis, and in the South St. Nicholas. Later, St. Michel replaced St. Denis. But in different localities badges of various patron saints are found.

These badges seem to have been made by casting in moulds, and were then mounted as brooches or buckles, or merely as hanging ornaments.

Akin to these badges are the Communion tokens used by the Calvinists in 1560, and adopted by the Presbyterians. They were made of lead as a rule, and bore initial letters of the minister and of the place. Some



PEWTER BEAKER: FLEMISH WORK:
DELICATELY TOOLED: IN THE POSSESSION OF E. P. WARREN, ESQ.

of them were certainly cast in pewter. When a new set was required the old ones were collected and sent to the pewterer, who seems to have charged very little for the re-casting, and very little for the new metal.

With the late thirteenth century pewter salt-cellars (with covers), plates, and porringers, began to be used, but did not for some time supersede wooden plates and trenchers, being used side by side with them.

In a pipe-roll of Edward I., we read that leaden, or more likely pewter vessels, were used to cook the boiled meats for the feast, given to celebrate



TWO PEWTER STANDARD MEASURES, QUART AND PINT, 17TH CENTURY, IN THE POSSESSION OF E. GUY DAWBER, ESQ., AND BEATEN WORK CUPPING-BOWL: ALL ENGLISH WORK.



PEWTER DISH, TOOLED AND STAMPED,
WITH PORTRAIT OF ISABELLA OF THE
NETHERLANDS. EARLY 17TH CENTURY.

that king's coronation. Edward I., by the year 1290 had over 300 pieces of pewter plate in his possession.

Drinking vessels corresponding to our quart and pint tankards were also in use, and they formed, as now, convenient weapons for brawlers. The celebrated salt-cellar in the Cluny Museum belongs to this period.

In the fourteenth century, pewter was generally used by the nobility and gentry, both in England and on the continent, and it seems from one writer (Jean de Jeaudun) that the French pewter had more style about it than that made in England. Mention of everything that could be made in pewter is found in inventories of the time, viz., porringers, flagons, cans, cups and tankards (with or without covers), plates, dishes and almsdishes, cruets, decanters and candlesticks.

Whole services of pewter plate were to be found in some houses, and those who could not afford to buy such wares were able to hire dishes, etc., by the dozen, for a term of weeks, *e.g.*, to cover the Christmas season, or by the year.

Pewter began to come into use in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but its high price prevented it from being generally used by the lower classes. Harrison, writing in 1580, says "In some places beyond the sea a garnish* of good flat pewter of an ordinary making is esteemed almost as precious as the like manner of vessels that are made of fine silver, and his manner no less desired among the great estates, whose workmen are nothing so skilful in that trade as ours."

* A garnish consists of 12 platters, 12 dishes, 12 saucers. Such garnishes are still to be found in the Cotswolds and in Derbyshire.

The fifteenth century found pewter in more general use by the gentry as well as by princes and nobles. It was also beginning to be used by the middle classes and to displace the use of treen or wooden utensils.

The tendency to have show-pieces of pewter began to show itself towards the end of the century, and the display of such pieces was common in the next century. This tendency was due to the fact mentioned by Havard that pewter was *l'argenterie bourgeoise*.

Pewter inlays were used by furniture makers in the fifteenth century, much in the same way that buhl-work was done at a later date, and appliqué-work in pewter, often partly gilt, was used to decorate caskets and coffrets. Specimens of this work are, however, rare—one existing in France—it is described in the *Catalogue Raisonné* of Monsieur Darcel—one is in Belgium, and one in Nuremberg. In Germany, wooden tankards bound round with pewter and ornamented with *appliqué* scroll-work, or sometimes with inlaid pewter were in use. These tankards were pitched inside, and were called Pechkrüge in consequence.

Another variety of pewter vessel was the cymarre or cymaise, which was in use for presentation purposes. Kings or princes on approaching a city, were offered wine as a rule—much in the same way as bouquets of flowers are offered



PEWTER BY BRIOT: FROM THE
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM
COLLECTION.

nowadays—and as the custom was that the vessels were not returned, being appropriated by the prince's followers, pewter was the metal chosen for these presentation vessels. They are found from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, and specimens are to be seen in most of the museums of N. France and Belgium.

Similar vessels were offered as prizes to be competed for at shooting matches, and both victors and vanquished seem to have been rewarded with pewters which bore the arms of the town, and a gun or bow and arrow chased upon them. Pewter pots and tankards are still rowed for at Oxford and Cambridge.

With the exception of these cymaises, very little pewter of this date has come down to our time.

By the end of the fifteenth century the use of pewter was very widespread. Michael Ducas, who saw the capture of Constantinople in 1453, wrote: "Three days after the taking of Constantinople the vessels of the Turks set sail. . . . They were so heavily laden that they nearly sank, being laden with rich clothes, vases of gold, silver, copper, and tin."

Pewter was used by goldsmiths for making proofs of their cast work, to be submitted to their patrons. These proofs were in some cases preserved for the workman's future reference. Cellini used metals of varying compositions in this way, but certainly used pewter for obtaining first impressions of his coins and medals.

In the sixteenth century pewter may be said to have been in universal use. It was so in the households of the Duke of Burgundy, of our own



PEWTER DISH: FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Archbishops of Canterbury, and other nobles. It was in use among the middle classes on the Continent, as we know from inventories (quoted by Havard) and it was in use over here, in many cases being ornamented with gilding, especially in the case of spoons.

In the "Menagier de Paris" (sixteenth century) we read that the bourgeois class were obliged to be satisfied with pewter on their dressers and sideboards, while their betters displayed their gold and silver. The bourgeois consoled themselves by calling their pewter "à façon d'argent," a consolation for which, no doubt, they had to pay.

The craze for "nouveauautés de Paris" led people to pay fancy prices for their pewter, as the following extract will show:—"L'après disnée nous fusmes nous promener à pied, et, en passant devant la maison de cet homme qui a treuvé le secret de raffiner si bien l'estain qu'il puisse resister au feu autant de temps que l'argent et les autres métaux les plus difficiles à fondre, nous y entrasmes et treuvasmes que c'est une merveille de voir que dans un plat de son estain il en fait fondre un d'argent. Voilà un beau secret découvert, et qui faict desjà que les personnes de condition se servent de sa vaisselle, qui couste moins et faict le mesme effet que celle d'argent, estant aussi belle, aussi légère et d'autant d'esclat. Il les vend cent sols le livre, quand ce sont des pièces où il y a peu de façon: celles qui en ont beaucoup, il les vend plus cher."—(Journal d'un Voyage à Paris, 1657).

Pewter and lead were used from the time of Elizabeth up to the reign of Charles II. for tokens issued to tradesmen in various towns in England.

Pewter in some form—probably a very pure hard alloy—was used for coins in the East, but it was reserved for James II. when campaigning in Ireland, to coin crowns and half-crowns in pewter.



PEWTER BY BRIOT: FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM COLLECTION.

The pewter was obtained from the households of the Protestants, and the coins were inscribed "MELIORIS TESSERA FATI." When such coinage was current it is not to be wondered that "people absconded for fear of being paid their debts."

Though earthenware and china began to be generally used in the seventeenth century, pewter was able to hold its own up to the middle of the eighteenth century, at any rate, in the kitchen department of houses of any size and repute, and in the houses of the middle-class.

When Louis XIV. compelled his nobility to part with their silver plate, they were not at all anxious to revert to their pewter, even though it was possibly "*de belle façon*," and they seem to have gone to the absurd length of adorning it with lacquers and paint. We read, too, that gilding, previously restricted to the decoration of church pewter, was allowed to be applied to it.

In spite of Louis and his appointment of a Royal Pewterer, the use of pewter by the nobility in France began to decline. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, though the decline of pewter became rapid, owing to the increase in the use of china and earthenware, yet many beautiful specimens still survive to show us what could be done with pewter. Some of the church and domestic plate is superbly beautiful, the beauty consisting partly in the simplicity of the lines of the ware, partly in the charming colour of the metal. Some, again, is inexpressibly vile and commonplace, and an insult to the metal of which it is made. The same may be said of English pewter of the same date.

Nothing has been said—in reality, nothing could be said—of the average pewter-work of this century. It was scheduled in the report of the exhibition of 1851 as a nearly extinct art; but it is not quite extinct, for it lingers on, chiefly in the hands of the contractors who furnish the bars of our public-houses and restaurants, and in the hands of the makers of children's toys. Occasionally, pewter has been tried as a material for inlaying in furniture, and it has been tried as a ground in which other metal, chiefly copper, has been inlaid. Such attempts to revive the use of pewter have been at the best spasmodic and have met with very scanty support. In France pewter-work in slavish imitation of the work done by Briot has been done, but the attempt has not led to very much in the way of any practical result.

No attempt has here been made to touch upon the men who worked in pewter, the rules and regulations under which they lived and worked, the marks they put upon their work. This latter subject opens up a vast untrodden field of research.

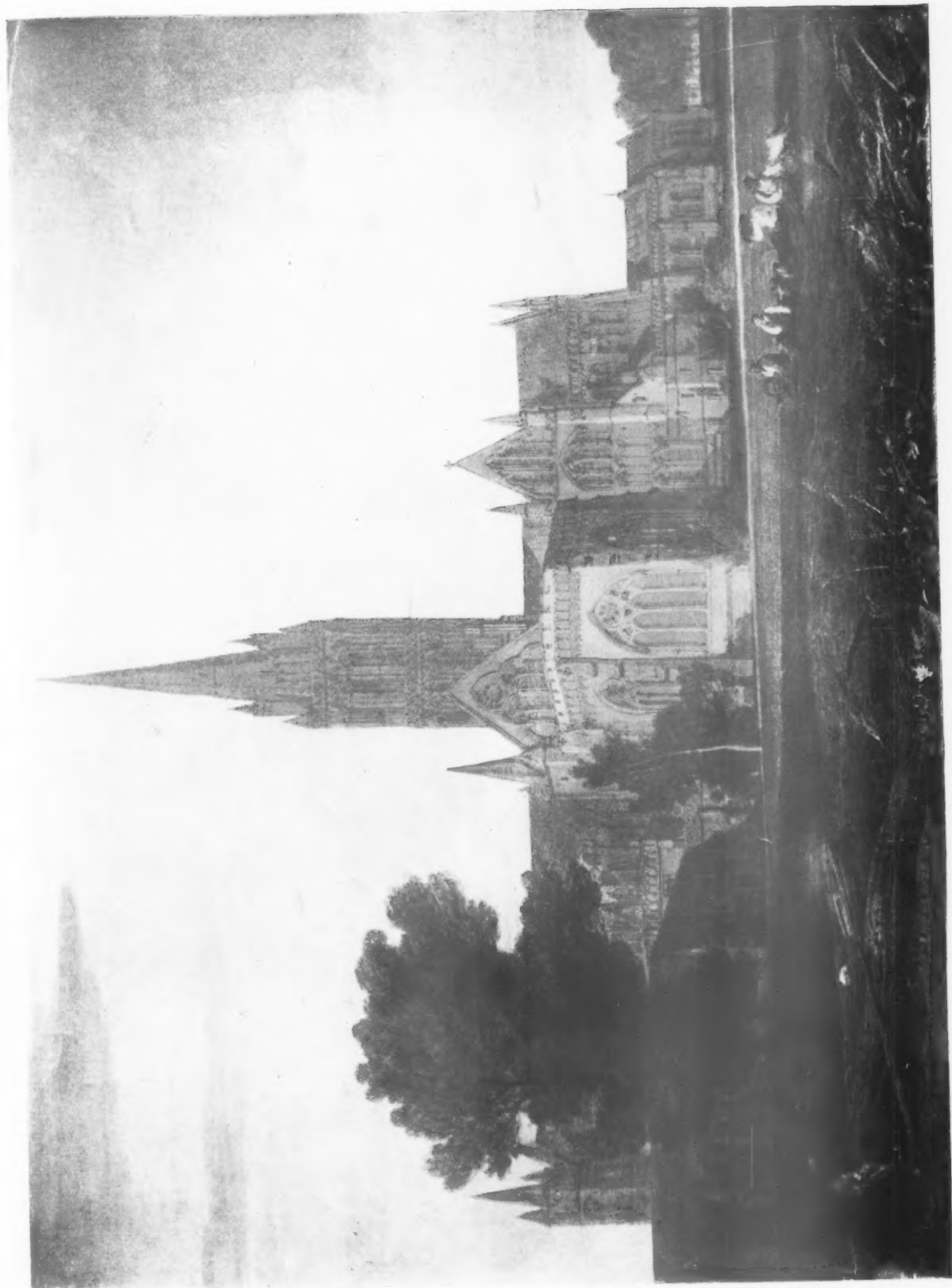
NOTE.—It is proposed to treat of the men who worked in pewter in a subsequent article.—ED.

WORDS FOR BUILDINGS: BY BULKELEY CRESWELL: I.— SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

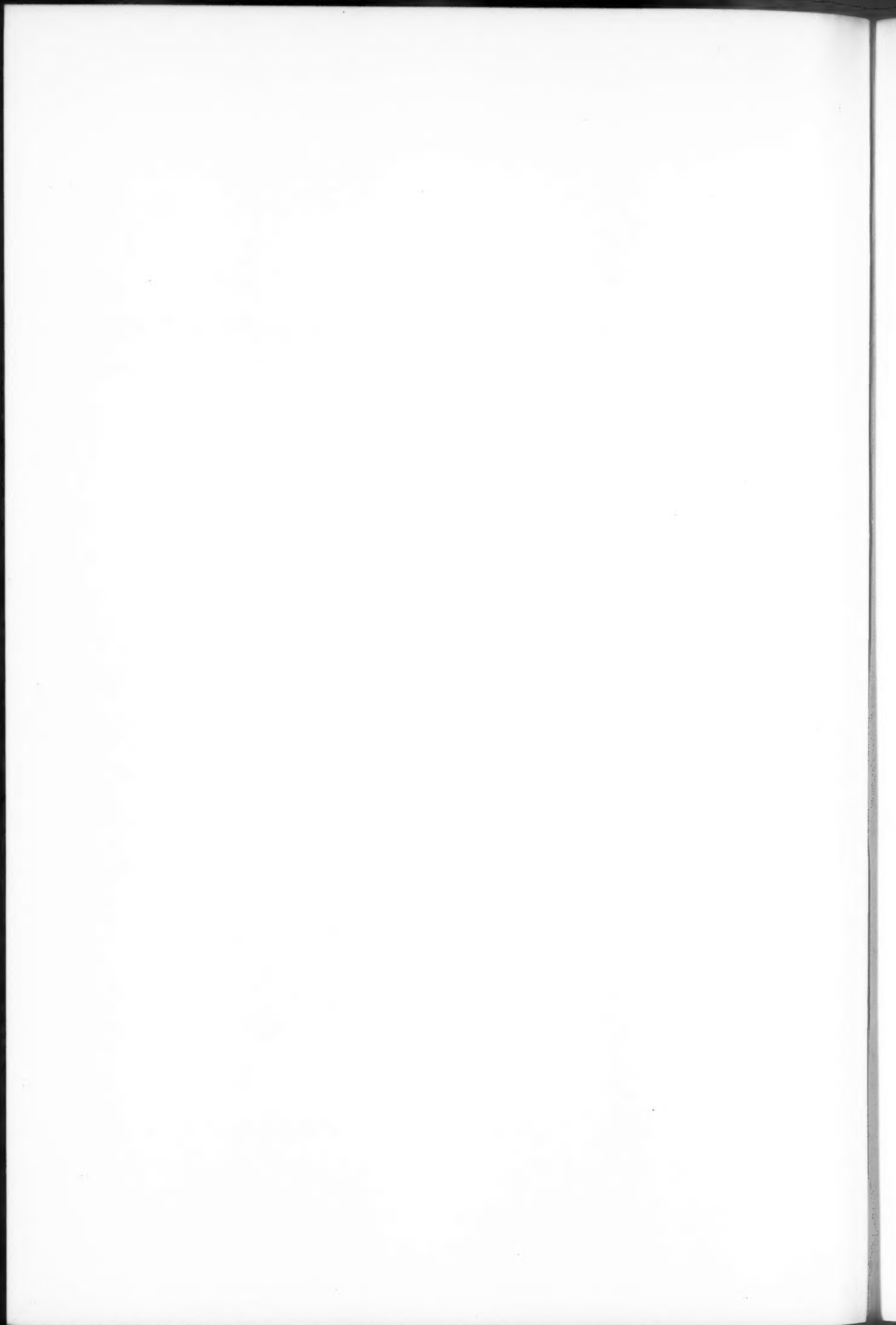
It points upward! The whole fabric is knit and bound in that one purpose. These grey-bleached, time-scarred walls and buttresses spread forth to all points—north, south, east, and west—upon the sward of the cathedral-close, to find a strong foundation, and grip the earth sturdily, to this end. Choir, transepts, nave, and aisles, are all essential elements in this intent, and, like the roots of the forest giant, converge to one grand motive, where at the crossing, as though from the very heart of the building, the tower shoots aloft in lines of strength and delicacy bearing high the rich-tapered spire whose finial stone overtops all others in the land. All lines lead to the spire: all parts emphasise its perfection. Wherever the admiring eye may rest it must follow, step by step, the seductive sequence of gradations that will lead it to a perfected gratification only in this central motive. Choir, transepts, nave and aisles, are all knit and bound in that great purpose. They point upward. Let but one of these parts be sundered from the whole, and the lack of it will bring the entire fabric with its crowding perfections, and its thousand mystic appeals upon the sympathies of man, crashing in a chaos of splintered stones and rolling dust clouds.

Salisbury Cathedral is unrivalled save by the great elm trees which stand respectfully apart like sentinels about its precincts, and eulogise its magnificence by the majesty which attends about their own upstanding giant boles and wide-spread foliage. From a recognition of the splendour of these forest trees, the eye traverses for fifty yards a smooth fresh lawn to the base of the towering cathedral; and the beauty of the satellite elms is a perennial encomium on the grander eloquence of the solitary cathedral, even as the feathery water-grasses may be a foil, and a setting, to the silver birch upon the bank above them. Thus the trees, huge and ancient, constitute a measure and a gauge of the building. The rugged rain-washed plinths spring direct from among the fragile spires of the close-mown grass, as a battered trophy of the imperishable, inimitable past, might be set upon a satin cushion, and its least assuming parapet stands high above the loftiest up-thrust plume of the aged trees, which have looked upon its grey stones as wind-swayed saplings, and are destined one day to lie prone beneath its inexorable walls.

Immediately beyond the ranks of the sentinel elms there runs, as though to frame the picture, a low heavy-coped boundary wall; which encloses the green in a broken undulating line of rude



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: FROM THE
PAINTING IN THE BIRMINGHAM ART
GALLERY.



masonry where moss and lichens cluster thickly in the moist summer shadows of the trees; and beyond this again, falling back from an informal roadway, are ranged the frank unassuming frontages of the simple square houses of the close. These, upon whose tiled roofs the stress and storm of a century has beaten, are yet but children in this age-hallowed spot. They look out upon the softened contour and mellowed tints of the grey cathedral-pile from a distance, as though conscious of the mystic air of reverence which lies about its portals, and is reflected from its lichened, time-withered walls. The murmur of the little town without the limits of the close, barely reaches them; its traffic rarely trespasses upon their silence; and the windows look forth upon the cathedral in a breathless pause.

For its mystic lesson is ever before them. It points upward. Day and night, through the changing seasons, while the decades merge in the centuries, and nations rise and decay, steadfast and unfaltering it is yielding forth its message and reiterating with obdurate insistence its mystic significance for the hearts of mankind.

Three brimming silent rivers with their hurrying tributaries run close about it through the level meadow-land. Four feet below the paving of its aisles the still water lies, rising and waning in sympathy with flood or drought; high overhead the firm curd-like clouds that Constable found only here to paint, race across from their genesis above the rolling plain of Stonehenge, and from village and homestead, upon the wide sweeping wolds that rise into the distance on all sides, men look forth on the pathetic symbol, conspicuous from far and near in the sweeping valley below: glowing gold at sunset, rosy at dawn, or shining radiant white at noontide in a beam of sunlight striking upon the dark rain-shadowed landscape. And to all, cold hearts or warm, alike to the careless and the thoughtful, it sends its message across the turmoil and stress of life as a lighthouse sheds its impartial ray over the rocking murmuring sea.

For the fleeting enthusiasms of an inimitable past are in these stones perpetuated in adamant. The burning devotion that bound our forefathers in brotherhood is here crystalline for ever. The cathedral is a full-voiced harmony of ineffable pathos, recording one pure impulse of human self-abnegation and forgetfulness, mid the turmoil and stress of our mortal existence. And it can awake in the pulse of the living a sympathetic vibration with those other hearts, our fathers', that have lain trampled dust upon the fields through centuries of history. Here, crowned and perfected by the unimaginable sanctity of Time, complete and unbroken, is a memorial to purity and sincerity of motive, which none can create, none simulate,

none interpret or translate. Like a perfect thing—a leaf, a shell, a feather—it is inimitable. The universe cannot produce its counterpart.

And in this it reaches towards the highest prerogative of these perfect things. It is not in the image of anything divinely created, yet, sanctified by time, it points upwards. For where is the regenerate man—nay, merely the natural being, the creature of the hillside, the son of the soil, the simple peasant labourer stained from the fields—or where, indeed, he of a pure untainted humanity, disaffected of the sophistries of cities and of civilization, who, alone, beneath the patient stars waiting above him in the dome of night, or among the silent hilltops fading into the purple distance, or knee-deep among the flowers and insects in the sun-flecked woodlands, or *here* beside the pile of cherished stones, dare yield his mind to profane or degrading thought, or base worldliness, or usurpation by his lower passions. Here, in the little town, the winding of the streets and the intersecting of the broader ways of prosperity with the scant lanes and alleys, reveal the grey towering cathedral to the passer-by in fleeting pictures, or by partial imperfect glances, but always very real, and very near at hand; and the tapering symbol knocks, knocks, knocks at the insensibility of the worldling, and awakens unconscious response of sympathy in the heart of the wholesome man as he hurries upon his affairs.

There has been a sheep fair in Salisbury. Across the narrow bridges the bleating flocks crowd and press before the weary trudging herd, and the dust rises white above the broad ochre-stained backs, and lies in wonderful fretted patterns where the small cloven hoofs have passed. Autumn has begun to stain the outermost fringes of the trees, but the round firm clouds sail above in the warm air, and the straight wide roads that the Romans have laid through all this country-side stand out white, save where the hurrying cloud-shadows fall athwart them. Far away and near, as evening draws on, can be seen, clear or faint, upon the hillside, the yellow crawling spot, and the drover, and the dancing black speck of his dog. At the wayside inns the sweating men and beasts pause to refresh themselves in kind, and twilight falls. Shadows darken about the pale Cathedral pile far down in the valley. Some of the farmers have sold high, others have bought low: it has been a market in ten years. Amid the vital concerns of the country-side, the Cathedral remains unconcerned; abundance, famine, peace and war—upon all it has looked forth steadfast and obdurate in its purpose. It darkens, and the last life of the busy day threads outward upon innumerable roads to village and homestead. The gates of farm and penfold close upon the flocks,

and the flickering firelight cries welcome in the windows. A heavy shadow moves swiftly upward from the plinth to parapet of the Cathedral, and the last sloping light of day colours the spire red and orange for some fleeting minutes before darkness deepens upon all, and the stars become visible. The Cathedral is become a grey spectral shadow, eloquent against the night. The lights vanish from the windows of the close, one by one. The clouds have cleared from the sky. The stars shine pale, and the air is still. The silence is breathless, and tempts expectation. The minutes pause. Then suddenly the finial stone of the spire shines white, and by degrees the whole glows with a light like that reflected from burnished silver. It is the moon rising. Her first rays have glorified the Cathedral, even as the sun's lingered last upon it. Gradually the green lawns become a livid grey barred with black shadows, and the Cathedral stands in glory, robed in white, alone, and unobserved.

At length the rustling dawn of two hundred thousand morns steals and usurps the silver mantle with its own rose-pink.

So morning follows night while the tale is still to run, and the eight hundred years that have passed over the cathedral shall be a thousand and yet tread on upon each other's heels. Each winter the black frost shall come in the moonlight and wither and crumble the protecting lichen fronds, and lift an infinitesimal scale of limestone from the edifice as their powder mingles with the thawing snows. This is the acknowledgment of Time by which he yearly blesses the Cathedral with a more perfect grace. The white lawns are marked with many black points where the feet of priest and congregation have pressed them. Silently they come and go, and the winter nights bring tempest or calm, and its days, brief sunlight or grey cloud, till the spring fills the spreading lichens with new life and all nature decks herself for the summer. But the

Cathedral is alone and apart from these things, as are the stars. Its whole fabric is knit and bound in one great purpose. It points upward.

A THENIAN BAS-RELIEFS.

IT is generally known, I suppose, that the representatives of the British Government are allowed by the Greeks to unearth what they can on condition that whatever may be discovered is placed in the National Museum at Athens, so there is happily no longer a chance of such a wholesale deportation of treasure as took place in Lord Elgin's time. The excavations at Olympia which led *inter alia* to the discovery of the Praxitelean Hermes, were conducted on this condition, and it is to the honour of this country that Greece has recovered so much. The loss to ourselves is but trifling, for travel costs little and casts are so good that nothing but greed could account for a nation desiring to have what rightly belongs to another. The country in question is rich in little but sculpture, depending entirely almost on the tourist, and had it not been for this provision she might, by reason of his desertion, have been appallingly poor by this time. It appears that on the site and amongst the remains of the theatre,



BAS-RELIEF UNEARTHED AT OLYMPIA.

some bas-reliefs, of which one is shown, were discovered some time ago. Perhaps of earlier date than the structure itself, they are comparable in point of style with "a very beautiful series of figures in floating and transparent drapery, of which the earliest are to be seen in the winged Victories of the balustrade of the temple of wingless Victory.

The two reliefs from the theatre may very probably date from the fourth century, and form an interesting link between the early examples and the constant and rather mechanical repetition of similar figures in the Neo Attic reliefs." I am

indebted for this information to Professor Ernest Gardner, late director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, and, indeed, for as much as I know of the matter. It is only because the figures are beautiful and should be much better known than they are that I have directed attention to them.

E. R.

JOHN BELCHER AND MERVYN E. MACARTNEY'S "LATER RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND": PART V.*

THIS part carries on, at the same level, the steady sermon that these later Renaissance stones seem to preach—the sermon that Browning discovered in the "Toccata of Galuppi's."

"Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings;
What, they lived once thus at Venice, where the merchants were the kings,—
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?
Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned."

These buildings strike no deep note—touch home no strong passion—they are not the bones and flesh of a people, but its clothes. Beautifully made, beautifully fine, clothes. No matter what the owner's habits or idiosyncrasies might be, it was incumbent on him to be well tailored, and to see that his clothes were kept in faultless order. And this love of order and excellence of finish persists, whilst the finery gets thinner, more conscious of itself, and consequently more sparing, till at last the house and coat reach the retiring simplicity of Harley Street and the vestures of to-day. Take Houghton as a good example. Look at the detail of the dining-room, think of the house, the pictures, and then of Sir Robert. The real things of life to him were—unquestioned mastery in the House of Commons, hunting, and the pleasures of the table. The spirit of the age required more from a man of any eminence. For all the grossness of his tastes and conversation, he had learning sufficient to quell an objector in the House with a quotation from the classics, not the Latin grammar merely; he had a reverence for the reigning house that seems to us almost servile, he could not afford to disregard his dress or his belongings. And on such terms was Houghton built. It seems odd to couple the name of Sir Robert Walpole and Mrs. Grundy, and indeed, he would have explained (could you have made him understand what was meant by the con-

junction) that his conformity to her ordinances was merely in outward non-essentials, such as he felt his mansion and clothes to be. His stables, if they still exist, are probably much more real affairs. But as one turns over these beautiful illustrations of beautiful things, the burden of Mrs. Grundy begins to rise on one. So much has been done out of respect to other people's opinions, out of respect to a culture that we do not really possess, to testify to emotions that we do not feel, and this unreality corrodes the fancy and benumbs the detail. Look at the Pembroke College organ case as an example of this dry rot of the emotions. There is no sparing of labour there, the laboriousness is oppressive, but there is nothing hearty in this drudgery; it is patient, ignorant, tired work, so far as the joinery is concerned, and the pair of yelling cherubs jammed underneath the central tower of organ pipes make an apt index of the want of any heart in the carver. There are, still, fine qualities of breadth and proportion in the design—tradition was still even then a saving force—but humour is gone: one is almost within sound of the rustle of Mrs. Grundy's skirts, and the fear of her frown is upon us.

And the fate of these efforts to produce fine examples of "pure art" is very pitiable. Look at the garden front of Melton Constable, defaced by its ghastly unbridged spaces of plate glass in the window sashes, and the indecent frills of the sun-blind petticoats. Look at the improper ventilator serving as finial to the central portion of Somerset House; think of the readiness there is to accuse a chimney-flue of bad draught, to clap upon it some tin-pot abomination, and then to leave the patent miracle there, after proof of its incapacity to achieve the wonders claimed for it by its inventor. If there were any real care for these buildings, such outrages would be felt as outrages, and, lest there should be any need of the repetition of the offence, something would be done to obviate the cause. It may not be always possible to construct a flue that at the outset shan't smoke, but it is a pretty safe statement to make that the various tall-boys, etc., that we see on the chimney-stacks are not methods of cure, but images of despair, and the stacks would work better without them.

We hear, loud and often, professions of admiration of the beauty of architecture, professions apparently passionate and sincere. Are chimney cans beautiful? Or do they add to the beauty of the house? So far as that shaping of the flue is needed it can be done better and more permanently in brick or stone. If they aren't beautiful or ornaments to the house, why are they allowed to remain? Because it would take a few shillings to remove them, and the nervous appreciation of beauty can better bear the eyesore than the pocket

* "Later Renaissance Architecture in England," by John Belcher and Mervyn E. Macartney. London: B. T. Batsford.

can the expense. But the art of architecture, which is really the Art of Building, has been created into a separate quantity by the *dilettanti* and amateurs who call themselves architects, and one of the many signs of the divorce of architecture from building is the incapability to build so as to suit modern requirements.

These houses are worth more reverent care than they get; they want more sympathetic knowing, more humouring. They represent qualities that we English greatly pride ourselves on—their essential honesty of construction, their restraint from all that is irregular or incalculable, their fear of parade, their sense of balance and order, their direct common sense—all these virtues they have. The Moot House at Downton is a perfect example of these qualities, and so far it has been preserved unharmed. Surely so much is due to our forefather's work! For near 200 years that house has held human hopes and human fears; in its garden have been spent the mornings and afternoons of life; trim, four-square, and calm, it gazes benignantly into the open weather, and, untroubled, offers peace and shelter to its inmate. To many these qualities make no appeal—the house is merely “dull” and “ugly.” Be it so. Build then another, lively and beautiful, elsewhere, but leave this one unspoilt. In its way the founding of this house was a work of piety. There was pride maybe, but not over much, and above all there was integrity.

“Dust and ashes!” so you creak it, and I want the heart to scold,

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold,

Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.”

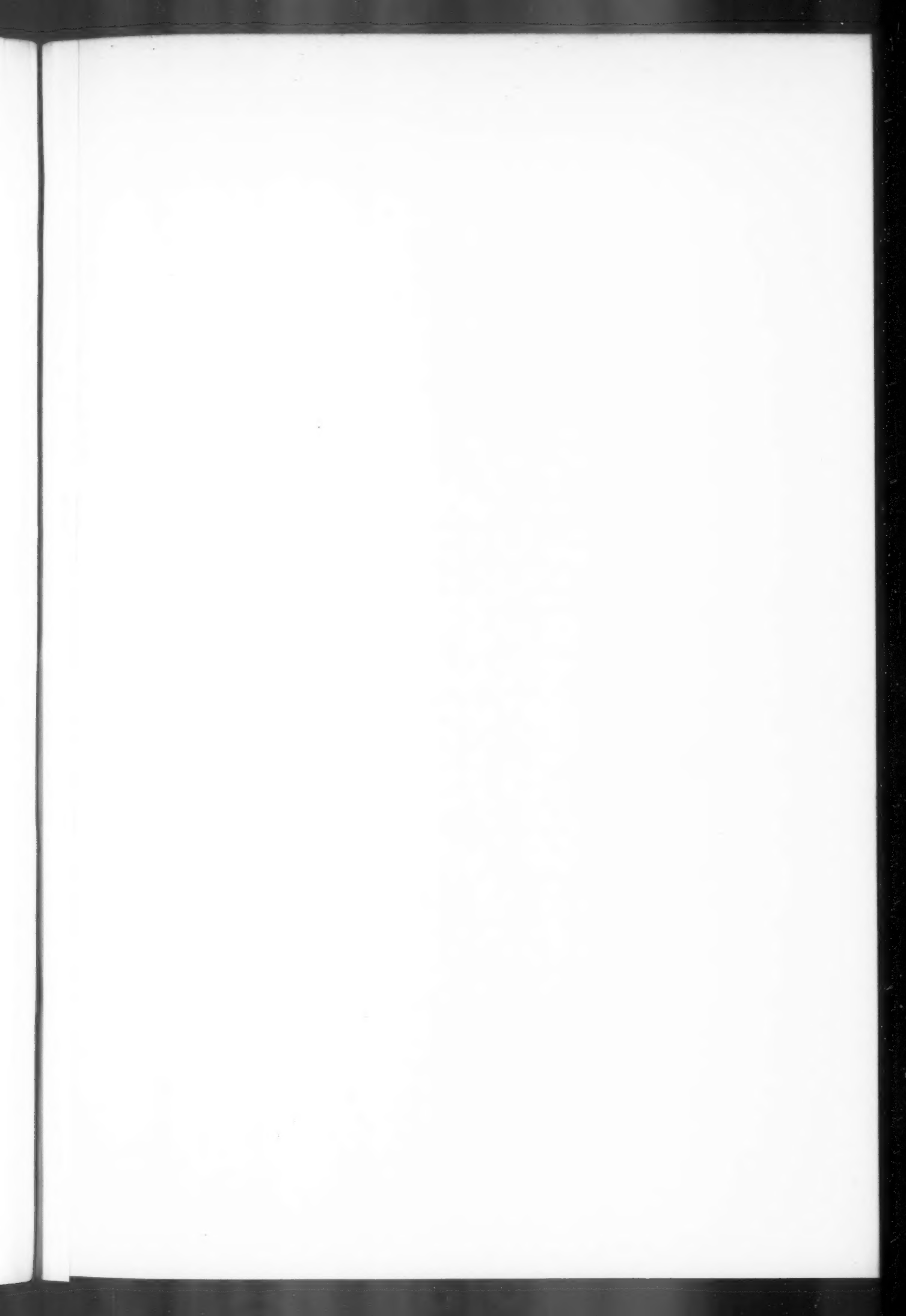
THE WALLS, GATES, AND AQUE- DUCTS OF ROME: BY THOMAS HODGKIN, D.C.L.*

DR. HODGKIN, as he explains in his preface, has reprinted from his “History of Italy and Her Invaders,” certain passages describing the city of Rome as it stood in A.D. 537 (at the time of the unsuccessful siege by the Ostrogoths under King Witigis). To a sketch of the various monuments inside the city, as they might have been seen by a tourist in that year, are added descriptions of the walls and gates, and a history of the aqueducts from the building of the Appia to the cutting off of the water supply by Witigis. It must not be supposed that these sketches, which, provided with two maps, form a neat little brochure of fifty-two

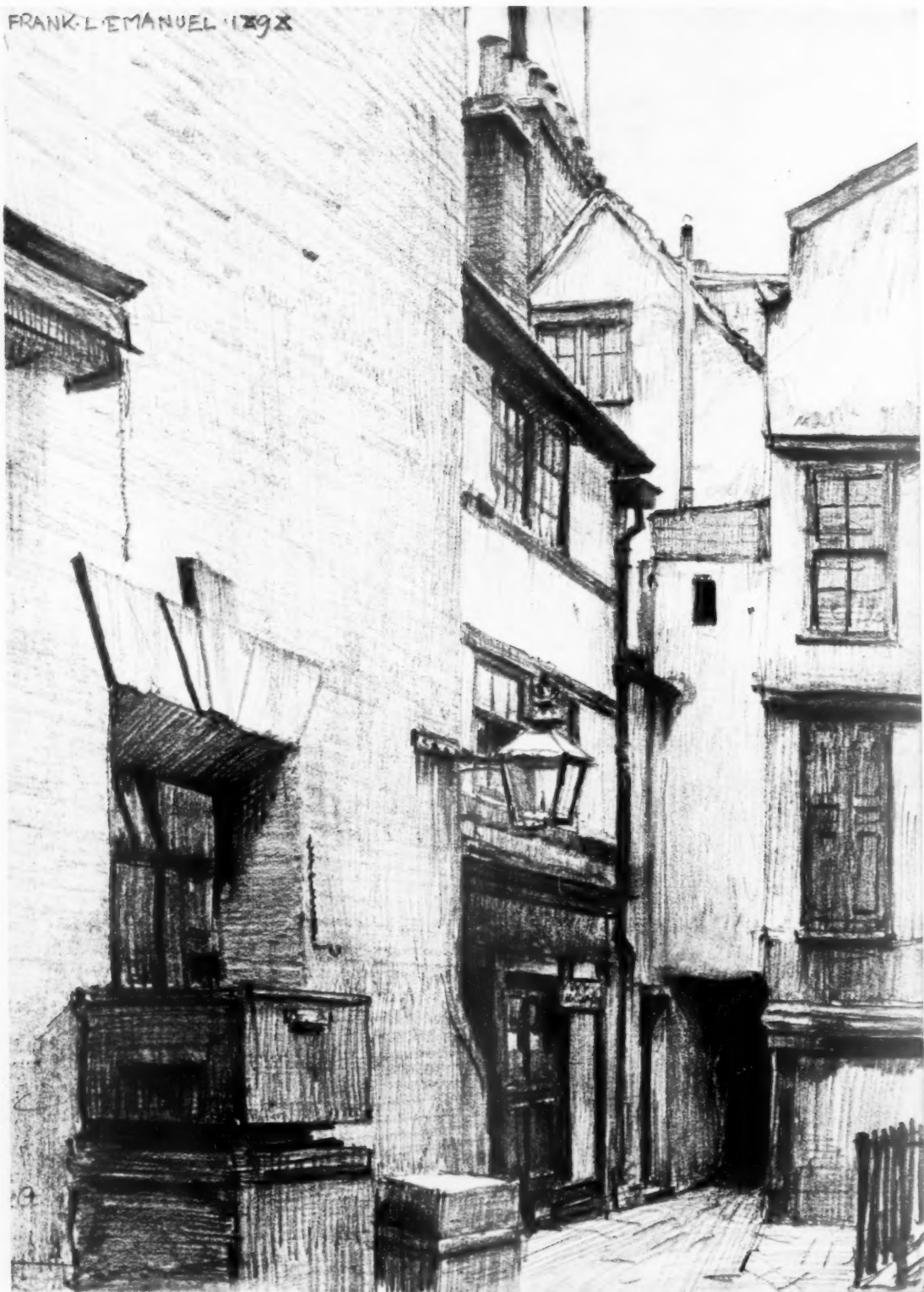
pages, can take the place of a guide to the city. The author designs the reprint for the convenience of those who cannot find room in their baggage for the whole of his fourth volume. We should advise such persons to read Dr. Hodgkin's account, but to read it at home; for, interesting as it is, it perforce deals with the walls and monuments from a very narrow point of view, and practically all the information necessary on the spot can be obtained in Lanciani's “Ruins and Excavations,” to mention only one of the books which *cannot* be left at home. Dr. Hodgkin in his history only makes incidental reference to any remains of walls other than those of Aurelian; but the traveller will be glad to know something about the remains of earlier days. The section of the aqueducts is, to be sure, excellent reading. The account of the misdeeds of the *aquarii*, or water officials, would cause even our London water companies to blush. Frontinus, the distinguished ex-governor of Britain, was appointed towards the end of the first century A.D. to investigate the abuses connected with the distribution of the supply. What he discovered he has told us in his book on the aqueducts, which those interested in the tricks to which corrupt officials will resort would do well to read. (We hasten to add that these officials were servants of the State, and not of companies.) Apart from this corruption, the water supply of Imperial Rome was justly famous; the volume of one hundred gallons a day for each person (the lowest estimate) is equalled at the present day only in some American cities, which, so far as natural sources are concerned, have immense advantages over Rome. This is hardly the place to criticise minutely Dr. Hodgkin's account of the monuments, but one instance may be given of the necessity for verifying small points by the help of other authorities. He says (p. 34) that the original “Marcian aqueduct was built B.C. 144, two years after the close of the Third Punic War,” and “the cost of its construction was 180 million sesterces, or nearly £1,600,000 sterling.” As a matter of fact, the Senate did entrust Marcus Rex with the task of building a new aqueduct in B.C. 144, but the grant of money was divided between this work and the repairs of the already existing aqueducts (which must have been a considerable item), and the task was not completed for some years. It is not, however, often that Dr. Hodgkin trips. In the event of a second edition, we would suggest a third map (or a modification of the first), showing the terminations of the aqueducts within the city, and one or two blocks representing, let us say, a typical gate and a typical section of an aqueduct. These additions could be made without materially increasing the weight of the book, while they would add much to its value.

H.

* “The Walls, Gates, and Aqueducts of Rome.” By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. London: John Murray.



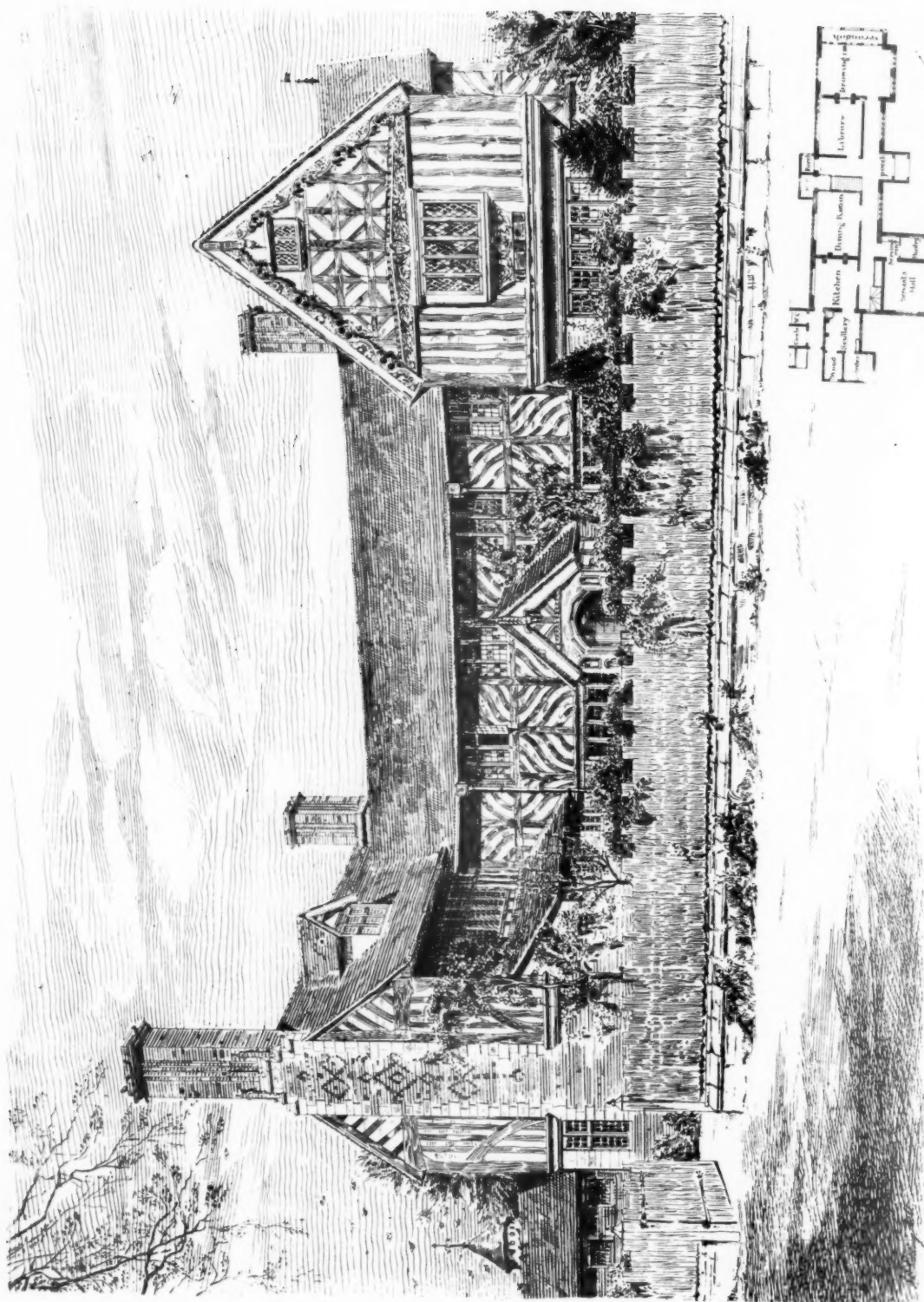
FRANK L. EMANUEL 1898



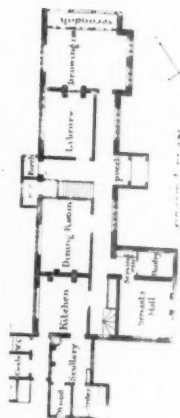
EXCHANGE COURT, STRAND.

DRAWN BY F. L. EMANUEL.





THE GRANGE.



DRAWN BY J. D. SEDDING.

ATTAINABLE IDEALS: BY JAMES A. MORRIS: PART TWO.

THE man who, weakly dictatorial, would say: "This only is Art, and not that other," or, "thus far can it come, or go, and no further," seeks to measure the infinite by the finite; therefore it is that Goethe touches the right chord in the right pitch in these words—"Art: it stamps man with the Divine seal, setting him before us as invariably impelled to do a Divine thing;"—and herein we feel how truly, great men's opinions are stronger than argument.

The pursuit of Art has, of course, its limitations, architecture, perhaps, most of all; herein lying much of its strength. These limitations it is foolish to ignore, just as in physical life it is foolish to ignore the inviolable laws of Nature, which must be humbly learned. Decker, it is, I think, who pregnantly puts this truth:—

"Heaven's gates are not highly arched like princes' palaces;
Those that go in thereat must go upon their knees.

Nature does not yield her secrets to force, neither are they to be stolen from her; but reverence, and earnest labouring in her broad fields, bring their own reward. Strange tales will she tell the patient listener, and she will show him of deep things.

"Thus oft my soul hath harkened till the song,
A central moan for days, at length found tongue,"

sang Dante Gabriel Rossetti; and so also, even if haltingly, each true artist seeks in turn to sing.

And now in applying what we have considered of the Ideal to the Real, or, as it is more generally named, the practical and business aspect of our work, let us see if these two be not in spirit akin? In our Art, as in all work, there are two essential things—what we say, and how we say it,—both must be creative and individual. Before we speak then, let us see to it, that we have, first, something to say worth saying; let us see, also, we say it well, and, in our saying, make manifest the excellency of self restraint and reserve; for it is ever weak to seek too eagerly at once to show in our work everything we can do or say. Art again, besides being creative, is also, in no small degree, selective; while in yet another phase, it is even the visible embodiment of silence. Consider, in passing, this last named, and ponder over those majestic intervals of silence which have amazed and bewildered the world: silences betokening strength, immeasurably greater and grander than the most powerful argument, and impassioned speech. A weak man, or a guilty, is full of excuses, while strength and innocence are often dumb. Well will it be, then, for us also, so to think in our own

Art; for in Architecture there is marvellous virtue in the silence of a blank wall. In any case, and whatever our Art, whether also it be dominated by line or mass, simplicity or richness of surface, form, or colour, let us see to it we do the best we can; let us do it quietly also, if we may, without hurry, feeling it to be the only true thing for us to do; and thus feeling, let us manfully and resolutely stand by it in all reasonable ways, and so standing be ready, if need be, with Martin Luther, to say,—
"Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, God help me."

One must never allow one's Art to degenerate into mere respectability. Everything natural struggles against convention. True, society is held together by convention, but convention never yet produced an artist, or a great man. "The clay that moulds them is scarce," said Menander, and stiff is it to the conventional potter's fingers. Now, we will frequently meet with this convention in our daily work. We will find it powerful and persistent; its followers will jostle us at every turn, and we can best discount its baneful influence and find our surest strength, by remembering—Truth is everything!—and it is ours steadily to feed the flame of Truth, find it where we will: remembering always the old Indian dogma—"Truth does not pay homage to any society, modern or ancient; society has to pay homage to Truth or die."

Thus into practical life we must carry our ideals; and our ideals in our business, as in our art, must be poor indeed if of them we become ashamed. In our daily dealings with men, we will by and bye see, if honour and probity are ideals, and if they are attainable! But whether they be attainable or not, we must carry their spirit with us into all our work, and this without hesitancy or doubt whatever. To this end, then, and with diffidence, I offer to younger men, the outlines of some simple business principles and maxims, which each may abridge or amplify for himself, as he is minded; and, inasmuch as they touch the pocket first, rather than the imagination, they may appeal more directly to the sympathy of distinctively business men.

Let our relationship with all be governed by principle and integrity, which are, however, more simply expressed, as "Truth!" so men may come to feel we can be depended upon; and our word, not only as good, but better than our bond. In the conduct of business there are various lesser factors making for success, of which punctuality is only another name for courtesy, and honesty. If our own time be not of value, let us, at least, assume our employer's, or colleague's, or servant's

time, is of value; and if for our time we receive money or recompense, we are without excuse, if we abuse the trust. Whatever we promise to client or contractor, let us fulfil if possible; and let us be careful not to promise too lightly, but see to it, that not only do we mean to fulfil, but we have also good reason to believe, what we promise can be done. Delays in delivery of contract materials, over which we have little control, sometimes occur, retarding work; but whatever the cause, it is well such delays should, where necessary, be explained to one's client, that he may at least have the opportunity of minimising the loss or inconvenience done thereby to his business, investments, or arrangements. Misleading a client is bad policy, and may mean not only to him the loss of interest on capital invested; to us, the loss of confidence and employment; but to both, the loss of good feeling as well. What is called a "sharp man," may at times be required; but he is a tool that has two edges, and sometimes turns in the hand. A sound business, as an enjoyable one, is best built up, as in our Art, on Truth; for, as we are, so will be also our work. If, therefore, one is refined, or cultured, or simply truthful, strong, and honest, so will one's work be in its essence and quality; but, if one is overbearing, loud-voiced, aggressive, coarse, unclean, untrue, so also will the impress of a kindred spirit be discernable in our work, whether we will it or not; for our work, must ever bear the stamp of the thing we are. Therefore, it is well not to seek overmuch the cultivation of doubtful qualities, even if at the gain of being esteemed a "sharp fellow."

When one is employed, whether as an entire stranger or from friendly recommendation, it is at first as two persons meeting who have each to learn of the other. It is the architect's part to inspire confidence in his client—as also, in those who work under him, and respond to his guidance—by showing that he has full knowledge of, and control over, his work and methods; a desire also to understand aright his clients' needs, a business grip, sufficient to regulate the expenditure of his money, and the tact to render work and intercourse agreeable to both, nay, even a pleasure. As a rule, clients are very reasonable; quite as reasonable as architects: if, however, they should be otherwise, or desire things which are impracticable or absurd, it is perhaps wiser that the connection should end where it began. On the other hand, I have heard it affirmed that one ought never to allow a client to go away; but of this I doubt alike the wisdom and the practicability. Personally, I have never yet met any client who refused to listen to a reasonable explanation, or who could not understand an architectural or a business fact put, where possible, in a clear, business-like way. As a general rule, if one

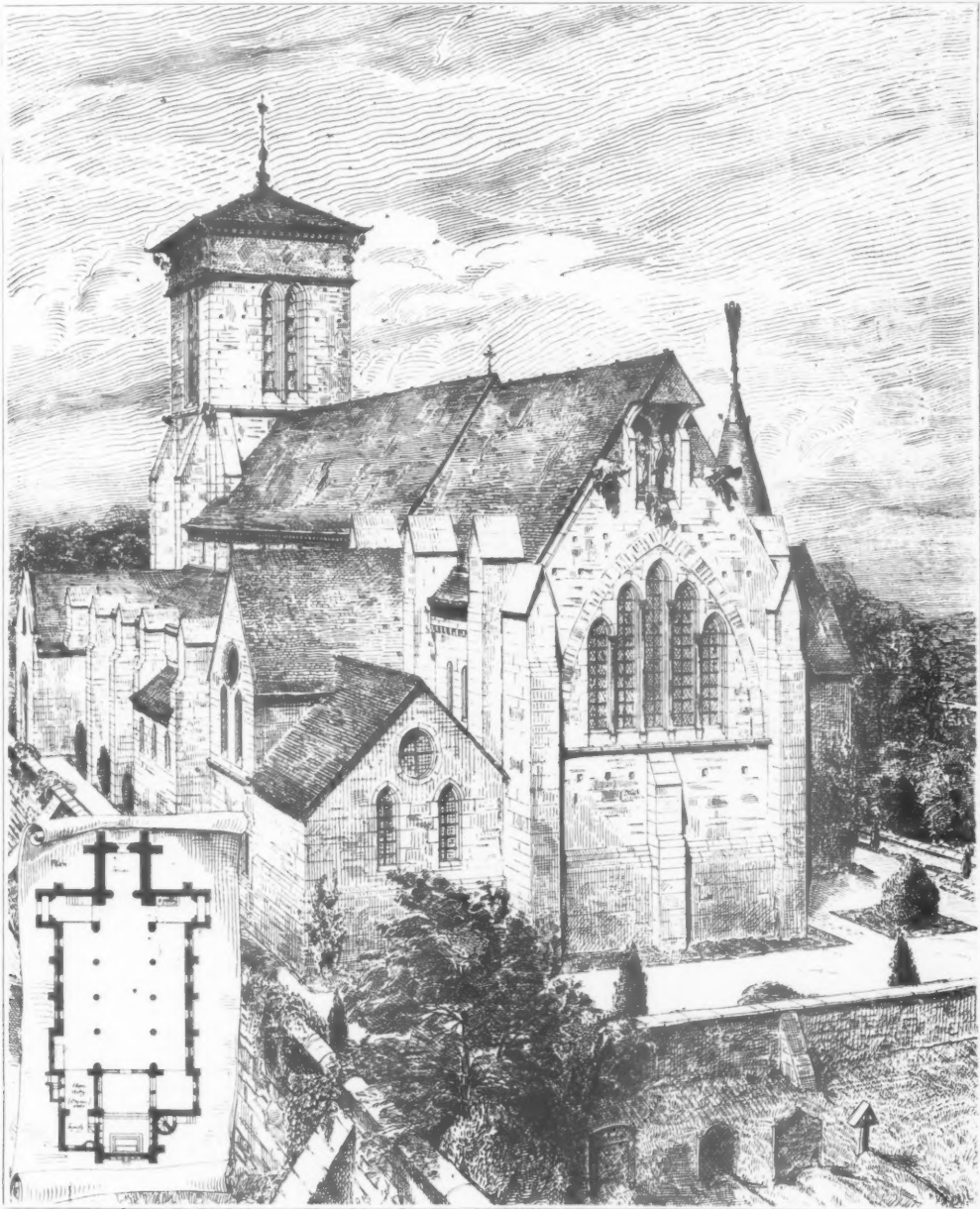
gains a client's confidence and respect, he will usually be content to leave the art in one's work largely to oneself: just as a patient will not interfere with the delicate matters of surgery, or a wise man with the intricacies of law; but, on the other hand, where it can be judiciously done, it is well, I think, to seek at all times to interest one's client, even in the more delicate portions of one's work; and to carry him with one, if at all possible, therein.

In all large, and especially in all large commercial cities, you will deal with strong, keen, business men; men with a genius for method, a grip of detail, and a power of organisation which will surprise you. Giants they are in commerce: men who have created, built up, or nursed great industries. These men are quick to recognise, to acknowledge business gifts or capacity for work, and when they find them in an architect, they give that man much, and oftentimes, their entire confidence: then it is, if he can remain strong in his faith, and true to his ideal, the architect enters into his kingdom.

And now, as regards the execution of the work, and the methods whereby we make our building design clear to our contractor; to estimate for, and to build. This we do, by means of plans, drawings, and tenders. Anent the former, I had recently a letter from Mr. Norman Shaw, who, while regretting his inability to send drawings of his own to the exhibition already referred to, added: "We make too much of drawings; after all, they are only letters, or sort of letters, and when quite done with ought to be burned, as they only mislead people." Of course, the drawings required for the erection of a building are only means toward an end, not the end itself. They ought to be simple, concise, direct, and explicit. They should never be involved, nor ever carry any diffuse writing, lines, or colour. The ability to make a good working drawing, implies a wide range of knowledge, embracing many kinds of material, and phases of construction; including, indeed, all those hundred and one things, in connection therewith, which one must in some measure know, if one is to do good work. Then, knowing these things,—more or less,—one must be able to put them clearly on one's working drawings, for, in fairness between man and man, a contractor is entitled to a clear diagram of the work he has to do. I have heard it propounded as a principle, that if it be at all, and in any way possible, a contractor is sure to read wrongly his plan—therefore it is said, "make it impossible for him to mistake anything." All the same, and at best, drawings are but a poor way of doing architectural work. The work ought to be done at the building, and on the building itself, in direct touch with the workmen. Think of it! A

flat sheet of drawing paper on a board, a hundred miles, perhaps, away from the building. What of it can the architect see? Of how it grows he can only imagine. He loses all the suggestions given by the building itself as it develops; of the very forms the materials should take, and which they

speech; and building materials are vocal with teaching, and cry aloud for certain treatment, and forms. The grain of wood, often suggests the lines of the carving, and the highest skill of the craftsman is sometimes shown in overcoming defects, even in the material itself. It is thus that



DESIGN FOR SALCOMBE CHURCH, DEVON:
DRAWN BY J. D. SEDDING.

themselves indicate. Much of life is thereby driven from the work, and he designs a structure round which we are to walk, and upon which the light plays from every point of the compass; and this structure, he is asked to design, "on the flat!" Already, I have said that Nature has

human thought, working with Nature's forms, comes within touch, and meet; and their union is life. Each material, then, seeks for treatment in its own way, and on its own lines of formation. Theoretically, this is known to all, but when it is practically known also, and applied, how great is

the difference. It is folly to think of an architect, as really and only a professional gentleman in a frock coat. First of all, he is an artist: a craftsman, a workman, if you will, delighting in the labour of his own hands; clothe him in whatsoever garb you please, or name him how you will, the dress and the name matter little. "It is the mind that makes the body rich,"—not the clothes, or the name.

In a country practice, one is fortunate in getting to know many of the individual workmen, whereby a spirit of mutual interest in the work is engendered. The acquaintance is generally good for the workman, and it is certainly good for the architect. Next to being able to execute one's work oneself, it is well to see it being actually done, and in the rough forms of a partly hewn block of stone growing into shape, or in the modelling of a lead cistern-head, the mind sees many things, and a hundred different forms.

Besides the practical working drawings, which have been touched upon, and first sketches prepared for the employer's use, there are many others; and with an artist, they will always be pleasant to look upon, because necessary; well drawn also will they be, and well placed on the paper, each stroke and line and piece of colour will have a distinct value of its own, and fulfil a definite purpose; while the printing or lettering, if it serve its right end, besides being clear and readable, will be of decorative value in its arrangement. Perhaps the weakest and silliest—because really unnecessary—drawing of all, is the average show or exhibition perspective drawing. Folly and deceit are often written broadcast over its face, and deeply bitten into its every line. Full of impossible shadows and unreal forms, it is not, we all know, a record of what the building it purports to represent is, or even can be; but it is dodged, and twisted, and played with, pulled out here, and repressed there, till it becomes everything almost, but what it ought to be. Show it to a painter, and he will, perhaps, ask you, "What new puzzle is this you have invented?" What may be called the factory perspective and exhibition drawing is sometimes a fearful and wonderful thing; made oftentimes without interest in, or sympathy with, the building, it becomes unlike anything in Heaven above, or Hades beneath, and earth alone is the receptacle of the unclean thing. All this, however, is saying never a word, be it clearly understood, against the true and legitimate use of perspective drawings, either as studies of mass and form, or pictorial representations of a subject, wherein they are treated by a skilled and sympathetic draughtsman, either as diagrams decorative, if you will—or, as landscape, with the building as an incident,—or, even as a building itself,—showing in the drawing

quality of surface, as well as detail and form; but in these latter instances, do they not rather, and at once, come under the category of pictures, wherever and by whomsoever produced?

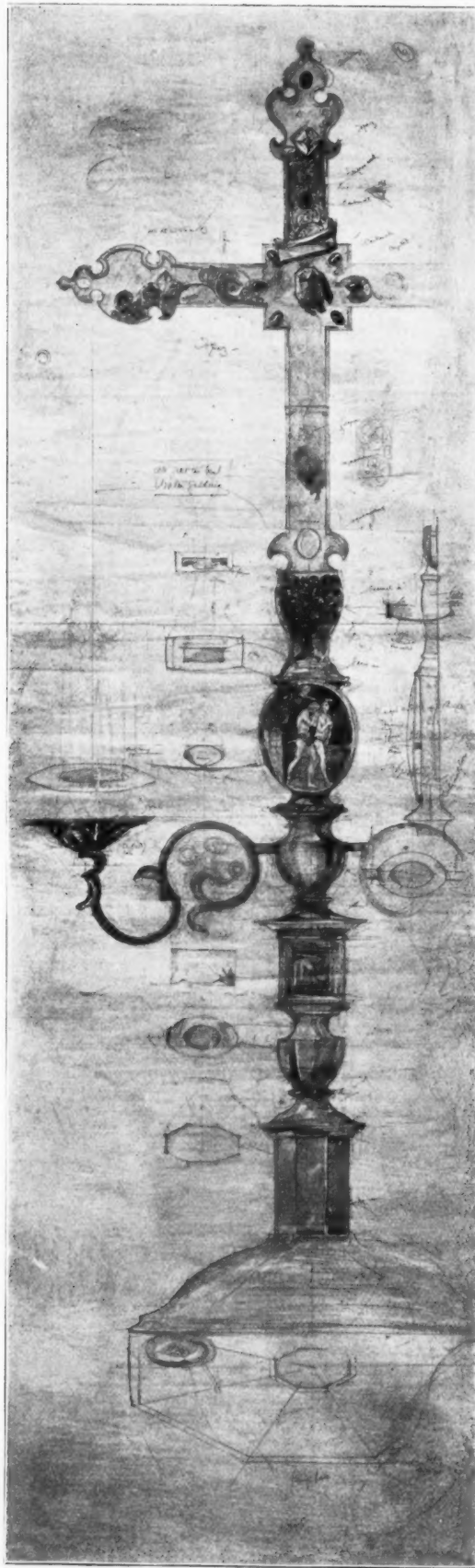
And now, but a word on tenders. If at all possible, never let the original be exceeded. A hundred or two pounds sterling, say, on the cost of a small house, may make all the difference to your client, between an easy and a straitened life therein; and as the sum involved increases, so, perhaps, the evil grows. Thus it also is if the money be employed as an investment; the proportionate return is then reduced, and the margin may make the difference between profit and loss. Of course, we all know that the cost of building has a tendency to increase rather than decrease. Many things conduce to this; often the caprice or uncertainty of a client himself; sometimes natural difficulties arise, impossible to foresee; sometimes, in large work, a strike, increase in wages, or cost of material. Much, also, depends upon the form of contract. Let this, however, be assured, that so far as in you lies, any increase shall not be through your want of care, whether by defective drawings, or in laxity of oversight. Few things, after a sightly building, give a client greater satisfaction than a final settlement of accounts, reasonably near, or within, the stipulated cost.

If we are desired by a client to interview a contractor with the object of inducing him to reduce his tender to the figure of another, so that the contract may be given to him, I would counsel you to let your client himself arrange all such matters, as being entirely without your province. An architect's sphere is to design, and see the work fitly executed at a fair cost, arrived at by fair tendering. We have small right to ask a man to tender, unless we believe him competent to carry out the work. Of course, there are differences in the quality of work, as in the efficiency of contractors, while preferences are justly being every day given; but, to ask a contractor to reduce, or permit him to reduce, what he has already given as a fair tender, is surely evil; and if a client himself seeks to do so, it is well to let him understand clearly that the contract will be closed by you, in his interest, at the figure tendered, and that any reduction will be a private matter between the client and the contractor, and in which the architect can have no part. As, otherwise, the architect lays himself reasonably open to the perhaps fair plea, that he should pass work of which he does not wholly approve, on the ground that he has reduced a fair tender to a price at which first-class work may be impossible; and that he knew it.

In the same manner, and so long as the present unsatisfactory standard of remuneration of architects prevails, the man who, apart altogether from



WORKING DRAWING : BY
JOHN D. SEDDING.



A WORKING DRAWING: BY
JOHN D. SEDDING.

greater brain power, devotes weeks to his designs and supervision where another gives days only, is tacitly assumed to be of equal value to that other, and to merit only the same fee, the recognised £5 per centum. It is enough simply to point out, that all architects are not of equal ability, and that at £5 per centum, some are either over paid, or under paid. A more equitable system, and one sometimes adopted, is, that the architect be paid, not on the amount of the contract, which, in the hands of the possibly unscrupulous, may be of doubtful wisdom, but rather by a sum arranged beforehand: just as an artist is paid for his commissioned picture, a surgeon for his operation, a lawyer for his skill.

And now, as to the various means by which a young architect may get work.—Whatever these may be, and however long he may require to wait, let him be careful always so to act that he may gain both the respect of others, and retain his own. Once self-respect goes, the downward incline is easy. To my mind, good and careful work is the most abiding solution of the problem. Competitions, are sometimes the "wide gate" by which, now and again, one attains unto eminence; but competitions, as presently understood, are sometimes, even to the successful architect, not entirely satisfactory, inasmuch as they are based upon what appears to me a not wholly sound principle—upon the probably unintentional desire to get much for little. True, promoters may say, "Oh, no! we only desire to assure ourselves, in the open market, that we get the best results possible, and the most perfect plan." But do they? The best artists are not, as a rule, found in the open market; and, even if they were, until the architect comes in direct personal touch with the promoters and their needs—which cannot be expressed in any copy of "Instructions"—he is only touching the fringe of the subject; and if it means that the various excellences found in the various designs are to be noted, and afterwards, as far as may be, worked into the contract plans, then promoters and architect would be alike guilty of conduct not pleasant to name. A truer understanding of the laws of competition is, however, perhaps now discernible on the part of promoters; and in the main, the intention is doubtless to deal fairly and well: but for promoters the well worn couplet is often here doubly true:—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Fortune, plays a large part in the elements of success, and perhaps a younger man may be able to afford it. Best of all, however, are the results for everyone when the work is given outright to a carefully chosen man, old or young.

Surely, we have considered sufficiently of our work, both from the ideal and the practical stand-points. Of the former, I have tried to outline; of the latter, I have given what I believe are sound

business maxims and rules, and these may be considered moral or immoral in principle, according as they are looked at from different points of view. I have sought also, and mainly, to point out the close affinity between Nature and Man; that the truest Art is based on a reverent study of Nature; and that, following therefrom, we express best the needs, the character also, and the aspirations of our time. But whether the Art so expressed be real, and part of our real selves, or whether it be but a garment, put on and put off as are our clothes, and, like them, following all the inanities of fashion rather than the needs of the individual, is a thing one must think out and apply for oneself. In this, at least, we can agree: all work ought to be joyous and free. Doing our work truly and well, we leave praise or blame alike to the time, when men shall see clearer, forgetting not, the while, Shakspeare's true words:

"Ignorance is the curse of God.

Knowledge is the wing with which we fly to Heaven!"

"THE MAN IN THE STREET."

IT has been said that the Gothic Revival was doomed to decay because those who preached it were not the mouthpieces of any national demand, but only an example of the ease with which the active few may trade on the general indifference. It has even been suggested that the stern and almost bigoted partisanship of the leaders was the cloak of insincerity, and that their convictions were really as weak as the number of their followers was exiguous. It seems ridiculous to have to say that this aspersion is absolutely baseless, and that the enthusiasm for those particular architectural forms, and all that they meant, was probably the most genuine emotional outburst of our day. That the people at large was outside the movement, indifferent to it, if not unaware of it, is true, but when the comfortable assurance is given us that the architecture of to-day is sound because the nation is at its back, the doubt obtrudes itself whether any people has ever yet been really interested in matters architectural, except perhaps in the great days of cathedral building, when religion and art were at their closest, or ever will be this side of the millennium.

All precedent is against this highly desirable state of things. Even in Athens, with every circumstance favourable to it, the really sympathetic feeling for architecture was by no means universal. We find the intellectual man, for example, taking up just the same position of tolerant superiority with which we are familiar in London now.

Xenophon's "Memorabilia" are a perfect store-

house of the *obiter dicta* of Socrates on almost every conceivable subject. Generals in embryo, budding politicians, and, of course, young architects among the rest, thronged together to sit at his feet and gather wisdom there, and, though Xenophon was, as Coleridge wisely said, less truly "Socratic" than Plato, the literal exactitude of a man who, like Boswell, was somewhat deficient in the finer perceptions without which his master could not be thoroughly comprehended, is a quality inestimably precious to us.

Here then, freely rendered, is the somewhat chilling reply of Socrates to the enquiring architectural student: "He, then, who is to have a house of the right kind must so contrive that it shall be both superlatively pleasant to live in and superlatively useful. Is it not pleasant to have a cool house in summer and a warm one in winter, and is it not the fact that, in those houses which face the south, in winter time the low sun shines under the colonnade, and, in summer, sailing overhead, leaves it in shade? If this is a desirable consummation, ought we not to build higher on the southern side, so that the winter sun may not be cut off, and lower on the north, so as to escape the cold winds? Put shortly, then, that house in which a man can be sure of finding the most congenial kind of shelter at all seasons, and most securely house his belongings, may be reasonably said to excel both in pleasantness and in beauty. Painting and decorative work will detract from our sense of well-being rather than add to it."

So severely utilitarian a contribution to architectural lore, uttered under the very shadow of the Parthenon, is a somewhat hard morsel to swallow, and, if we make a seven-league stride over some twenty centuries, we shall catch from the lips of the immortal doctor something very like an echo of the final words.

The occasion was a meeting of Dr. Johnson and Boswell with Gwyn the architect—a "fine, lively, rattling fellow," Boswell calls him—in the Oxford coach. Johnson expressed his disapprobation of ornamental architecture, such as magnificent columns supporting a portico, or expensive pilasters supporting merely their own capitals, "because it consumes labour disproportionate to its utility." For the same reason he satirized statuary. "Painting," said he, "consumed labour not disproportionate to the effect, but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble and make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot."

Dr. Johnson, Boswell explains, kept Gwyn "in proper subjection, but with kindly authority," a considerateness which made the latter pluck up and deal a home thrust in return. "What, sir," he

said, "will you allow no value to beauty in architecture or in statuary? Why should we allow it then in writing? Why do you take the trouble to give us so many fine allusions and bright images and elegant phrases? You might convey all your instruction without these ornaments." Johnson smiled with complacency, but said, "Why, sir, all these ornaments are needful, because they obtain an easier reception for truth; but a building is not at all more convenient for being decorated with superfluous carved work." This contemptuous setting-aside of decoration does not seem to arise from any actual love of simplicity in either instance. Neither Socrates nor the arbitrary doctor reject ornament for its faults, for its tendency to redundancy, for its fatal gift of obscuring blunders; they appear rather to found their opinions on a strained and false application of dry, almost brutal, common sense to the subject matter of an art. This, or something like it, is the characteristic "State" view of architecture in this country, and it was only slightly burlesqued when a well-known Parliamentarian rose in the House and declared his preference for a Surrey-side soap factory over New Scotland Yard. Unfortunately, this attitude is far from being the monopoly of official circles. How many Londoners, for instance, as they cross the bridge to Westminster, have a glance for the building in question? Of those who do look, how many see anything in it, or carry anything away from it? The plain truth is that half London is perfectly well satisfied with the type of design which finds its expression in Gower Street as it was: the other half is no less content with Gower Street as it is. The meanness of the one, the cheap meretriciousness of the other, have nothing revolting for the untrained eye.

"East Lynne," we were told the other day, is the favoured book in the East London libraries, and the question was asked, with a dry smile, "What picture in the New Gallery at White-chapel will answer to this much-admired work?" We have only to extend the query to our own art to realise how little architecture, properly so-called, appeals to King Demos. The rebuilding of the Oxford Music Hall, on the other hand, held him spellbound. For the millions, however, indifference is the normal state, and the attitude is perhaps more dignified in itself and less distressing to others than the emotional vagaries of those laudable persons who both proffer advice and lavish applause with generous but mistaken fervour. Only the other day these good people were falling into raptures over the Boadicea group, which is after all only a platitude. No place was too good for it, if we were to believe them—the top of the screen at Hyde Park Corner, the centre of Parliament Square; even, irony of ironies, the site of the

Gordon statue, deposed. Give these same enthusiasts an individual piece of work, like Mr. Gilbert's statue of the Queen, and they feel vaguely that fun is being poked at them, and resent it. They are, in fact, the geese who guard the citadel of bad and commonplace tradition; whether cackling in jubilation, or raising the hiss of terrified perplexity, they are unerringly and everlastingly wrong. If the ranks of the army which, to sanguine eyes, is marching under the banner of architecture, are recruited from such material as this, then it is no better than an armed mob; but the army in sober reality is the merest phantom. All we have any

HORHAM HALL, ESSEX: WRITTEN BY JOHN C. PAGET.

ESSEX, with the exception of Epping Forest, is less known outside its own borders than the other home counties. One of its best preserved relics is Horham Hall. It stands on rising ground, about two and a-half miles from Thaxted and six from Elsenham. The great outburst of domestic architectural art in the long reign of Elizabeth may be said to have covered England with examples of a style which almost monopolises our older country houses, but Horham is considerably earlier than



HORHAM HALL: PRINCIPAL FRONT.

real warrant for saying is that, while the body of cultivated opinion, outside the professional ranks, was perhaps never larger or better inspired than at present, or municipal authorities more alive to the duty of cultivating what is beautiful, and setting an example to private enterprise, architecture itself rejoices in the vitality which springs from these larger opportunities, from the greater appreciativeness of the public, from a more pervading sense in the artist of his privileges and responsibilities. All these will gather force as the years go on, but the nation as a whole is not interested yet, and when that can be said without exaggeration the millennium will have dawned.

A. E. S.

Elizabethan. It is Gothic from end to end; its period that when the castle and the cathedral were waning in importance, the parish church being rebuilt or extended, and the manor house everywhere rising.

The fifteenth century witnessed the dawn of luxury in England. It gave us much of our older collegiate buildings at the Universities, Eton, Haddon Hall, the Archbishop's Palace at Croydon, and the original Hatfield House. The reign of Henry VII. was specially notable for its architecture, which culminated in the splendid chapel which bears his name at Westminster. Comfort began to be studied in household details; wainscotting was applied to rooms; tapestry hangings

were introduced; and screens were built in dining halls, with openings to communicate with the offices. Red brick became the favourite, though not universal material; windows were widened to give more light, and provided with seats inside; chimneys, themselves indicative of greater comfort, were clustered, and became a decorative feature. The Hall remained the principal apartment of all important buildings, and the custom of an entire household dining together remained in full force, but the number of separate rooms for various purposes was greatly increased, though not to the extent practised in the Elizabethan age.

The name is derived from two Saxon words—*ora* a border, and *ham* a house, and is probably due to the boundary of the two parishes of Broxton and Thaxted passing through the building. It was one of the five manors formed out of the single one of Thaxted. From a very early date it was connected with the great feudal earldom of Clare, and was held of the Honour of Clare by the service of two Knights' fees. The families of de Bendaville and de Lake or d'Acre are the earliest recorded in connection with it; then the de Wautons or Waletons, the latter intermarrying with the Clares. Sir William de Wauton was Lord of Chaure and Horham in 1341. We first come upon one of the builders of the present house in 1451, when Richard Large, a Londoner, appears upon the scene. He is supposed to have built the oldest part of the building in 1470. It soon passed to the Quadryng family, who sold it to Sir John Cutte, Treasurer of the Household to Henry VIII.; to him the greater part of Horham Hall is due.

Among his possessions we find the manor of Thaxted, granted him in 1514 by Catherine of Aragon.

Sir John Cutte's work at Horham seems to have had a certain reputation, and Leland speaks of it as "a very sumptuous house," with "a goodly pond or lake by it, and faire parkes thereabout."

A castle is believed to have stood here in earlier times, surrounded by a triple circle of moats; it is of this building that traces have been found in the shape of masses of masonry in the soil, probably foundations.

Approaching from the park the inner moat is crossed, or more correctly passed, as the draw-bridge no longer exists; on the left it forms a long strip of water, overhung by old elm trees; on the right it is continued for some distance, passing right round the eastern end of the house; it is wide and deep, with plenty of fish, its surface well covered with waterlilies; the banks are kept in by retaining walls of old red brick, strengthened with buttresses going down into the water, the sides being carried up sufficiently to form a low parapet. Between the moat and the house is a beautiful old garden with a sundial.

Standing between the separated portions of the moat, we see the manor-house at its best. The front looks south-east; at its north-eastern end rises a high square tower, terminating in a light turret covered with a leaded cupola of ogee form: this is the key of the composition, and from it the façade may be said to diminish gradually. A very large and high step-gable succeeds, and then the long flank of the great Hall; above it and



SKETCH PLAN OF HORHAM HALL.



HORHAM HALL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

continued throughout the building is a light battlemented parapet rising from a well-marked moulded string-course. The bay window of the Hall is perhaps the most noticeable feature of the front.

Then comes the porch with its four-centred arch; the house is continued south-westward under another gable with an oriel window and a bold cluster of Tudor chimneys, with long stalks and spreading tops, and terminates at a red brick wall, which advances at a right angle and conceals an old orchard and garden.

Above, and all over the structure, rise high-pitched roofs covered with flat tiles. The materials throughout are red brick with stone window mullions and dressings of battlements. The front is partly covered with climbing plants and foliage, the tower with tenacious ivy, the remaining wall with old pear trees, one said to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth. Brick and stone have both mellowed to very delicate tints; the tiles on the high-pitched roofs are equally beautiful, and, bathed in a flood of sunshine on a summer day, Horham Hall is a perfect picture of an old English manor house.

The great feature of the interior is the hall. It is 46ft. long by 24ft. wide and 25ft. high, thus forming very nearly a double cube, a proportion much in vogue amongst old builders. It is entered directly from the porch, but a lobby is formed by an oak screen rising to half the height of the room

with two openings; a spacious and stately chamber, covered by a ceiling in form a flattened or Burgundian arch, with panels divided by moulded beams; the walls are painted and distempered, but were originally panelled for half their height. A former owner, Sir William Smijth, unfortunately stripped the hall and the entire interior of its ornamental woodwork, which he sold to the Government, who utilised it in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.

Across its north-eastern end is a *daïs*, raised one step from the floor; it is still paved with the original black and white marble, the rest is floored with modern hexagonal tiles. In the centre of the hall stands a very long, narrow, massive table, made of a single piece of oak; its measurements deserve to be recorded, they are 20ft. by 3ft., the thickness is 4in. A moulded string-course runs round the hall at a height of 12ft. It is noticeable that the hall divides the house absolutely into two parts; the living rooms are at either end, the plan resembling a double-headed T; it is impossible to communicate except by passing through it, an arrangement which indicates an early date of building. It is in consonance with this theory that Horham Hall does not contain a great many rooms; a certain number were pulled down, but how many is uncertain.

There is little doubt, however, that a wing

projected at the south-west end, whilst from the north-east extremity, just before reaching the tower, another was thrown forward to form the chapel and other chambers. Of the former the existing garden wall may have formed a part, but to the latter we are indebted for a pretty architectural fancy. Seen from without, the front of the building next the tower is not perfectly aligned; a triangular bay of two storeys is formed by a little passage lighted by a Perpendicular window; it is thrown out at an angle of thirty degrees; it led formerly from the hall to the chapel, and now communicates with the staircase.

Conspicuous in the hall is the fireplace, 10ft. in width, spanned by a flattened Late Gothic arch. The fire-backs of cast-iron were brought from Harefield; they exhibit the arms of Queen Elizabeth: a pair of andirons with uprights of copper, enamelled in colours with the arms of the Stuarts, stand here. Exactly opposite is the great bay window, rising to the spring of the roof and forming a recess 14ft. across; here the *daïs* is repeated in black and white, raised one step above the floor of the hall. The centre of this beautiful window is composed of twenty-four trefoil-headed lights, its sides of eight lights each, the whole surmounted by a line of small upper lights in clearly marked quatrefoils; the entire recess is of stone. Much of the original glass remains, a little of it stained; the effect of the colour being greatly enhanced by the white glass around it. The historical associations of Horham are recorded here in a deep red rose crowned, a portcullis, and a very unusual "Prince of Wales's Feathers," the crest of

Henry VIII. when heir-apparent, with his coronet and motto; the feathers, it may be noted, are jewelled.

From the north end of the *daïs* we pass into a small study, lighted by a Tudor window; it is believed to have been taken from the drawing-room, which, with the dining-room, lies beyond. Both rooms retain their wide stone fireplaces, under arches very much flattened. From seats in the two-light Tudor windows we overlook a narrow strip of old garden bounded by the moat.

To reach the stairs it is necessary to return to the hall and enter the little passage formed by the triangular bay window. Here a curious object meets the eye—a wooden grating overhanging the cellar stairs, in form a portcullis—an instance, it may be, of the retention of a once defensive feature for ornament only.

The stairs occupy the tower, and this, it should be stated, projects beyond the eastern extremity of the building. They are lighted by small windows, and are evidently not intended to be noticeable: the idea of a great staircase as an ornamental feature belongs to a later time. The upper storey of the triangular bay is occupied by a minstrels' chamber, whence we look down by a small window into the hall.

On this floor is the room known as Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber; it is 28ft. long by 18ft. wide and 13ft. high. It has been suggested that it was built in her reign in anticipation of her visit; its form and details are, however, those of an earlier period—a fine Tudor roof, its compartments formed by moulded beams, carved at the intersections with knots



HORHAM HALL:
LANTERN IN ROOF.

of ribbon, leaves, and Tudor flowers, gilt and coloured, and small Tudor windows—very unlike the immense square-headed casements of the Elizabethan period—and a stone fireplace; it dates probably from the same period as the hall, that is 1503. The upper part of the tower contains a small chamber; from the leaded roof—reached by a little stairway in the angle turret—a wide view bursts upon the spectator of quiet English scenery, richly wooded.

Here may be noticed the extreme lightness of the battlemented parapet, built, it is evident, with-

The opposite block at the south-western end of the hall contains a curious staircase, possibly Jacobean, and some relics, under the gable, of a fine timber roof, now hidden by a ceiling; this is the oldest part of the structure, and is supposed to date from A.D. 1470; it may possibly be the remains of the earlier building. It is attributed to Richard Large.

The kitchen is curiously planned at a sharp angle from the building; an ancient oak door close by is studded with large nails. The house probably once extended farther in this direction.



TUDOR FIREPLACE IN HALL.

out any thoughts of war's alarms; the turret rises from one angle; immediately beneath are the many roofs and gables of the old building, all toned to brown, grey-pink, and faded orange by time and weather.

The clustered chimneys, with their high, finely, moulded stalks and broadly-spreading tops, are very clearly seen from here, a beautiful example of the system of ornamenting useful things which runs through all our older architecture, and, combined with good proportioning, is the main secret of its success. Nor can the spectator fail to notice the lantern which breaks the ridge of the central hall; it is of lead, finely moulded, and terminates in a high, slender finial and ball, with a large gilded vane.

There are vestiges of the outer moat to be found in places, and some indications of a channel which connected it with the inner one. It may be noted that the great spaces which exist between the beams and the high-pitched roofs above them are empty and unlighted. Many of our most characteristic English buildings, however, do not show the roof or do not emphasise it; the towers of our Edwardian castles are flat topped, and some of the best known Elizabethan structures are crowned by an openwork parapet. In France and Germany, on the other hand, the roof was from the first a conspicuous feature, always singled out for special treatment.

The interior of Horham Hall was unquestionably much defaced by the removal of the panelling and

some minor alterations about sixty years ago, but the fine proportions of the rooms can never be anything but most effective. There is a Flemish or Burgundian influence traceable in the flattened inner roofs, in the brickwork of the oldest portion lying to the westward of the Hall, perhaps also in the western staircase usually called "Jacobean," and even in the great gable which is of the "crow-step" form, so common in Flanders.

Mention has been made of the red brick masonry and buttresses of the moat. It seems probable that these are not merely retaining walls, but that the inner side is simply the lower part of buildings which there advanced sufficiently to form a court, whose outer side was lower than the other three and was broken by a gate-house in the centre, approached by a draw-bridge. This gate-house is said to have been sixty feet across.

The greater part of the existing building is undoubtedly the work of Sir John Cutte (or Cutt). From his brother Richard, it may be mentioned, descended the gallant Lord Cutts, who so greatly distinguished himself in the Low Countries under Marlborough. Sir John's great-grandson entertained Elizabeth here in 1571; it is believed that the Queen had passed some time at Horham before as a prisoner during her sister's reign. Her entertainer was famous for his hospitality. On the occasion of



HORHAM HALL: JACOBEOAN STAIRCASE.



OLD DOOR STUDDED WITH NAILS.

an epidemic in London, Elizabeth sent the Spanish Ambassador and a numerous suite to stay with him. His housekeeping involved him at last in such expenses as to compel him to sell the house and estate.

They passed to Andrew Huddleston, and from him to John Wiseman; a few years after to William Penn, and at last to Sir William Smyth, whose descendants possessed it for two centuries, until, in 1850, it became the property of Mr. Francis George West, in whose family it remains.

Of Elizabeth's State visit to Horham "on Progress," an interesting record remains. On the 7th August, 1571, she was at Hatfield; on the 19th at Audley End (then called Audley Inn or Audlens). On her way to the latter she was met by the Corporation of Saffron Walden, who accompanied her in State "to the 'Hall dore'"; they gave her "a cupp of silver, doble gilt, of the value of £19 3s. 0d., to her Majtie, a presente," as we learn from the Accompt Book of the Corporation, but another entry is inexplicable "to the Black Gard, 6s. 8d." On the 2nd September Elizabeth arrived at Horham.

Under the mask of festivity the Queen and her ministers were greatly perturbed by the discovery, a few days before, of a plot to release Mary Queen of Scots; her escape effected, she was to marry the Duke of Norfolk; the plan was betrayed by a German servant of Mary's. An Italian named Ridolphi, an active intriguer who had flitted



ONE OF THE COATS OF ARMS
IN THE BAY WINDOW.

mysteriously about between London and Brussels played a leading part in the affair; his letters in cypher, addressed to the Bishop of Ross, were seized, and the government was greatly perplexed, over two numbers, "30" and "40," evidently intended to conceal names. In this state matters remained when the Queen, with her court, ministers, and retinue arrived at Horham; three days later, Lord Burghley wrote as follows to George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, who for three years had been the custodian of the Queen of Scots. It is one of the earliest to bear that historic signature, the title having been conferred upon him in the preceding February.

The Queen's Majesty commands me to signify unto you that presently there is discovered most certainly that the Duke of Norfolk has sent towards Scotland a mass of money, with letters in cypher, to the Queen's party (Mary's) in Scotland and in Edinburgh Castle. The money and letters are intercepted, and Higford, the Duke's secretary, who did write the letter, is taken, and in the Tower, confesses all the matter.

The Duke is also sequestered, and in custody of Sir Ralph Sadler. Upon these considerations Her Majesty thinks it most necessary that you be now circumspect over your charge, for, besides these things above said, there are discovered plainly that the Duke has had a continual intelligence with that Queen, contrary to that which I thought he meant; and as I am sorry that it is so, so am I glad that it is discovered. I think shortly you shall hear more hereof, and so I take my leave of your Lordship.

From the Court at Horeham, near Thacksted, in Essex, 5th September, 1571. Your Lordship's at commandment,

W. BURGHELEY.

Little wonder is it that Higford "confessed all the matter," for he and others implicated were cruelly tortured. The "question" generally succeeded in extorting some avowal from the wretched victims, but pain, exhaustion, and terror reduced them to such a point that their statements were rarely worth very much. Sir Thomas Smyth,

the Secretary of State, writing to Burghley a few days later, says:

To-morrow we do intend to bring a couple of them to the rack, not in any hope to get anything worthy that pain or fear, but because it is so earnestly commanded unto us.

The descendants of the writer of the letter were destined to possess Horham Hall for more than two centuries; he himself was an Essex worthy of no small renown. Born at Saffron Walden in 1514 and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, he took orders and received the Deanery of Carlisle—subsequently filling many high offices with credit; we find him Secretary of State, ambassador, and Chancellor of the Garter; a man of many accomplishments, a scholar, a linguist, and author of *The Commonwealth of England*. He was the builder of Hill Hall in this country Strype was his biographer. He was succeeded, there by his nephew, Sir William Smyth, described



GREAT BAY WINDOW IN HALL.

as "a brave soldier who followed the wars in Ireland." He it was who purchased Horham.

We may easily picture the scene as magnificent, especially in the Hall, where this goodly company, containing many of England's greatest noblemen, sat down to feast; here, too, probably on the dais, the Privy Council, then the actual government of the day, and a number of whose members generally accompanied the Queen, assembled, with Elizabeth in the chair, to discuss the plot, real or imaginary, revealed in Ridolphi's letters and Higford's confession.

From Horham the Queen went to Mark Hall, to Lees, and then to Hunsdon to visit her first cousin, Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, an event believed to be commemorated in a well known-picture. It represents her carried in a Sedan chair by six gentlemen, whilst her whole court, with many ladies in ruffs, and all her statesmen and warriors, accompany the cortège on foot; the painting has generally been attributed to Marc Gerrards. There is no later record of Queen Elizabeth visiting Horham Hall.

A local tradition asserts the existence of a passage from the house to a farm at an immense distance. The ground at the back of the house appears from the reverberating sound to be hollow, and the gallery is said to pass under the moat. Few old buildings of any consequence seem to be without one of these passages, and critics have been too hasty in pronouncing them all to be drains, a purpose contradicted in many cases by their length and destination, which is often a church, a lodge in a park, or a farmhouse.

The exploration of this passage might result in some traces of the foundations of the earlier castle which once stood here.

Horham seems to have escaped injury during the Civil Wars. Essex, as a county, was intensely Puritan, but the owners of Horham, who lived chiefly at Hill Hall, however, seem to have been Cavaliers. Edward Smyth, a grandson of Sir William, was a volunteer under Prince Rupert at fifteen. He died seven years later; his uncle, Thomas Smyth, who succeeded him, was created a baronet at the Restoration.

Horham Hall was once of greater extent, of this there is no doubt; the forecourt must have been very effective with two sides advancing to the moat; a third of lower elevation, broken in the middle by the fine gate-house, about 60ft. long, with its drawbridge. To a spectator approaching from the park the pile must have been even more interesting than at present, with its gate-house and the low buildings on either side in front, whilst the hall, the high roofs, and the lofty tower rose behind; the whole composition illustrating the principle of partial concealment so dear to the Gothic builders, and

to which so many of their most picturesque effects were due.

The forecourt, with its Gothic chapel and other buildings, is gone. When this change was effected is not known. The court was a usual feature in the larger English structures; it began to disappear in the reign of Elizabeth, a fact to be regretted by all lovers of architecture. In this, as in so many similar instances where old buildings have been altered, the frame of the picture has been removed. Time, however, has, to some extent, remedied the loss; the trees which now partly hide the manor house supplying the place of the wings and gate-house.

Externally, the main body of the dwelling seems to have escaped, not only the Civil Wars, but even the restorers; internally it has not been so fortunate, but, taken as a whole, it is a beautiful and characteristic piece of English domestic architecture.

THE TRIPOLI MEGALITHS: IDOLS OR OIL PRESSES: BY H. S. COWPER, F.S.A.: PART TWO.

EVIDENCE OF ARAB TRADITION AND NOMENCLATURE.

The various features which might be taken to indicate an early religious cult origin, such as the occurrence of phallic symbols, and of peculiarly Senam-like objects, which are engraved on certain Babylonian seals, and also the inscriptions, have all been fully discussed in the "Hill of the Graces," and need not be treated again. But in examining the more prosaic oil press theory, we cannot overlook the evidence of the traditions of the dwellers in the district, which, studied in the light of post-Roman history, may be materially useful.

The word Senam (properly *sanam*, plural *asnam*) has only one meaning in Arabic, and that is "Idol." The Tripoli hillmen never call the upright trilithic frameworks by any other name; and, be it noticed, the full designation is *Senam* (or plural *Asnam*) *mta el-Jahilieh*, which is no ambiguous phrase, for it signifies "The Idol (or Idols) of the times of ignorance," *Jahilieh* being the stock word for the pre-Islamic or pagan period.

But here comes in a curious and contradictory piece of evidence. The large flat stones (whether press beds or altars) which lie before the Senams are called by the Arabs *Maasreh intazit el-Jahilieh*, which means "the oil (or other) presses of pagan times;" yet when questioned, the Arabs stoutly maintain that the Senams are idols or objects of worship pure and simple; and, having never had any connection with the *Maasreh*, ought to be

kept distinct in the mind from them. This shows that they call one class *Maasreh* because they are like modern press beds; and the other they call Idols, because they have been so taught from generation to generation. There seems, indeed, no reason to doubt that they have preserved this tradition from the Arab conquest of Tripoli.

It should be noticed that this is not the only series of remains in Barbary known by this name. There are at El-Wad, in Algeria, alignments of *menhirs* of, it may be presumed, unquestionably the rude stone monument class, which are called *es-senam* (the idol),* so that it looks as if, even though the two groups are of different and distinct origin, both were found by the Arabs when they overran North Africa, actually in use as objects of reverence by some stone worshipping race.†

The evidence that this was the case in Tarhuna does not, however, rest only on the word *Senam*. Nearly every site still retains its peculiar name. Some, however, are called only from the tribe or sub-tribe, in whose territory they are, while others take their designation from some adjacent water-course or hill. A considerable proportion also bear names which are not Arabic, but probably belong to the older Berber dialects, and I am not competent to assign them their true meaning. Yet among those with Arabic names we have a small but significant series. Thus *Senam el-Thubah* is the "Idol of the Sacrifice"; *Senam el-Nejm*, is the



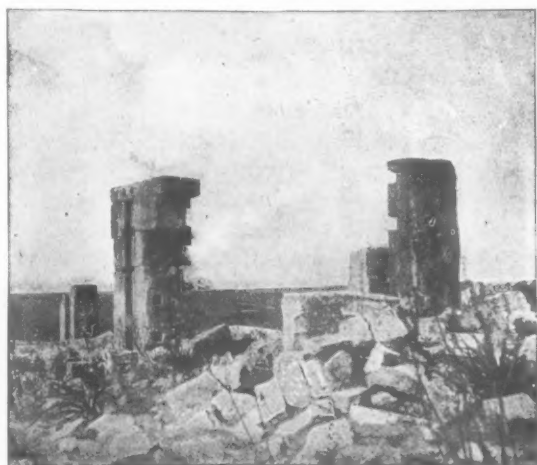
SENAM BU-MATEÉREH (WADIKSEIA).

"Idol of the Star"; *Senam el-Aref*, signifies either the "High places," or the "Place of Divination"; while *Senam el-Gharabah*, is the "Idol of Wonder." These are not the names which an incoming race would apply to industrial structures, unless they had been devoted to an entirely different use. There are also *Kom Nasr*, the "Hill of Victory," and *Ras el-Id*, the "Hill of the Feast," on each of which are the *Senams*.

We should conclude therefore, from this evidence, that if the *Senams* were in Roman times oil presses, a period must have ensued when the industry was entirely abandoned. That, probably at some time when the country lay waste, a horde of stone-worshipping barbarians occupied it, and while destroying or suffering to go to ruin, the surrounding courts or *torcularia*, preserved the upright stone Torculars as objects of worship. It looks as if the Arab invasion did not at once Islamize the country, and since the incoming Arabs were tent dwellers and not house dwellers, they apathetically suffered the idols to remain standing; and as if it was some time before the idol worshippers embraced the Arabian faith. We will now try to ascertain if North African history confirms or refutes such a conclusion.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.

The history of North Africa, after the time of Constantine the Great, is one of incessant unrest. Under the government of Romanus, in the time of Valentinian, Oea (Tripoli) and Leptis, two of the coast cities of the Regio Tripolitana were besieged, if not sacked, and the surrounding country was devastated. The African conquests of Genseric the Vandal culminated in the capture of Carthage, in 439, after which the Tripolitan region was laid waste and Leptis was destroyed. It was at Tripoli that nearly a hundred years later (533 A.D.), Belisarius, Justinian's general, landed. The town was handed over to him by the citizens, and in a short time he had marched on Carthage, and the Vandal Empire came to an end. The region then became



SENAM EL-NEJM ("THE IDOL OF THE STAR"): SHOWING THE PERFORATED HOLES.

part of the Byzantine Empire, and Leptis rose from its ruins. Solomon, the successor of Belisarius, completed the restoration of Roman power on the coast line, and at numerous important towns, but throughout North Africa, and perhaps especially in Tripoli, where there were no important inland towns, the fertile lands remained in the hands of the native Berber races. Yet these were so diminished in number by the carnage of Justinian's wars, that many districts hitherto fertile lapsed into desert for want of cultivation. Procopius relates that five million Berbers and Vandals perished in these wars, and that territories and cities which, when he landed in 533 A.D. were flourishing and opulent, were reduced in less than twenty years to silent solitudes.

It was no doubt this miserable condition of things that threw open the country to the depredations of the great desert tribes: for in the time of Sergius, who succeeded Solomon, we learn that Leptis was invested by a powerful tribe called the Levatae, which, as late as the time of Leo Africanus, occupied the desert oases between Augila and the Nile.

The spread of Mohammedan influence over Western Barbary may be divided into two epochs, the first being that of Arab invasion in the latter half of the seventh century: the other was the epoch of Arab immigration in the tenth century.

The Arab invasion commenced with the first African campaign of the great Amr (Amru ibn el-'As) which reached as far as Tripoli, which he captured. This was in 644 A.D.;* and three years later (647 A.D.) Abdallah abu Sarh, Amr's successor, led the Caliph Othman's army victoriously through Barca to Tripoli and Carthage.

Both of these expeditions were purely military, and the rule of Islam was not permanently established. Ocbah, appointed in 662 A.D., was the Arab general, to whom it fell to plant the crescent banner of Muawia in North Africa. In 668 A.D. he re-occupied Tripoli, and two years later he founded the city of Kairwan in Southern Tunis.

Tripoli now became a Mohammedan state, falling alternately into the hands of Egyptian and Tunisian dynasties, but the bulk of the population were still non-Arab, and probably non-Moslem. About 969 A.D., in the time of Mo'iz the Fatemite, commenced the great Arab immigration from the Nile valley, which for a considerable time overran all Northern Africa. They captured Tripoli, and massacred the inhabitants, and from them, it is pretty certain, are descended the numerous wandering



PLAN OF SENAM SEMANA (TERR'GURT):
SHOWING SEVENTEEN SENAMS IN A LINE.

tribes of Arab blood who range over the plains and hills of Barbary.

During this period and, indeed, on till Roger of Sicily took the country, agriculture and commerce were almost as much at an end as they had been after Justinian's wars. We find 'Idrisi, the historian, writing in 1154 in the following melancholy strain about Tripoli—

"Before the present epoch all the neighbourhood was well cultivated and covered with plantations of figs, olives, dates, and every kind of fruit trees, but the Arabs destroyed this prosperity, and the people were obliged to abandon it; the plantations were devastated and the watercourses stopped up."

It is pretty clear that the devastation alluded to by 'Idrisi was that caused by the Arab immigration in the tenth century. But since the first great period of national misery, say from 550 to 600 A.D., was almost immediately followed by the first Arab conquest, it seems very unlikely that the Senams, if oil presses, could have ever been worked after Justinian's wars. The devastation of the Arabs was probably principally on the coast fringe where some measure of prosperity had been maintained, but inland all commercial enterprise had been crushed in the sixth century. No doubt the new comers would destroy in a short time the olive groves which would still be standing.

Looking at the fact that Senams, at any rate in any number, are not found elsewhere, it would seem that, if they are ancient mills, the entire population of this district must have been wiped out in Justinian's wars. The district might then be occupied by a Pagan stone-worshipping race, ignorant of their use. During the years of anarchy and invasion which succeeded, the surrounding buildings were allowed to go to ruin, while the Senams themselves were carefully preserved. The

* See El-Hakims spirited description of the capture quoted in Section I. of the "Hill of the Graces."

Arab immigrants in the tenth century would then find this stone worship still in operation, and hence the names they gave them. The only reason that we can assign for their suffering idols to remain standing is that they were a nomadic tent dwelling people with no need of stone.

CONCLUSIONS.

We have shown elsewhere* that the Wadi Targelat is identical with the Cinyps of Herodotus, which ran to the coast from *Xapétrov* or the "Hill of the Graces"; and also that the latter must be either the Tarhuna range itself or the east end of it. Now Herodotus particularly says "This Hill of the Graces (*Xapétrov*) is thickly covered with trees, though all the rest of Libya (above mentioned) is bare."† (Melpomene 175.) The question at once arises—were these trees olive groves? It seems at any rate possible, because it is believed that the olive, which really belongs to Asia, was introduced by the Phœnicians into their colonies in the sixth century B.C., the same century in which it was brought to Italy. In the third century B.C. Theophrastus especially mentions it as flourishing in the Cyrenaica.

Reviewing all the data we have before us, it will be seen that the statistical evidence shows that it is possible for the Senams to have been, as far as their number goes, in origin presses for olive oil; but that if we accept this, we must also believe that the area was entirely given up to the industry. The theory leaves to be explained how the large population that must have been necessarily resident, supported life, and to some extent where they lived; for the system in Tarhuna must have been the converse of that now in use in the Sfax country, where the harvesting population and the presses are grouped together at the coast towns and ports. Moreover, it utterly fails to account for the extraordinary fact that Senams are hardly known in the neighbouring hills of Gharian; that they are not found in the modern extensive olive groves in M'salata; and in like manner that they do not occur, at any rate in groups in Tunis, Morocco, Algiers, or elsewhere in the Mediterranean basin, where, it is well known, olive culture was regularly carried on.

The constructive evidence is certainly in favour of an oil press theory. But it again leaves many points obscure. It affords no explanation why some sites, such as the large group at Bu-Saïedeh, are defended by a wide and deep ditch.‡ It does

not tell us why it is the rule to find the Senam sites carefully placed on the summit of hillocks; * for the natural rule all over the world is to place mills in the lowest convenient centres, to facilitate conveyance of produce to them with the least labour. It offers no explanation why the frame of the press was (unnecessarily) made of massive stone when wood was plentiful. It leaves the lines of upright columns which cross the great courtyards as mysterious and inexplicable as ever.† It does not, we think, in any way account for the large size of the enclosures themselves, if indeed we accept them as the *torcularia*, or outhouses attached to the mills. Nor, do we think, is the very large number of Senams occurring at one site, such as Semana, where there are twenty in a line, at all easy to understand. As far as I am aware the same thing is not to be found in modern olive groves.

The evidence of the place names and Arab tradition is distinctly adverse to the oil press theory, but when studied in the light of local history it cannot be said to override the arguments based on statistics and construction.

There is one further theory to notice. It has been suggested to me by more than one person that the Senams may be veritable prehistoric megaliths adapted by the Romans for olive pressing. I do not for one moment believe that this theory will hold water. The masons who cut the altars or press beds, the "Semana stones," and the outer walls, were the same men who dressed the jambs and lintels of the Senams. Moreover, the latter are sometimes found with mortar on the joints. Their position also with regard to the enclosure walls, to each other, and to the altars or press beds, is far too uniform to admit any possibility of their being compositions. The Senam sites were constructed either as oil presses or places of worship. In the process of decay they may have been converted from the former to the latter, but the converse is impossible.

But what of Geoffrey of Monmouth's story about the stones of Stonehenge having been brought from Africa to Kildare by giants, and thence by the agency of Merlin to Britain‡—a tradition which, taking the Senams to be early religious symbols, seems to contain a hint of some ancient race migration. Well, if the Senams only became idols in the sixth century, the probability of our identifying the builders of Stonehenge as a people with North African traditions is no doubt remote; yet the utilization of the trilithic symbol in Tripoli, and the erection of it in Britain, might still be traceable to an earlier and common prototype. But Geoffrey lived in crusading days, when the East

* "The Hill of the Graces," pp. 120-130.

† "The rest of Libya above mentioned" was the country the Nasamones, Psylli and Garamantes, *i.e.*, the desert east and south-east of *Xapétrov*, not the hill ranges running west into modern Tunis.

‡ "Hill of the Graces," p. 226.

* *Idem.*, p. 134.

† *Idem.*, pp. 139-140.

‡ Geoffrey of Monmouth. Book VII.; Caps. x.-xiii.

was thronged with Christian adventurers of all sorts. If one of these had strayed to Tripoli, which Roger of Sicily took in Geoffrey's time, he might have seen the Senams, and have heard how they had been, or perhaps still were, worshipped by the Pagan tribes. On his return the whole might come to Geoffrey's ears, and hence, perhaps, the pretty fable which appears in the chronicle.

In conclusion I must express my acknowledgments to Mr. J. T. Leadbetter, of Gabes, to our Consul-General (Mr. T. S. Jago) at Tripoli, and to Mr. John Dickson, our Consul at Jerusalem, for most liberally responding to my enquires on the subject of olive culture in Tunis, Tripoli, and Syria.

NOTE.—This paper was completed prior to the two meetings held last January at the Society of Antiquaries, at which Mr. Myres' explanation was fully discussed.

THE ROUND CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE:
WRITTEN BY L. N. BADENOCH:
ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET
J. D. BADENOCH.

CAMBRIDGE, with its colleges, is a very city of palaces, and at first the visitor to the town has eye

or ear for nothing else. Through gateways, invitingly open, he enters quaint or spacious, always entrancing courts, visits marvellous chapel and college hall, and, if he be a privileged mortal, gets glimpses of precincts more jealously guarded; eventually emerging behind, to discover a prolongation of his feast of quiet beauty, where velvet lawns and shady walks abut on the river, meandering beneath its many charming bridges, shaded, yet glorified, by graceful weeping willows.

If the colleges demand respect from age, one building appears yet more ancient; if they are picturesque, so is this; if they are beautiful, it is strong; if wonderful of construction, it is peculiar; but, while the colleges have carefully preserved records, unfortunately all knowledge relating to the origin and early history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is entirely lost. It is called also the Round Church, being one of four churches of that form in England. It belongs, thus, to a singular and rare class of ancient edifices, and an interest attaches to it, on many grounds.

But the proper grounds of it are much misunderstood: all sorts of vague notions of the church are afloat, kept from dissolving into thin air by their general basis of truth. How the idea arose of attributing most of these churches in England built on circular plan, to the Jews, it is impossible to say. They are supposed to have been originally Jewish synagogues, and this opinion obtained the more credence at Cambridge, because the church was frequently denominated, in former times, the Holy Sepulchre in the Jewry, in which part of the town, being so termed—as found in an old Deed transcribed into the *Registrum Vestus* of St. Peter's College—it was naturally believed the Jews resided.

Probably the Jews settled in Cambridge in the reign of Henry I. (Fuller). Wherever they settled, apparently they were permitted to purchase land, on which to build a synagogue and houses where they lived together, as in London. Everyone knows how the Jews waxed rich; their wealth excited envy, the feeling suggested pretences to destroy them. Thrust from the protection of the king, more covetous than just, accused of crime by the laity against the state, by the clergy against religion, the result was a popular clamour against them, affording the king the opportunity he wished of seizing their property, and leading to their expulsion from

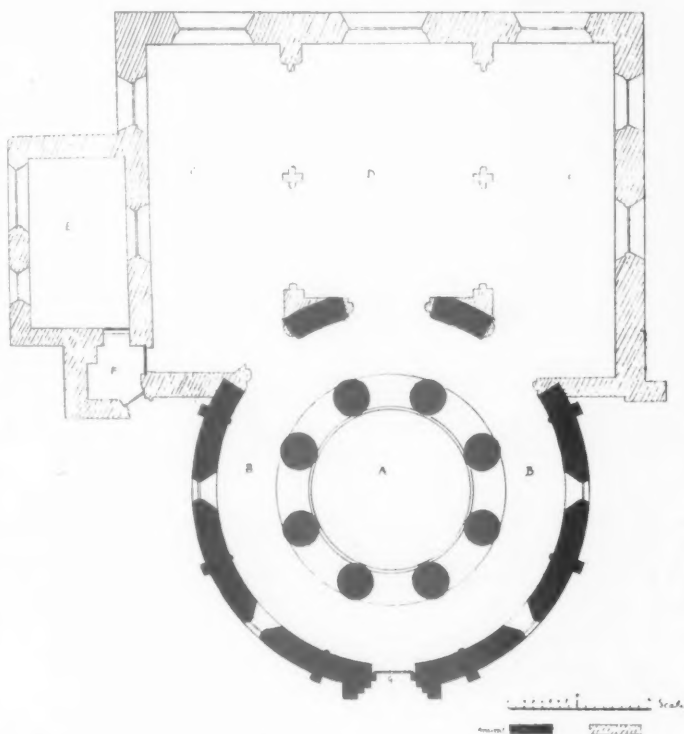


EXTERIOR OF THE ROUND CHURCH, FROM
NORTH SIDE OF ST JOHN'S CHAPEL: DRAWN
BY MARGARET J. D. BADENOCH.

the country* when robbed of all they possessed. We find the monarch filling his coffers in this fashion at Cambridge in the year 1224. He sold a Jew's house near the Guildhall to the corporation for a common prison,† and in the synagogue adjoining, Baker reports, was established a fraternity of mendicant friars‡; after which, we may presume, the Jews had no settled habitation in Cambridge. While they had, it is evident from what has just been said, they did not all reside in the portion of the town called the Jewry, but had their synagogue, and probably lived together, near the Guildhall—a situation more convenient for their business, in the centre of the town, in the market-place, where the traffic went on in different merchandise. Since the Jews did not occupy it, some better reason must be sought for the parish of the Holy Sepulchre bearing the name of "The Jewry."

Moreover, there is no shadow of a reason for supposing that the Jews either could, or would, have built themselves a synagogue like this curiosity.

The idea of having churches of circular form is undoubtedly to be traced to the existence of circular temples at Rome. Several of these, it is certain, being large and convenient, were converted into Christian churches after the empire itself had become Christian. Thus the Templum Fauni, built by the Emperor Claudius, the largest of its kind, was dedicated by Pope Simplicius about 470 A.D., in honour of St. Stephen‡; and the Pantheon, the most beautiful circular temple in Rome, was similarly dedicated to the Virgin by Pope Boniface IV., in 607, and, three years later, by Pope Gregory IV. to all the Saints.§ But the Christians not only directly adapted, or converted to their needs, these round pagan temples; still earlier, they imitated them. There is no record of a conversion of a round temple to Christian purposes before the first just mentioned, viz., in 470 A.D., whereas no sooner was the Christian religion established in the Roman Empire than more than one round church was erected. Such was that of St. Agnes at Rome, which, though supposed by some to have been built for a temple of Bacchus, was more probably built for a church



GROUND PLAN: DRAWN BY
MARGARET J. D. BADENOCH.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| A. The Round. | E. Vestry. |
| B. The Circular Aisle. | F. Bell Tower. |
| C. Chancel Aisles. | G. West Door. |
| D. Chancel. | |

by the Emperor, Constantine. Historians mention other round churches in Constantine's time; and it is evident the Christians freely erected them in different parts of the world in the fourth and fifth centuries.

There was one, however, which has far eclipsed the fame of all others—the magnificent church of the Resurrection, or Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, built in the early part of the fourth century, by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine; having the Holy Sepulchre, or tomb of Christ, in its midst. As Baker points out, in his MS. History of the College of St. John, this may well claim to have been the model of the Cambridge Church; as it may claim to have been the prototype of all subsequent round churches. That its architectural model was the Pantheon is a most interesting speculation; and it seems reasonable to conclude—especially having its founders in view—that a church probably intended at the time for the Metropolitan Church of the whole world, should have been modelled on a building deemed infinitely the finest and most curious in Rome. In turn, perhaps, the round and vaulted plan of the Pantheon was a symbolic representation of the heavens; an idea not altogether lost sight of in later times, as appears by the figures of angels, or

* In the 18th year of Edward I. 1290, Bibl. Harl. 7028, p. 15; Add. MSS., 5803, p. 45, l. 16.

† Leland's Collec., vol. iii., p. 342; Baker MSS., 7028, p. 16;

‡ Monumenta Franciscana, 1858, pp. 17, 18.

§ Desgodetz. "Edifices Antiques de Rome." He adds: "Il est à présent appelé Saint Etienne le rond."

§ Ibid.

stars, often ornamenting the domical vaults of churches.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem was reconstructed by Charlemagne in 813 A.D., and it was, of course, this, and not the Empress Helena's, that furnished the model for the mediæval round churches.

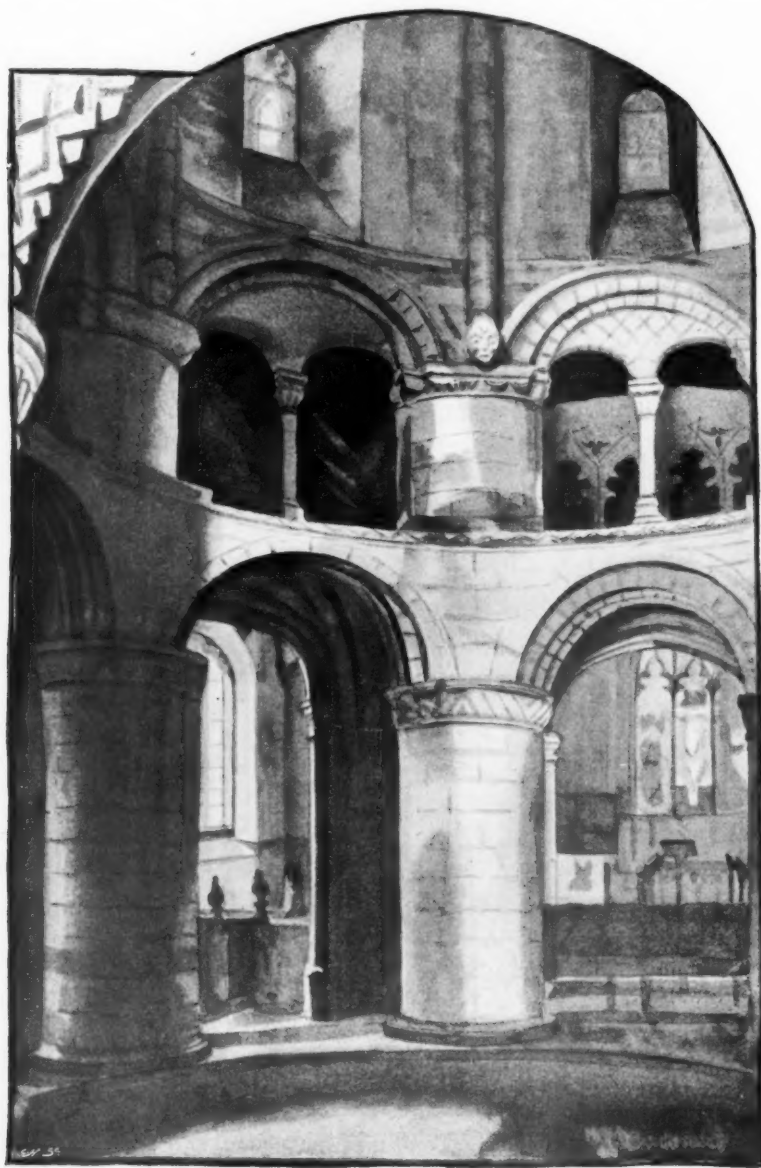
We come down to the eleventh century: Jerusalem, with its Holy Sepulchre, is in the hands of the Infidels, pilgrimage to the holy shrine is at its height, and to fearful dangers the pilgrims are exposed. The great war between the Crescent and the Cross at last burst forth, and in the First Crusade the Christians recovered Jerusalem. Then

the zeal of pilgrimage burned more fiercely; alas! the infidels, if driven from the city, still thronged its approaches. To alleviate the dangers and distresses of the pilgrims, a few Christian knights banded themselves together in a holy brotherhood in arms, which soon extended the sphere of their profession, and speedily acquired a famous reputation. By the year 1118, this already great religious and military fraternity became known as the Knights Templars; and in 1135, having spread over Europe, arrived in England.

To them was committed that sacred charge, upon which the thought of all Christendom turned—the care of the Holy Sepulchre. They revered

it above all earthly objects, their enthusiasm endowed its every stone with marvellous qualities, it was expiation for any sin, however grievous, to die in its defence. All this conspires to show, that those who were distributed over Europe would begin to build round churches, resembling, as well as they could, the archetypal one which stood over the Holy Sepulchre.

That the Cambridge Curiosity was built by them, however, is a prevalent misconception—one of those plausible, but mistaken, claims which it is generally supposed to have upon our interest. It is easier to ascertain the age than to tell who was the founder of it; for the age may be approximately ascertained by the architectural style. Adopting this criterion, the style seems not far from the first Norman, which tends to fix its date very early in the twelfth century, or immediately after the first Crusade; and it is unquestionably the oldest church of this form in England: there is likewise documentary evidence—recently brought to light from a MS. in the Bodleian Library (in a paper read before the Cambridge Camden Society by J. O. Halliwell)—of its having been actually consecrated in 1101. Allowing



INTERIOR OF ROUND CHURCH FROM
THE WEST DOOR: DRAWN BY
MARGARET J. D. BADENOCH.



INTERIOR OF THE NORTH CHANCEL AISLE:
DRAWN BY MARGARET J. D. BADENOCH.

the date assigned to be correct, it cannot therefore have been built by the Templars, during the period they were masters of the vast property they had in this, and other parts of Europe; it having existed prior to that event—prior, in all likelihood by some years, to the institution of the order in the East. Nor can it have been built for them by pious benefactors, as was sometimes the case.

Nor is there any evidence that it ever belonged to, or had anything whatever to do with them. It *may* have been settled upon them by a benefactor, and by this means the advowson of it might come into their possession; it is somewhat remarkable that the present parish of St. Sepulchre, properly called the Jewry, appears to have been formed into a separate parish in 1122, about four years after the establishment of the Templars, the very time when they would be first rising into notice. In that year, we find, the adjacent Rectory of St. Clement was granted to the Nunnery of St. Rhadegund, probably in compensation for the "Jewry," which had been cut out of their parish of All Saints. But no traces of their occupation have been discovered in the shape of sepulchral

remains. Any evidence, indeed, that we have, is all the other way. We have no guarantee that they possessed any part of the "Jewry"; that they did not possess the whole towards the end of the 13th century, when they flourished here, is certain, for in 1276, as shown by the *Bibl. Topog. Brit.*, No. 38, and by Parker's *History of Cambridge*, from a MS. in the Cotton Library, a private individual, one Robert Fulburn, gave some houses opposite the church to the Canons of Barnwell, a neighbouring priory. This was thirty-seven years before the Order of the Templars was dissolved, and, therefore, could not have been part of their habitations. On the contrary, it would be difficult to account for the church, if ever belonging to the Templars, becoming parochial, and appropriated to another monastery a vicarage, before the dissolution of the Order.*

* In the time of Hugh, Bishop of Ely (*i.e.*, Hugh Balsham or Hugh Norwold) "St. Sepulchre was a parish church." . . . "In the oldest accounts I have met with it is always a church." Baker, MSS. 7028, pp. 15, 16. An original document shows it to have been a vicarage in 1272. Baker MSS. 7028, p. 15; *Inter Archiva*; Cole MSS., 5846, p. 131.

Besides the churches erected by the Templars, or for them by benefactors, it was usual during the Crusades to build parish churches in honour of the



A CORBEL: DRAWN
BY MARGARET J. D.
BADENOCH.

Holy Sepulchre. Most of them were made circular, in imitation of the Jerusalem church; indeed, any of this name, but of different form, have been probably rebuilt. Parishes taking the names of their churches, we have the church and parish of St. Sepulchre in London, and other places. But the churches being originally dedicated in honour of "The Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem"—Constantine, for instance, built a church at Rome called Ecclesia S. Crucis in Hierusalem—it was not unnatural to call the church "Holy Sepulchre," and the parish "Jerusalem," or "Jewry." So, Dr. King, in his "Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia," points out a monastery about thirty miles from Moscow, dedicated to the Resurrection, and built on the model of the church of the same title at Jerusalem, was called "New Jerusalem." In this way, we may account for the building of those round churches which stand in places called the Jewry, as at Cambridge, without supposing they were built as Jewish synagogues. The aversion of the Jews to the Christian religion would have prevented them imitating a building whose *raison d'être* was to commemorate the Resurrection, and the Christians held the Holy Sepulchre in too high esteem to permit them to do it. If ever they built their synagogues in this form, it was before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

As to the founders or builders of these churches, they were, undoubtedly, the work of persons concerned in, or connected with, the Crusades. With regard to the Cambridge church, this much is sufficiently guaranteed by its form: for, once admitting all round churches



A GROTESQUE CORBEL: DRAWN
BY MARGARET J. D. BADENOCH.

since Constantine's time to have had express reference to the same original raised by him over the Holy Sepulchre, the coincidence in point of time of the erection of this church and the breaking out of the Crusades, is too remarkable to be merely accidental. Probably the founder had been in the First Crusade, or was intending to engage therein; and his object in erecting the church, and in this form, would be that prayers might be offered for the success of the Crusades, by some religious body appointed for the purpose; while, at the same time, the very existence of so lively a remembrance of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, would effectually heighten the zeal and enthusiasm for the Holy Wars.

A legend connected with the parish seems to confirm this idea of a religious body attached to the church. Both the Additional (No. 5803), and Cole MSS. (No. 5823), report that the Venerable Bede lived here. Certainly, in Fuller's time, there was an ancient house called Bede's House, betwixt St. John's College and the Church. But besides the improbability that an ordinary dwelling-house built in the seventh century should be standing in the seventeenth, it is doubtful if Bede were ever at Cambridge. Bede "never came south of Humber," so the Harleian MSS. (7028) state (V. Bed. Hist. Eccl., p. 492, Edit. Cant. V. Bedæ, Vit. *ibid.*). However, the house might have been built when the church was, for the reception of Beadsmen, to pray for those engaged in the Holy Wars, and therefore not improperly called the Bede-house; whence the tradition.

In all this long train of circumstances attending the Cambridge Church, one figure seems peculiarly fitted to fill the niche of founder. Among the most strenuous leaders in the First Crusade was Duke Robert of Normandy, whose standard-bearer, an eminent soldier, was Sir Pain Peverill. The latter was at the taking of Jerusalem, with Duke Robert, in July, 1099, and, probably, returned with him the following year. After his return, he founded Barnwell Abbey, in Cambridge. To the prior and convent of Barnwell, at a very early



A CORBEL: DRAWN
BY MARGARET J. D.
BADENOCH.

period,* we find St. Sepulchre's Church appropriated a vicarage, of which they were the patrons, being endowed. Is it not probable the right of patronage thus granted to these monks was presented by Peverill, which right could only have been possessed by him in consequence of himself, or his ancestors, being the founders of the church, as within a demesne of his own. This we gather from the customs of the times, when likewise it was customary to present such right to the religious houses in order that it might be better exercised. Judging by the ardour of the first Crusades, it is highly probable he himself was the founder of the church; a model, as far as he could make it, of that revered exemplar with which he had lately been so intimately associated at Jerusalem.

It was probably in or before 1254, that William Toylet, or Twylet, founded a chantry in the Chapel of St. Mary within the church, to be served by a brother of the ancient Hospital of St. John, for which he gave to the house fourteen acres of land in the fields of Cambridge, and two houses in the parish of St. Sepulchre. Baker, in the "Collectanea Cantabrigiensia," states that Twylet's chantry was founded "with the consent of Hugh, Bishop of Ely." Whether this was Hugh Balsham or Hugh Norwold is uncertain; but probably it was

* "It is certain, from an inquisition taken in the third year of this king's reign (*i.e.*, Ed. I. 1275) that St. Sepulchre's was then a church belonging to the prior and convent of Barnwell *in proprios usus*."—Baker MSS. Bibl. Harl. 7028, p. 15. In Tur. Lond.



THE WEST DOOR: DRAWN BY
MARGARET J. D. BADENOCH.



FROM ROOF OF NORTH AISLE: DRAWN
BY MARGARET J. D. BADENOCH.

the latter, "the charter being without date." "For most of the grants or charters under Hugh Balsham are dated, whereas the older charters are often without date." Hugh Norwold, we learn from the Cole and Baker MSS., was bishop in 1249. Upon the Hospital being converted into a College in the sixteenth century, the duty of the chantry was transferred to one of the fellows.

By a charter dated 1313, another chantry, that of Shelford, was founded in St. Sepulchre's.

Geoffrey de Alderheth occurs as vicar in 1272, in which year, as mentioned in the Baker (7028) and Cole MSS. (5846, 131), there is an original grant of a house in the parish to him as perpetual vicar. In a taxation made of all ecclesiastical estates in 1254, the church was valued at one mark only. In Pope Nicholas' taxation, made about 1291,* the prior of Barnwell is rated 6s. 4d. for a pension

out of the church. In a return to Fordham, bishop of Ely, made 1402, the church is estimated at 100s. In the valor of Henry VIII., made in, or soon after 1534, the vicarage is returned at £6 11s. As appears by a deed for the purpose, the chancel was added in 1313, and dedicated to St. Andrew, the patron of Barnwell Priory. To that house the church remained attached till the Dissolution of Monasteries by Henry VIII.

At the dissolution the vicarage came to the Crown, although no steps appear to have been taken to assert the right; and the living has long been a perpetual curacy in the gift of the parishioners.

William Dowsing, who put in execution the iconoclastic ordinance of Parliament, thus records his proceedings on visiting the church Jan. 3, 1643-44: *Pulchers, or Round Parish*. "We

* Baker MSS. 7028, p. 16; Regrum Elien: Bibl. Topog. Brit. No. 38; Cole MSS. 5846, 131.

brake down 14 Superstitious Pictures and divers Idolatrous Inscriptions, and one of God ye Father, and of Xt. and of ye Apostles." After this event the parish appears to have been left for a considerable length of time ministerless. In an inquisition taken 23 Oct., 1650, before commissioners for providing maintenance for preaching ministers, the jury found as follows: "The Parishes of St. Sepulchre's have neither Parsonage, Vicaridge, Impropriacion, or Donative. That they have neither Minister nor Preacher, nor have had these eight years."

It would take far too long to follow the stages through which this interesting old fabric has reached the aspect it presents to-day. Being totally neglected, it had sunk, in 1841, into an unsightly, a dilapidated, and almost ruinous condition, and part of it fell in. Repairs of the ordinary kind were commenced—manifestly insufficient, and inappropriate. But, luckily, the Cambridge Camden Society stepped in, with a view of saving this remarkable building from destruction. Its state, especially the state of the interior, was such as to almost beggar description. Besides the extensive alterations made to the ancient "Round," the chancel, with aisles, may be said to have been entirely rebuilt, the cost of the new works much exceeding £4000. The restoration acquired wondrous notoriety, as having given occasion for the decision of the Court of Arches against the legality of a stone altar.

It is in the circular part that the interest of the whole, historical, architectural, and religious really centres. We enter at the West, by a beautiful recessed Norman doorway, with characteristic mouldings, embellished with the zig-zag, or chevron ornament. A descent of one step admits to the central circular area, or nave; separated from the round cloister-like aisle which encircles it, by eight, short, massive, cylindrical piers. From these spring eight, massive, semicircular arches; all the piers standing on a continuous podium, or ring of fine stone. Above this main arcade, a triforium extends over the aisle, with two semicircular arches, enclosed by a larger one, opening immediately over the lower arch; and between each of the two arches is a large, short column. These are most quaint, their diameter being nearly equal to their height, and two small $\frac{3}{4}$ columns being attached to them; probably the first specimen of a clustered column, and the only examples of the kind in England. Above again, in each bay, there is a small Norman window, making eight in all, filled with stained glass. Still upwards the eye travels to the hemispherical dome, its shafts, between the windows, terminated by grotesque corbels. Corbels, too, round about the surrounding aisle, look out from every nook, each resting on its flowered

capital. Richly tinted windows, four in number, pierce the outer wall; and groined mouldings, some with zig-zag ornament, which tend to support the arched roof, spring from the columns of the circular colonnade. Taking up one's position a little without the circular portion, yet so as to command it, as at the entrance to either chancel aisle, one has a splendid view through the maze of endlessly intersecting arches, and the plain or chevroned groinings.

The chancel or eastern portion is, as it was, in the Late Perpendicular style. Whether any Norman fabric, in the shape of an apse, chapel, or chancel, ever existed to the east of the circular nave, must remain uncertain. That an addition of early English date had existed was plainly evident. "There was something before in that place (*i.e.*, the chancel) which was answerable to it, by ye largeness of ye arch, which is also different from ye other seven under ye tower," we read at p. 45 of No. 5803 of the Additional MSS. But as no clue was discovered to show either the form, or extent of any pre-existing structure, to simply rebuild and enlarge exactly in the style and detail as found, was, upon the whole, perhaps, the wisest course.

Quitting the church, we pass through the round part once more. There seem still effective positions from which we might view it. And from whatever position we take up, it conveys an impression at least so unusual and new, that we question whether anything strictly parallel to it in the way of architectural effect in Cambridge or elsewhere could be pointed out. Ponderous and durable in appearance, this unique Cambridge curiosity is calculated to bid defiance to the warfare of time, and of man.

A N EGYPTIAN PALETTE. BY
JAMES LEICESTER, Ph. D., F.I.C.,
F.C.S.

THE finest art the world possesses had its origin in Egypt. The earliest known Egyptian pictures show no sign of primitiveness, and in arranging Egyptian works of art it is impossible to ascribe dates, but in many cases they can be grouped into periods.

The main objects of the Egyptian painters were decoration and the recording of historical events. Their painting was subservient to their architecture, the colouring of reliefs and statues giving rise to painting of a decorative nature.

One might describe Egyptian painting as distemper painting, a mixture of water-colours and gum being used. The colours were held together by wax or glue, and placed immediately upon the stone or on

a thin layer of gypsum; the pigments are seldom mixed, and are without shading.

The Egyptian distemper pictures exist from almost any date. The encaustic painting on mummy masks, in which process wax and naphtha were used, is not met with until after the Macedonian conquest.

The true Egyptian artist was the one who drew the figures and scenes, the colouring probably being afterwards filled in by ordinary workmen. It is probable also that the Egyptians painted on panels of cedar wood. In one of the tombs of Beni-Hassan there is a painting representing artists working and sketching animals upon panels. One painting represents an artist sitting on a stool with a brush in one hand and in the other hand a small pot of pigment. Their brushes were made from reeds, the fibres of which became soft when moistened with water.

The Egyptians do not seem to have been familiar with the muller, their method being to rub pieces of the pigment on the sides of a stone basin containing a little water. Pestles and mortars have, however, been found in the tombs, together with cakes of colours; these were probably used for the grinding of pigments. The Egyptian palettes were rectangular in shape, and were made of enamelled earthenware, alabaster, and sometimes wood. The majority have seven small cups for colours, while some have twelve cups.

The wooden coffin lids used by the Egyptians, before being painted upon, had a coating of gesso laid upon them; the surface of the wood was torn by means of sand to which a solution of gum had been added; after this the surface was rendered smooth. When it was hard a fine white gesso was laid upon it. Linen was also used on the coffins so that the gesso would firmly adhere. Many of the paintings were done

on a fine polished surface, a mixture of plaster and transparent glue being used. This ground rendered the pigments brighter and more transparent. Egyptian paintings are wonderfully free from cracks.

The colours were mixed with water and a gum resembling tragacanth; honey was also frequently used. On their paintings and mummy cases varnishes containing resins are sometimes met with; these have darkened considerably and hide the colours.

The colours, seen either in the dim light of the tombs or in the brilliant sunlight, are never glaring. It is exceedingly probable, however, that the colours have toned down considerably, if we compare the very brilliant colours of some preserved under exceptional circumstances.

The pigments they used were two shades of red, a light and dark yellow, green, blue, brown, white, and black.

The reds, yellows, and browns were obtained from ochres, which have a yellow colour, graduating from brownish to reddish tints. These occur naturally, and owe their colour to iron which they contain in the form of hydrated ferric oxide.

The red ochres are as permanent as the yellow, and do not act injuriously upon other pigments. On gently roasting a yellow

ochre, various shades of red ochres would be obtained. The chief constituents of ochres are:—

Bright Ochre.	Brown Ochre.	Yellow Ochre.	Iron Reds.
Water, 4 p.c.	Water, 10.85 p.c.	Ferric Oxide, 97 p.c.	Silica, 1
Ferric oxide, 5.76 p.c.	Ferric oxide, 20.73 p.c.	Silica, 54 p.c.	Water, 2
Silica, 65.40 p.c.	Alumina, 21.74 p.c.	Alumina, 13.75 p.c.	Lime, .2 p.c.



1. Wooden Palette.
2. Porcelain Palette with name of Meri.
3. Wooden Palette, dedicated to Thoth and Osiris.
4. Has name of Ptahmes, a scribe.
5. Has name of Pamerana, scribe in the reign of Amenophis III.
6. Ivory Palette.

The following reds were also used: Cinnabar, a naturally occurring sulphide of Mercury, and also minium or red lead, an oxide of lead.

They also had a vegetable yellow, and a red dye



EGYPTIAN PALETTE IN BRITISH MUSEUM.

produced from kermes, an insect resembling the cochineal insect. Pieces of cloth dyed with kermes have been found in the tombs of Middle Egypt, the colours as bright as when they were prepared, at least as far back as the fourth century.

For green pigments they had *Terre Vert*, containing:—

Water	-	-	-	9 p.c.
Ferrous Oxide	-	-	-	21.4 p.c.
Silica	-	-	-	51.4 p.c.

and greens produced by mixing blues with their yellow pigments. In addition to these, they had a series of greens, the colouring of which was due to the presence of copper in the frits, in the manufacture of which they were adepts.

An analysis of one of their frits gave:—

Copper	-	-	-	3
Silica	-	-	-	20
Sodium Carbonate	-	-	-	15

Green frits on coffins are found dating as far back as B.C. 2000. Egyptian blue is alluded to by Vitruvius and also by Theophrastus. The bright blue in their paintings at the present time is very marked, even in the case of those which have been exposed to the weather for considerably more than a thousand years. It was probably made from a cupreous glass obtained by strongly heating a powdered mixture of sodium carbonate, silica, and copper; it resists the action of

chemicals. Indigo from a remote period was in use in Egypt, both as a pigment and a dye. Some of their work contains Tyrian or Murex purple.

Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Enclose the blue, that dye of dyes,
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And coloured like Astarte's eyes!

—BROWNING.

White pigments prepared from lime, powdered enamel, or plaster were used. The usual white pigment contains:—

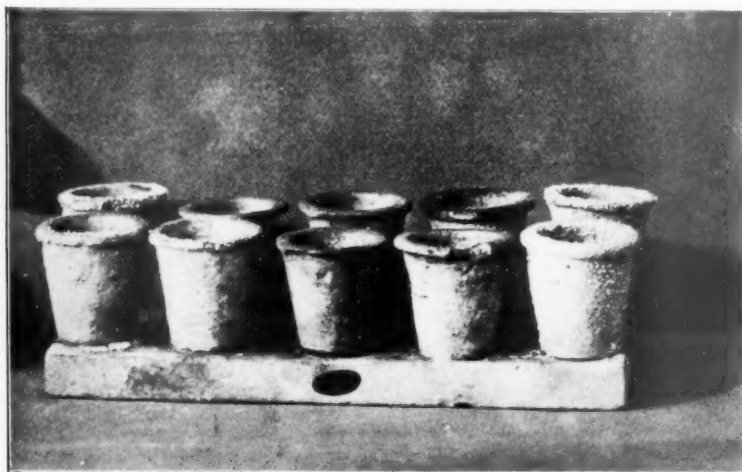
Calcium carbonate-	-	94.72
Sand	-	3.00

Others contain gypsum (sulphate of calcium).

The black pigment used was bone black, the main constituents being:—

Carbon	-	-	-	15.14
Ash	-	-	-	76.86

The men in their pictures are painted red, and the women are always painted yellow; water and birds are painted with blue or green pigments, and animals usually red. Pliny states that their gods and high personages were painted with minium, and their warriors are described by Herodotus as being coloured with minium and gypsum. Some of the colours look as if they might have been derived from madder. Taking a few small examples of Egyptian work, we find a figure of Osiris which is painted upon wood, has the face coloured green, the cleft blue, and the body is yellow, the lines of the hieroglyphics being black. A sculptured bas-relief is red on a white ground. There is a female figure in one painting, in a red dress, probably the goddess Netphe. Another picture of a jackal, shows the animal black and wearing a red collar. A panel picture, 5½ in. high, of a hawk, is coloured with yellow, red, and blue pigments. The violet colours which are occasionally noticed in some



EGYPTIAN PALETTE IN BRITISH MUSEUM.

pictures are the result of natural changes which have occurred during the lapse of ages.

At the South Kensington Museum and in the National Gallery there are examples of encaustic painting. Those in the National Gallery are portraits obtained from the Hawara Cemetery, Fayum, Egypt, and were probably executed by Greek artists. A distemper priming has been used, and the pigments mixed with wax placed on in a molten condition, the wax binding the pigments together, and, as in the Egyptian gum painting on mummies, the outer layer of wax preserves them from the action of the air. The pigments used in these paintings were blue, yellow, and red ochres, charcoal black, minium, a madder, and a purple like Tyrian purple. They were probably painted A.D. 200. The wax on some has been re-melted, but otherwise they are as originally produced.

In the Northern Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum are a series of mural paintings in tempera dating from B.C. 1500 to B.C. 1300, which were taken from tombs at Thebes. The subjects represent entertainments, at which are shown dancing girls and musicians playing on flutes, with the guests attended by slaves; also agricultural occupations, and slaves bringing geese, with a scribe noting down the account.

The hieroglyphics, or picture writings, were frequently for the sole purpose of architectural embellishment, as at Luxor, where a series of royal cartouches is introduced as a feature of decoration on the pillars. On an obelisk or sarcophagus the hieroglyphics form an essential part of the decoration, quite apart from their value as phonetic or symbolic characters.

WITH THE MILK CART.

LONDON has a purer, fresher self revealed only to those who are early abroad. Loveliest in the first summer days, when her robes of leaf and blossom are still unsoiled, even in the sweltering dog days, when the sun has set luridly on a jaded and feverish city, seething in a cauldron of dust, wan with long draughts of polluted air, she will step forth at dawn with the dew of the morning on her locks, radiant and vigorous, a London that has bathed in Lethe, and awakened to forgetfulness of her daily treadmill of toil and pleasure, rejoicing in the innocence and young vigour which the kindly hour of daybreak unfailingly renews.

We may have lived our lives at her very heart, and yet never have come to know her; never have realised the existence of a beauty which, by the time we are up, is effectually obscured.

Viewed as a background to some rich function, to the display of luxury, and the teeming life of

business, to dreary poverty and squalid vice, she has an impressiveness of her own. Even her hideousness moves us by its bigness, its perfection, its complete appropriateness to the lives of misery and crime which, like another Lucifer, great in vice as in virtue, she breeds and foment.

These qualities are familiar to everyone, for they are those which belong to her maternity, to her relationship with us, but for a few short moments every morning, when the last belated clubman has gone home, and the hum of labour has not yet begun, she throws off the matronhood we know, and stands forth a virgin goddess of unsullied purity and grace. Then it is, if we are in the streets, silent, except for the morning orisons of birds—

"That little twitter and cheep,
Breaking inordinately loud and clear,
On this still, spectral, exquisite atmosphere,"

that unbroken vistas lead the eye on past well-known landmarks to green distances which lie unsuspected all day. New and stately perspectives open out for us; we set foot on an undiscovered country, and drink in our first impressions of it. We are gladdened by a sense of spaciousness and freedom. It comes to us that there is something lying beyond these myriads of houses; we seem to join hands with the country, to catch a hint of its freshness, to smell its scents on the breeze. The very streets are gay and brilliant in the clear air, and reveal to us beauties of colouring never imagined. They make themselves felt as at no other time; it is their hour, their brief span of existence. As our ancestors step down from their frames and walk the earth again till cock-crow sounds their recall, so London inanimate, till the roar of traffic, the buzz of the hurrying multitudes of her children, put her to flight, stands for a time as protagonist on the stage where later she will be a mere subsidiary; and with what quiet and fascinating charm she plays her part! She is only man's understudy, thrust into the background when he dons the buskin; but those who are privileged to see her as she is, feel tempted for the moment to wish humanity at the bottom of the sea.

A. E. S.

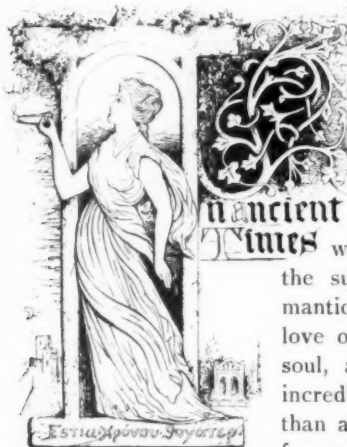
GREAT AND FALSE ART.

GREAT art dwells in all that is beautiful; but false art omits or changes all that is ugly. Great art accepts Nature as she is, but directs the eyes and thoughts to what is most perfect in her; false art saves itself the trouble of direction by removing or altering whatever is objectionable.

RUSKIN.

THE BAPTISTERY OF SAINT JOHN
IN FLORENCE; OR A VIRGILIAN
LEGEND OF VESTA: WITH
OTHER CURIOUS RELICS OF

THE GODDESS:
BY CHARLES
GODFREY LE-
LAND, HON.
F.R.L.S.



when a deep sense of the superstitious and romantic, mingled with the love of art, inspired every soul, architecture had an incredibly higher influence than at present. The difference between the manner in which it was regarded then and as it is understood now, is exactly that in which an aesthete admires a magnificent Arabic inscription, filled with intertwining decoration, and the same as seen by some learned hakim, who can read the letters and understands the symbolism of the flowers. Unto him there is beauty in a double sense.

I have often been reminded of this in Florence, when recovering among the people, by the aid of a professed witch and fortune-teller, the marvellous and ever occult or supernatural legends of the churches, palaces, old towers, bridges and fountains of the city. These works of art are all beautiful, if only from the outside, but it seems to me that, knowing the popular tradition, which is generally of great antiquity, we are like the hakim who can read the inscription.

The Battistero San Giovanni, or Baptistery of Saint John in Florence, is a marvellous collection of such occult sermons in stone. I have a number of legends relating to it, but the following will be of most interest to the architect and antiquarian, because it declares that the building was originally a temple of Vesta. Without maintaining this opinion, I would point out the fact that there are, by chance at least, some remarkable incidents which apparently sustain it.

When people worshipped many gods and goddesses, there was one of the latter whose name was Avesta, though she was commonly called Vesta by the people, who thought she was the Goddess of Chastity, because, when a girl had been betrayed, she went to the Dea and made her prayer to be speedily married and not found out, which had the result when granted that she was believed

to be as virtuous as ever. *Era tornata pura, come prima.*

But while Avesta was worshipped as the Spirit of Chastity, there were many doubters, who declared that this was all a mask and a sham, that the goddess herself had lovers under the rose, and that the real secret of her worship was to know how to keep a secret, or to live unknown to the world and in mystery.

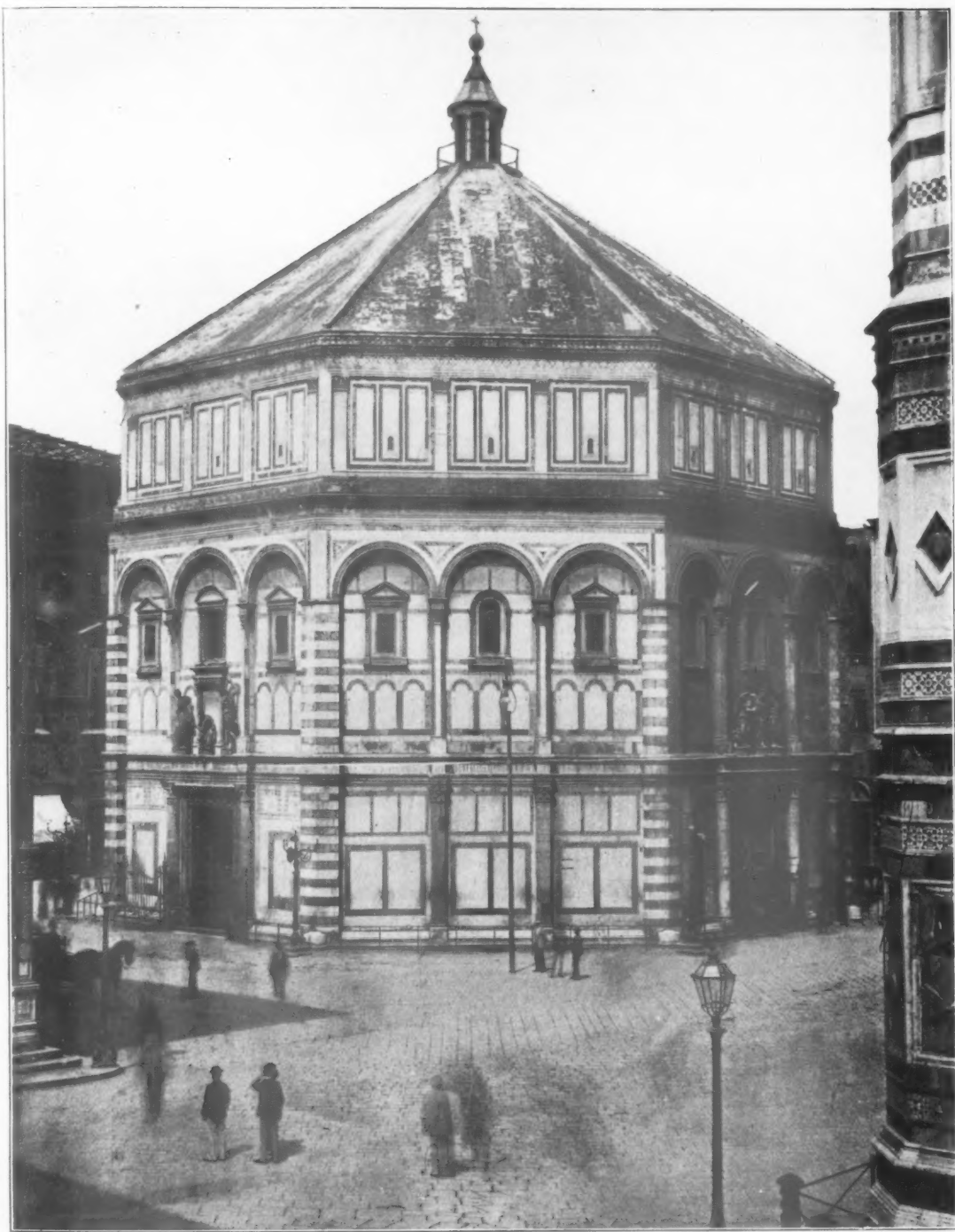
Vesta was also the goddess of all kinds of lights, such as candles, lanterns, and torches, as well as of purity. Her temple was in Florence, in what is now the Battistero or Battisterio di San Giovanni. And it was found, or said to have been discovered, that once a month at the new moon, all the worshippers of the goddess, who pretended to be most exemplary in their lives, met in the temple, and worshipped before a lamp. But when the service was over, and the public had departed, the doors were bolted, the lamp blown out, and there was a general orgie in the dark—*senza sapere chi era quello che facevano l'amore*. Whence came the saying, a proverb, when two lovers are sitting together and the lamp goes out, *Si fa come Avesta, e anche lei non sa come era fatto*. "Tis as if Vesta did it—and she herself knows not how 'twas done."

There lived in Florence a young signore who loved a lady, beautiful and blest by birth and fortune. But he had a bitter rival who went to a witch, and bade her conjure the maiden with a padlock, so that she should remain a maid so long as the lock was closed.

So the witch took a padlock, and locked it with a key, saying:—

Chiudo la catena,
Ma non chiudo la catena,
Chiudo il corpo e l'anima
Di questa bella Signorina ingrata
Chi non ha voluto corrispondermi,
Chi ha preferito un altro a me,
E questo io l'odio,
Come io odio la Signorina,
Pure catena che in cateni
Tanti diavoli tiene
Incantenata questa Signorina
Fino a mio comando che nessuno
Le possa disogliere e incatenata,
Possa stare fino che
Non si decidera di sposarmi!

I close the lock fast,
Yet it is not the lock which I close,
I close the body and soul
Of the ungrateful maid
Who will not return my love,
Who has preferred another to me,
And him I hate, as I hate her;
But thou, oh lock, in which are shut
Thirty devils, do thou keep
Enchanted and in-locked that lady fair
By my command that none may open it;
And may she be enchanted thus,
Until she shall decide to marry me!

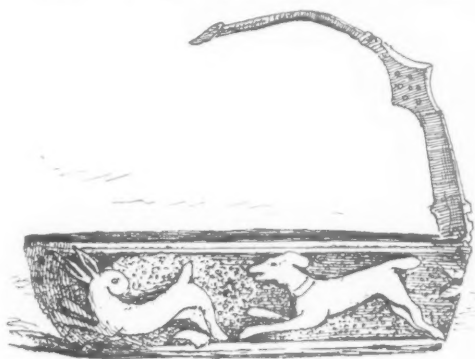


EXTERIOR OF THE BAPTISTERY
OF ST. JOHN, FLORENCE.



So the youth whom the maid loved was also bound by the chain, and suffered as if his life were half gone.

One day Virgilio, the magician and poet, who knew all this, while passing in the Piazza del



IRON VESTA LAMP—TUSCAN.

Duomo, met the young man looking as pale as death. And Virgil in pity asked what ailed him.

He replied: "I am enchanted, and the one whom I love also, I know not by whom, but we are bound by an evil spell."

Virgilio replied: "It may be broken. Go thou into a field by a rock near Fiesole. By the rock is a stone, and under it lies a lock.

"Take this gold key which has the power to open any lock. Then go into the temple of Vesta, by night, and unlock the *catena*, and wait."

So having gone to Fiesole, and found the lock, on the night of the new moon, he went into the temple of Vesta, and, having prayed to the goddess, he opened the lock with the key, whereupon he at once fell asleep, and no one observed him.

At the same time the young lady, in all good faith, entered the temple to pay her devotions, with many more people, and, having made her prayer, also fell asleep in her corner in such a manner that none observed her. So they slept on till all were departed except the Initiated; when the lamp was extinguished, and the goddess, who had been a statue, came to life, and at the rustling of her garments the two awoke in the darkness. Then the young man, finding himself by a girl, was seized with passion, nor had she power to resist, for the spell of the goddess was on them, and so they embraced. And noting that the lady was evidently of rank, the youth drew from her breast a handkerchief, which he kept. And after a time the notice was given that the men should all depart in the darkness, and after them the women left, and none knew who had been embraced or kissed, or by whom. But the young lady was seized with shame and remorse at what had happened, though she felt as if she had been compelled to it all by fate.

T 2

But what was the amazement of the young signore on awaking in the morning at reflecting that the charm had been broken, and that he was no longer "bound." He would have thought it all a dream, but in his pocket he found a lady's handkerchief. And what was his greater amazement when examining it he found marked on it the coat of arms and name of the lady whom he loved.

Then he went to visit her, and his first words were:

"Signorina, excuse me, but have you not lost a handkerchief?"

"Not to my knowledge," she replied.

Then drawing it from his pocket he presented it to her.

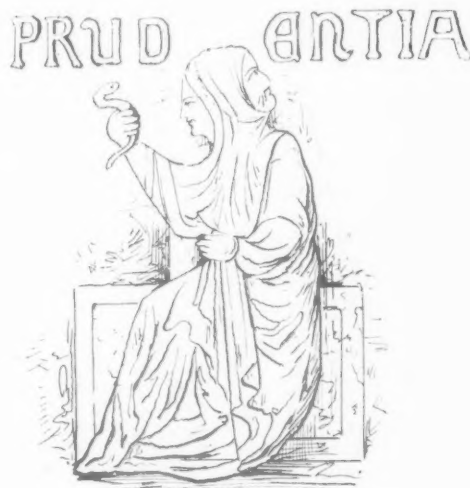
Whereat she cried "Horror and shame!" and became first like wine and then milk from her dress to her hair, while the gentleman said:

"It appears, signorina, that we must have exchanged handkerchiefs last night in the dark—and *per Bacco!*—no great wonder either, as we were so absorbed in our devotions that we did not note the difference.

"And since we have begun so well in piety and religion with our good works, I propose that we continue—only, instead of exchanging pocket handkerchiefs at the altar, I would suggest that we exchange rings, and get regularly married!"

Whereupon the young lady, who was of quick wit and delighted to her heart with every word, replied:

"I take my handkerchief from you, signore, with



BAPHOMETIC FIGURE AS THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUE OF PRUDENTIA—BRONZE, ON THE DOORWAY OF THE BAPTISTERY, FLORENCE.

great pleasure, as I have heard that in Turkey the wives of the Grande Signore do, when he throws one at them. And as it is said:—

Donna chi prende
Tosto si rende,
E pur si vende.

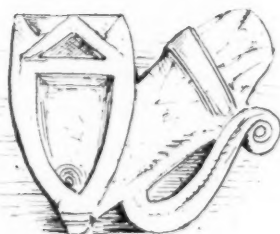
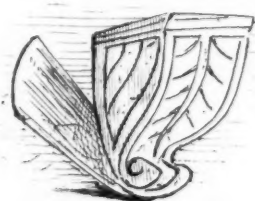
She who accepts gifts will first give, and then sell herself—even so will I traffic my heart and love for thine. In the game of love one must catch the ball at the bound."

"Yes," replied the youth. "The peasant does not always know what it is that he brings back in his sack* from the mill, nor a man what he may bring with him from church. But, thank the Lord, and Avesta, that we have found such good flour in ours!"

"Yes, thanks to Avesta!" replied the signorina. "Yet I think we had better not go again to the temple—at least for evening service. *Vi sono troppe donne devote nel buio*—there is really too great a crowd of devout lady worshippers there in the dark!"

I should certainly have omitted this story for reasons which are apparent to every reader, as I have a number of others in my books, were it not that it contains much that is unquestionably of great antiquity, classic value, and interesting in the history of superstition and sorcery.

It was a widely spread belief, till within a century, especially in Italy and Germany, that not only a witch, but anybody, could "bind" any person by certain ceremonies, and render the victim impotent. There is no writer on witchcraft who does not devote generally several pages to this subject, and I have on it a Latin *thesis*, or treatise of, *circa*, 1650, in which it is discussed in a gravely legal point of view, and from which I

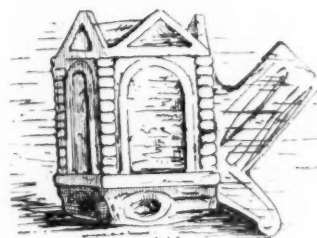
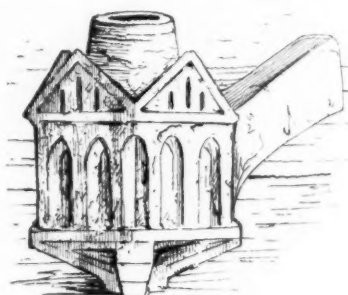


COMMON WOODEN PIPES MADE
BY TUSCAN PEASANTS ON ARCHI-
TECTURAL MODELS.

learn that there were nearly fifty ways of effecting the spell. In none of them, however, is the con-

* *Sacco*, an old equivalent for *tasca*, a pocket. An old Italian proverb, in all collections.

juration itself given for very obvious reasons, or for fear lest the reader should be tempted to do a little wicked conjuring on his or her own account. I have very little doubt, however, that the formula



VESTA PIPES.

for it in this story, given by a witch, is effectively the same which was used in all languages everywhere.

It is generally said that the Baptistery in Florence was anciently a temple of Mars, but there are reasons for believing that (at an earlier period at least) it may have been devoted to Vesta. *Firstly*, it is circular, for which reason, and no other, the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens, and also the octagonal Temple of the Winds are assigned to her. According to Ovid, the Temple of Vesta was made round, because the earth is round, and the goddess and earth were the same. Thus, in speaking of the building, he says:—

What is now roof'd with brass was then of straw;
And the slight osier formed the wattled wall,
This spot that now the fame of Vesta bears
The palace was of Numa, king unshorn.
'Tis said the form is now as erst of old;
And the true reason well may be approved,
Vesta and Earth are one. A ceaseless fire
Burns in them both, and both alike pervades,
The Earth, a globe supported by no prop,
Hangs, heavenly weight, in all-subjected air.*

The Baptistery, it is true, is not quite circular; but hexagonal. This is, however, regarded as additional proof by John Dudley† of the Temple of the Winds being peculiar to Vesta, if those of

* Ovid, *Fast.* VI. 261.

† *Naology*: or a Treatise on the Origin, Progress, and Symbolical import of the Sacred Structures of the most eminent Nations, &c., by Rev. John Dudley, M.A., &c. A flighty work, but full of loose erudition, with many ingenious conjectures.

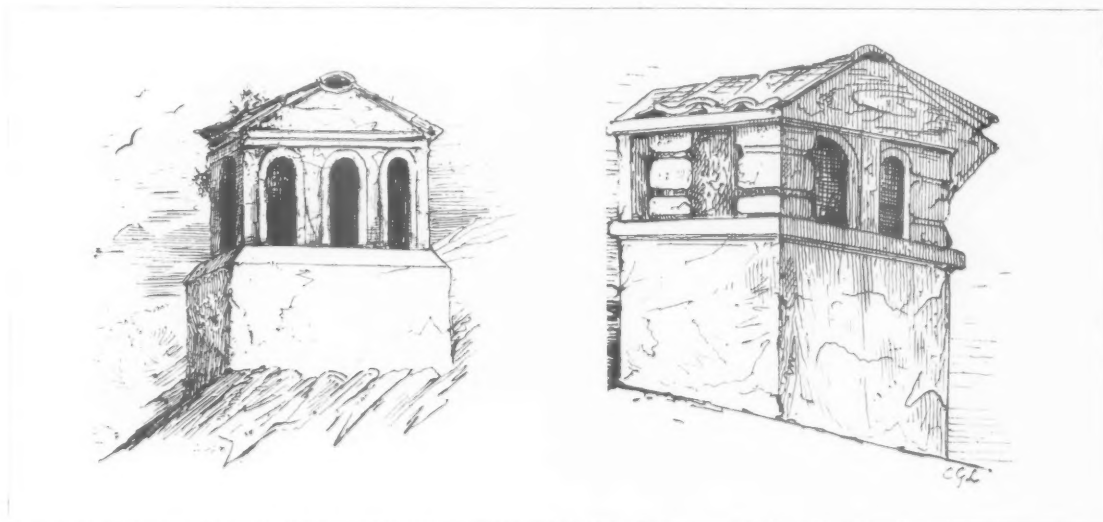
the goddess were, as Ovid says, like those of Terra. The octangular form, he writes, was doubtless adopted in consequence of a division of the surface of the earth into eight parts, instead of the more simple and early division into four; a division made on the supposition noticed in some of the cosmographical theories of the Hindus, that the boundaries of the earth formed an octagon.

The Temple of Vesta was a symbol of the world. But the world was a fertile, not a virgin deity. All of the gods were *dual* in the earliest Italian mythology. Mars was in one form a god of agriculture and of peace, or of fertility. Diana, who, as the queen of the moon and stars by night, corresponded to Vesta, the divinity of lamps and candles, was also a virgin goddess, who was in

was Vesta. In fact, Vesta and St. John formed very close and singular counterparts.

Vesta, as wife of Uranus and the mother of Saturn, and goddess of the earth itself, was anciently the primeval *dea*, and chief of all. Ovid says that the earth is called Vesta because it sustains itself (in ether) by its own strength, or, as he derives it, *sua vi stat*—"He was accounted as impious among the Romans who did not sometimes worship her." The early Christians excepted Vesta and Orpheus from the heathen deities, and regarded them with something like affection, as they did Virgil and the Sybils. This may account for the fact that in the traditions of modern Italy this goddess seems to be well remembered.

Since writing what goes before, I have found a

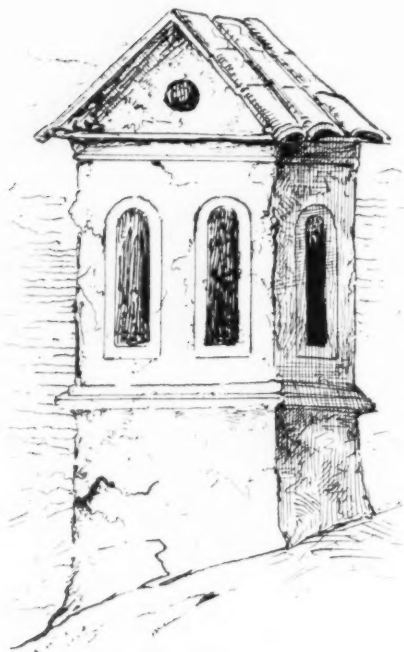


VESTA CHIMNEYS, BAVENO.

secret the mistress of Endymion and Viterbus. The tendency to make of every cult a mystery with initiation, "illumination," and free-love orgies, was to be found among all who by nature tended to the occult and sensual. Christianity did not escape it, as the history of heresies informs us, and there was suspicion attached to the love feasts of the early converts—at least, by their heathen enemies.

The reason why the temple of Vesta in Florence (if it ever was one) was transferred to Saint John is possibly as follows: Vesta, as the Goddess of Chastity and Purity, was, like the Sybils and Orpheus, an exception from heathenism to the earlier Christians. Vesta and Saint John were respectively the types of innocence in their religions. But most remarkable is their both being deities or types of *light*, not in its primary sense of the sun or the Deity—"he was not *the light*," says the Gospel—but in a transmitted sense, as

very remarkable illustration of the tenacity with which traditions cling to custom in Italy. There was an old man who often sat on the stone bench by the side of the Strozzi palace in Florence, selling small wares, and among others he had a number of wooden pipe-bowls, *pipe rustice*, or pipes carved by peasants, all very rudely executed, evidently with common pocket knives, being rather dug out than cut or carved. Yet their patterns were all really beautiful, and all agreeing with Romanesque or Transition types. Among them were several in the form of a small square temple, and these the old man said were called *Vestas*. Now, as the ancient temple of Vesta was square, as well as six-sided or round, this is a very curious fact. As a pipe bears fire and there was a fire in the temple of Vesta, the appropriateness of the name is still more manifest. It is true that there are wax vesta matches, where the manufacturer has probably



VESTA CHIMNEY, BAVENO.

had recourse to a scholar for an idea. But as regards the pipes, the reader may be assured that, as in the legends here given, we have tradition as rendered by the illiterate. And truly I often wonder that so much of this tradition is so ignored by scholars in Italy. But in Italy scholarship, unfortunately, means only book-lore. The great majority of Italian works, treating of popular tradition, are written only to ridicule it as "superstitious" and vulgar, as is the case with an incredibly silly book now before me, entitled, *Superstizioni e Pregiudizi*, which was rewarded in 1874 with a gold medal, its only object through more than four hundred pages being to prove that no folk-lore is literally true, and that only fools and vulgar folk care for tales of witches and fairies.

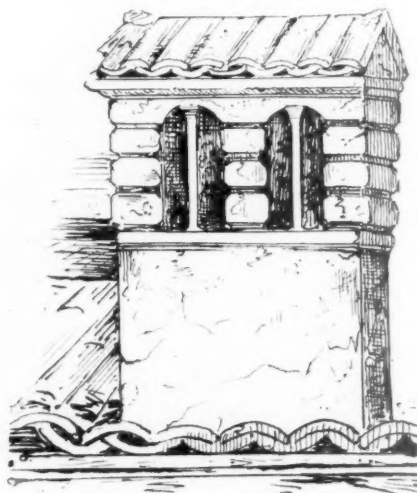
As the writer is practically familiar with wood-carving he may well express astonishment that these pipes are actually made and sold for three halfpence, or three sous. And as they are simply dug out with the point of a knife the cheapness of labour in Italy is singularly illustrated by them. With a saw and a gouge they could have been made in half the time or less. The extreme rudeness of the cutting gives them very much the appearance of dilapidated buildings. No two are quite alike. It is very evident that the patterns are traditional and not got up on modern lines. If the makers were clever enough to select classical and Romanesque designs from engravings they would not have dug them in the rudest manner with the point of a peasant's knife.

The ancient Greeks gave to Vesta a name which

meant not only fire but the fire-place, including the chimney which she had taught them to build. I had written all the foregoing, and more than a year had passed, when I observed that in and about Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, all of the chimneys more than a century old on the houses were so unmistakably like temples of Vesta, some being identical in form with the pipes before described, that there could be no doubt as to a traditional connection with the shrines of the goddess. But apart from the form, the fact that the chimney is connected with fire adds very much to the probability of what I conjecture. The reader can judge for himself from my sketches of the identity. I regret that I did not copy several ancient *cammini* which I saw some time after taking these, in which the resemblance was more striking.

In reference to which my friend, Philip Gautiez, author of several works on early Italian antiquities, informs me that he had already observed this likeness to the temple of Vesta in the chimneys of old houses, and that he believes it is still to be frequently found wherever Roman influence exists. An Italian professor of Greek and Roman antiquities in Florence also expresses it as his opinion that these forms of chimneys are antique and traditional as regards reference to Vesta.

There are to be found now and then in Florence, either in old iron or *quincaillerie* shops, or with dealers in antiques, iron lamps, very much of the old Roman pattern, and very curious. Signore Pacini, in the Via de Fossi, who is good authority, informs me that, though still used, these lamps have not been manufactured for 200 years, and those which bear around their sides the images in *repoussé* of animals, are generally of the twelfth or earlier. Of these I have half-a-dozen, and may remark that as regards utility they form ideal cigar



VESTA CHIMNEY, BAVENO.

ash receivers. The peculiar shapes of the animals and ornaments on these lamps indicate the Lombard Transition style.

It is only among the Italian witches, who, however, still preserve an immense amount of old Roman lore, that the Battisterio appears as a temple of Vesta. All of the early Florentine writers describe it as dedicated to Mars. What is very remarkable is that the early temples of Mars and Vesta were alike. And when we add to this the startling identity of Vesta and St. John as regards fire and light, we have, indeed, nothing really proved, and yet an hypothesis, out of which the archæologist may draw his own conclusions.

The Baptistry of St. John is, most appropriately to a building once held by Templars (who were the last to retain ancient magic and "illumination"), full of strange, mysterious relics. Thus, on either side of the door facing the cathedral are the two red porphyry columns which were given by the Pisans to Florence, and which, when at first polished, served as magic mirrors. But the Pisans, to deprive them of their virtue, passed them through fire. Popular tradition declares they were the two magic wands of the Queen of the Fairies, and that figures were seen in one, and writing in the other. In one chronicle they are stated to have been made by Virgil (*Comparetti "Virgilio nel medio aevo"*). Of these the reader may find full account in "The Legends of Florence."

The chief accusation against the Templars was that in their secret rites they worshipped the Baphomet, a figure with male and female faces, girt about with a serpent. It was typical of all illuminative agnosticism, but chiefly of silence, or keeping the secret of the mysteries. Hence it passed into the ordinary exoteric symbolism of the church as the Christian virtue of Prudentia, and may be found as such even in school books of the seventeenth century. It was originally derived from Janus, the all-seeing and silent, but had strange meanings attributed to it, which were revealed one by one as the neophyte advanced. The reader may see one of these Prudentia Baphometric figures in the door of the main entrance of the Battistero. There is another in the shrine of Orcagna, in the Church of Or' San Michele.

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

DURING the next few weeks all artists and artistic craftsmen who can possibly do so will be visiting the New Gallery in Regent Street, where the Arts and Crafts Society will be holding their exhibition. We shall deal with the exhibition at some length in our November number, permission having been obtained to illustrate many of the most interesting exhibits.

CELTIC ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS: BY JOHAN ADOLF BRUNN: REPRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF DOUGLAS WANTAGE.

AN unusually detailed account of a specimen of ancient Celtic art of illumination is contained in a work written by Giraldus Cambrensis, and dating from the close of the twelfth century. This author, in his *Topographia Hibernica*, tells us of a marvellous book which came under his notice in the course of his travels in Ireland in the years 1185 and 1186, and commanded his admiration on account of the wonderfully rich and elaborate character of its ornament. The ancient relic, to which he has devoted two chapters in the work containing the *impressions de voyage* of his Irish mission, and which he describes as one of the marvels of Erin, was at that time preserved among the hereditary treasures of the religious foundation of St. Brigid at Kildare. It was a copy of the Four Gospels, traditionally assigned to the days of the patron saint of that house. In its decorative aspect, being deemed too delicate a work for rough human hands, and, besides, too intricate and mysterious an affair for human invention, the book, in accordance with the pious belief of the day, was looked upon by the inmates of the house as a work produced through the kindly assistance of supernatural powers. What arrested the attention of the twelfth century writer, and made him pay such a rare tribute to an object of that kind, was not, however, as might be expected, the pious legend of its supernatural origin or high antiquity, but, in the first place, something that fell within the reach of his own personal observation, the manuscript itself, so far as its artistic work was concerned. And the combination of skill, taste, and devoted patience displayed in its ornamental pages is done justice to in the following passage, which we extract entire:—

De libro miraculose conscripto.—Inter universa Kildariae miracula, nihil mihi miraculosius occurrit quam liber ille mirandus, tempore virginis, ut aiunt, angelo dictante conscriptus. Continet hic liber quatuor Evangeliorum juxta Ieronimum concordantiam: ubi quot paginae fere tot figurae diversae, variisque coloribus distinctissimae.

Hic Majestatis vultum videas divinitus impressum; hinc mysticas Evangelistarum formas, nunc senas, nunc quaternas, nunc binas alas habentes; hinc aquilam, inde vitulum, hinc hominis faciem, inde leonem; aliasque figuras fere infinitas. Quas si superficialiter et usuali more minus acute conspexeris, litura potius videbitur quam ligatura; nec ullam prorsus attendes subtilitatem, ubi nihil tamen praeter subtilitatem. Sin autem ad perspicacius intuendum oculorum aciem invitaveris, et longe penitius ad artis arcana transpenetraveris, tam delicatas et subtiles, tam arctas et artitas, tam nodosas et vinculatim colligatas, tamque recentibus adhuc coloribus illustratas notare poteris intricaturas, ut vere haec omnia potius angelica quam humana diligentia iam asseveraveris esse composita.

Haec equidem quanto frequentius et diligentius intueor, semper

quasi novis obstupescere, semper magis ac magis admiranda conspicio.

As to the manner in which the work was composed we are told in the next chapter :

De libri compositione.—Nocte prima, cujus mane librum scriptor inchoaturus fuerat, astitit ei angelus in somnis, figuram quandam tabulae quam manu praeferbat impressam ei ostendens, et dicens, 'Putasne hanc figuram in prima libri quem scripturus es pagina possis imprimere?' Cui scriptor, de tantae subtilitatis arte, de tam ignotae et inusitatae rei diffidens notitia, respondit, 'Nequaquam.' Cui angelus, 'In crastino die dic dominae tuae, ut ispa pro te orationes fundat ad Dominum, quatinus ad acutius intuendum et subtilius intelligendum tibi tam mentis quam corporis oculos aperiat, et ad recte protrahendum manus dirigat.' Quo facto, nocte sequente iterum affuit angelus, eandem figuram aliasque multas ei praesentans. Quas omnes, divina opitulante gratia, statim advertens et memoriae fideliter commendans libro suo locis competentibus ad unguem scriptor impressit. Sic igitur angelo praesentante, Brigida orante, scriptore imitante, liber est ille conscriptus.*

The latter part of the extract needs no comment. As to the former part of it, containing the personal observations of Giraldus, it should be remembered that such is the opinion of one whom we know, from many traits in his various works, as a shrewd and exact observer, and who, moreover, lived at an epoch when material for comparison, and that of a very high degree of excellence, existed in abundance. In the course of the twelfth century we witness, outside of the Celtic area, a remarkable growth of the art of book-illumination, characterised by volumes of exceptionally grand dimensions and of the most gorgeous decoration in gold and colours. This class of illuminated books seems to have grown into vogue in England in the earlier part of the century, as it did some time previously in the neighbouring countries across the Channel; and there can be little doubt that the zealous and talented Archdeacon of St. David's, who, in his earlier years, had studied on the Continent, and who became later on so closely allied to the Royal Court of England, was familiar with the literary and artistic aspirations of his own days, and knew to perfection the master-achievements of the non-Celtic schools of art of contemporary date.

Although referring to a particular work of especial merit, the testimony of the mediaeval writer may well be placed at the head of an enquiry into the art in general of the Celtic illuminated manuscripts, emphasising as it does at the same time the salient characteristics of the style followed by this distinguished school of illumination: its minute and delicate drawing, its brilliance of colouring, and, above all, that amazing amount of devoted and patient labour which underlies its intricate compositions, and creates the despair of anyone who tries to copy them.

It is proposed in the following pages to give an

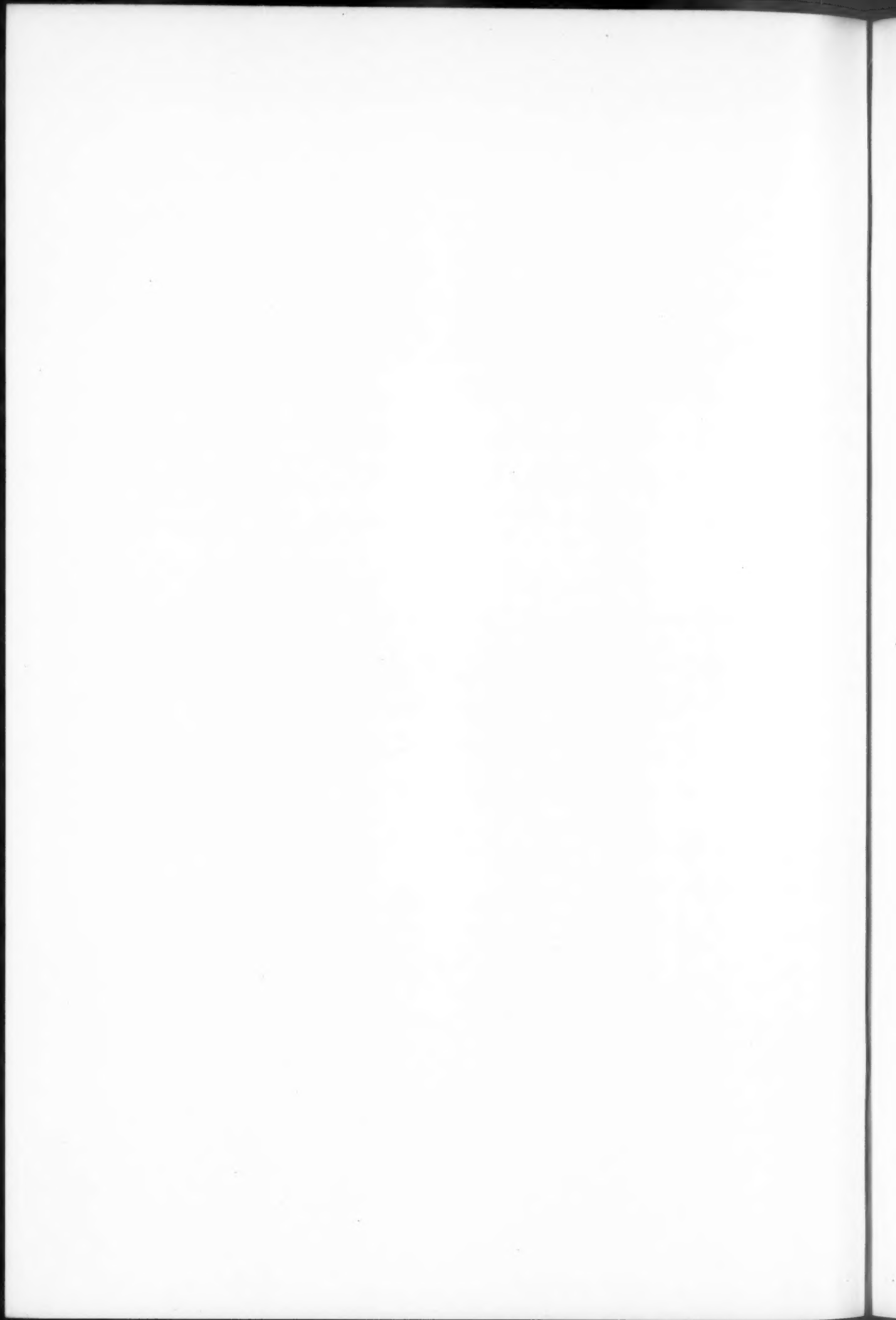
analysis of the Celtic style of book-decoration, by classifying the various motives or elements of which the complex schemes of an ornamental page are composed; and by tracing the evolution of each separate motive as far as that can be followed in Celtic Art; afterwards to deal with the principles of composition and the treatment and effect of colour; and, lastly, to place before the reader a series of works in chronological sequence representative of the school on its successive stages of progress. The question of the historical connection of Celtic design with that of other countries will be properly treated only after a survey of the other mediaeval schools of illumination. Although at first sight presenting a bewildering variety of forms, the designs shown in the decorated manuscripts will, when more closely examined, be seen to submit to a rational classification under four divisions which practically absorb the whole stock of ornament. First, there is a group of patterns in the structure of which purely geometrical combinations or developments of the straight or curved line form the sole element. Then, we have groups of motives which, though anything but natural, yet were originally derived from Nature, such as highly conventionalised schemes of animals, leaves, and flowers. And, finally, there is a group of figure subjects or representations suggested by the accompanying text, which, owing to an emphatically decorative treatment, may be looked upon as mere decoration rather than illustration. Accordingly, the four divisions will be:—(1) geometrical ornament; (2) zoomorphic and (3) phyllomorphic designs; and (4) figure representations.

Celtic ornament, as shown in the pages of the illuminated manuscripts, receives its most characteristic and most national element from the group of spiral designs. The spiral is a motive of high antiquity in Celtic decorative art. From a number of objects dating from a period anterior to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, it appears that a peculiar type of spiral was a staple design to the pagan Celt; and if we compare the spiral patterns of pagan origin with those exhibited in the various works of Christian art in Ireland, the illuminated manuscripts included, there can be little doubt that the spiral system of the Christian centuries was lineally descended from that known in earlier times to the pagan natives of the country. We hope to prove this suggestion to be something more than a vague hypothesis. The spiral design was no accidental feature in the pagan Celtic art; nor was it confined to such simple, uniform scrolls as those we find used as a kind of border ornament by several prehistoric peoples. It was, on the contrary, a favourite pattern of a very elaborate character, applied as a surface decoration to a variety of objects, such as shields, helmets, sword-

* Giraldi Cambrensis *Opera*, vol. V. pp. 123, 124, London, 1867; in *Rev. Brit. m. & script.*



FROM THE BOOK OF KELLS.



sheaths, armlets, horse trappings, and personal ornaments, examples of which still survive, testifying to an astonishing proficiency in metal work—bronze and gold—both as regards construction and decoration. The ornament that lends the higher dignity to these and similar objects—the pride of the Celtic warrior and chieftain—consists of a most characteristic spiral design* which, though simple and abstract, yet at the same time possesses a peculiar force, combined with a flamboyant elegance in its long, sweeping curves. This is the style of ornament to which Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks has given the name of *late Celtic*. The root from which it sprang is uncertain. It has been suggested that, at least in some types, it was developed under the influence of floral or foliated schemes transplanted from classical ground.† If so, that might account for part of its force and freedom, qualities so rare in an ornament of purely geometrical extraction; while, on the other hand, in case the opinion be correct, the Celtic pattern may be said to be the most ingenious translation ever made of a foliaceous design into a geometrical one. Here, as in every spiral system, the principal elements are a series of volutes and the links which connect them together. But what lends to this a character of its own is the special development of the connecting links, which, by gradually expanding or contracting, enrich the ornament with a series of long, slender curves of great linear beauty. The pattern usually appears in relief produced either by *repoussé* work and chasing, when the object was made of plates of metal wrought into shape with the hammer and rivetted together; or by the particular form given to the mould, in the case of casting. On works of the first description the links bounded by the long, curved lines are raised above the surface so as to present a section with a sharp ridge at the top. The artistic appearance effected by the bold design and energetic modelling of the late Celtic spiral ornament is further enhanced by the application of *champ-leve* enamel,‡ used on

plaques or bosses attached to the pattern to emphasise the centres of the volutes, etc. Objects exhibiting this style of decoration have been discovered in various districts of Great Britain and Ireland, showing the style to have been at one time common to the pre-Christian Celtic population of the British Islands. Besides, similar objects have been found, although more sparsely, on the tracks of Celtic tribes on the Continent, whereas, outside of regions known to have been in a bygone age inhabited or visited by such tribes, there is little analogous to it, and nothing of an altogether similar nature. This seems to prove the so-called late Celtic, whatever may be its germ or its prototype, to have claim to be regarded as an emphatically Celtic style of art. And as such it flourished at the time when the Christian missionaries carried to the pagan Celts the faith and rites of a new religion together with the principles of a new art.

What was the actual result effected at this meeting of foreign and native elements, how they tend to modify each other, and both of them influence the following evolution, will be shown by a most instructive parallel afforded by the history of architecture. A series of ecclesiastical buildings, some of which are found surrounded by the dry-built cells within the boundary walls of the ancient monastic communities, while others are situated in isolated positions without any connection with other structures, enable us to trace the evolution of the typical forms of the Celtic church in Ireland from the earliest centuries of Irish Christianity until, in the course of the twelfth century, it appears as a special, well-defined variety of the Romanesque style of architecture. The late Lord Dunraven, in his great work on Irish architecture, has made these venerable remnants, extending through a period the architectural history of which is almost a blank in the other countries of Europe north of the Alps, a subject for most careful research. He has pointed out how the most primitive of these churches belong to a type which still bears the impress of the transitional stage between Paganism and Christianity.* Thus, while the principles and methods of construction are the very same as those shown in works of purely pagan origin, a special plan and arrangement of the room, differing from what may be observed in any pagan structures, clearly indicates their ecclesiastical purpose. He also lays stress upon the fact that the following evolution nowhere shows any sudden break in the continuity of style, but only a gradual advance towards those more elaborate types which prevailed in countries nearer

* The most representative collection of objects decorated with the late Celtic spiral work found in the British Islands are in the British Museum and in the National Museum of Ireland (R.I.A. coll.) in Dublin. For illustrations the readers should refer to *Archæologia*, Vol. XXXVI., plate XXXVII.; Vol. XL., plates XXX., XXXI.; Vol. LIV., plate XLVIII.; Vol. XLVII., plate XXI.; to the publications of the R.I.A. for ex., *Transactions* R.I.A., Vol. XXX., Part V., plate XIX., with beautiful reproduction in colours; and to plates in Kemble's *Horæ Ferales*, also in colours. For lists of objects, see the descriptions added by Sir A. Wollaston Franks in Kemble's *op. cit.*, p. 125 *seqq.*; and also later volumes of *Archæologia*.

† See especially *Archæologia*, Vol. LII, p. 317 *seqq.*, 364 *seqq.*, in which Mr. Arthur Evans contributes some very important notes on the connections between late Celtic forms of ornament and classical art in its archaic as well as later stages.

‡ See especially coloured plates with descriptions in Kemble's *op. cit.*; *Transactions*, R.I.A., Vol. XXX., Part V., pp. 277, 281, with coloured plate XIX.; *cfr. Archæologia*, Vol. XLVI., pp. 83, 84, 89.

* *Notes on Irish Architecture*. By Edwin, Third Earl of Dunraven; edited by Margaret Stokes. Vol. I., London, 1875, p. 26 *seqq.*; Vol. II., London, 1877, p. 134 *seqq.*

the centres of Christian civilisation.* And in following his guidance we observe how constructive peculiarities of the greatest importance, as, for example, the ingenious practice of the Irish "double stone roof,"† were, after all, but the results that gradually and rationally, under the influence of the foreign elements, grew out of the primitive devices of the pagan natives.

The reader will excuse this little digression, running off on a somewhat diverging line from our spirals. It has been done in order to show that, if we should find in the evolution of decorative art, when passing the point marked by the change of religion, an analogon to the state of thing observable in the sphere of architecture, that is precisely what might be expected.

The spiral decoration as shown in the pages of the illuminated manuscripts may be briefly defined as a system of volutes closely coiled in circular curves, and connected each with a varying number of adjoining volutes. In its most typical form it appears as a chain composed of links almost invariably C-shaped, hooking together. This chain is carried over the space to be decorated so as to cover it with its coils as closely as possible. The space, however, often being very irregular, some difficulty was experienced in thus filling in all nooks and corners, and an expedient was found either in making volutes of different size so as to fit, or in introducing additional links into the chain. By this method the triple and quadruple spirals arose, while at the same time the intricacy, not only of the convolutions, but of the whole design, was greatly increased. These complex patterns were further developed by an ingenious arrangement combining volutes of different size in symmetrical compositions to fill in, for instance, a circular space. This is a favourite device in the manuscripts of the best period, and one which shows the spiral pattern in its most perfect elaboration. In the decadent age of Celtic book decoration the spiral ornament disappears earlier than any of the other designs.

If we compare the so-called Celtic spiral decoration with that of the illuminated manuscripts, we find at a glance, in spite of an unmistakable resemblance, some marked features of difference. These latter, however, may all be easily accounted for. An ornamental design, when transplanted from one object to another of different material, is necessarily submitted to some modifications due to material, technique, size and shape of the surface, etc.; and so was, of course, the ornament in question when transferred from a bold metal surface to the diminutive space afforded by the initial or border compartment of an illuminated folio. There it

extended freely with long, mighty curves and slender volutes over a field more than sufficient; here the space was so limited as to admit of but the smallest possible vacancies; hence the reduced curves of the links and the more intricate character of the convolutions, which the pen of the illuminator was better fitted than the instrument of the metal-worker to run in a number of turns round the centre. The link joining a couple of volutes on the late Celtic bronzes is often bent into the curve of the letter S, whereas in the spiral system of the illuminated manuscripts the connecting link is seen to follow almost invariably the curve of a C. What led to a more general adoption of the latter form was, no doubt, its being a means of joining the volutes so as to cover as closely as possible a surface even of less regular shape.

There are, however, apart from the general scheme of the ornament, some details which deserve a special notice, as testifying in a most significant way to the actual connection between the late Celtic system and that of the Christian period. Such details may be seen in the decorative treatment of the centres of the volutes as well as of the central portions of the links. The centre of a volute designed on the minute scale typical of Celtic book ornamentation does not seem to be a suitable place for the insertion of additional adornment; and yet, strange to say, we generally find this point emphasised by a variety of additional devices. Very often these take the shape of a circular space worked with a diminutive pattern which consists of some kind of chequered or diapered design; or of the ends of the coils worked up into secondary spirals or expanding into heads or even full forms of birds and nondescripts in symmetrical arrangement. On the link we observe a curious little thing in the shape of an almond placed across its central portion, from the point where the two front curves meet in a cusp, towards the middle of the back curve. This little figure is seen repeated in a similar position to relieve the triangular empty spaces intervening between the curved boundaries of links and volutes. In the complex patterns of triple and quadruple spirals this gives rise to what might seem at first sight to be a foliaceous scheme. The little trefoil thus produced has, however, nothing to do with the department of botany. It owes its origin simply to an accidental repetition of the single oval stamped in the middle of the link. And this in its turn is a reminiscence of the oval boss, which we have noticed in a similar position on the late Celtic metal work; just as the ornamented circular plaques of enamel attached to the centres of the volutes on pagan bronzes may have suggested the circular spaces with varied decoration which mark the starting point of the

* *Op. cit.*, Vol. II., pp. 200, 202.

† *Op. cit.*, Vol. II., p. 196.



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convolution in the spiral system of the Christian period. A reminiscence of the pattern from which that of the manuscripts was originally derived once being raised in relief, is still to be observed in the latter. The small triangular spaces intervening between the curved outlines of links and volutes, and corresponding to the background of the late Celtic pattern, are, as a rule, marked by a darker colour and thus characterised as having once formed a recessed background.

Although most common and best developed in the complex patterns which are employed to fill in, as a surface decoration, the small sections into which the space of the initial or border is divided, the spiral very often appears as a plain scroll forming an ornamental appendix to the extremities of the initial. And in a few cases it will be seen to have influenced the initial also in its structural aspect. Examples of this type, in which the little oval of late Celtic extraction is still discernible, may be seen in the ancient Irish Psalter traditionally assigned to the time of St. Columba, and now preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MANUALE D'ARCHITETTURA ITALIANA: DI ALFREDO MELANI.

THE house of Hoepli has made a feature of publishing handbooks on Science, Art, the Industries, and the Humanities. Some 600 are already in circulation, and if we may take this one on Architecture as a sample, the venture is being exceedingly well carried out. Mr. Melani, who writes on Italian Architecture, is a well-read man, not only in his own tongue and the French, but he keeps himself in touch with what is being written both in England and America. He cites, for example, the article on Michael Angelo in the *ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*, by Beresford Pite.

The plan of the book is to give a rapid summary of Italian Architecture, beginning, however, with Egyptian, and then glancing at Assyrian and Chaldaean, but substantially dating from the Etruscan period. He divides his story into epochs, and prefaces each division with a chapter on the general characteristics of the period about which he is to deal. A very interesting part of his book is that which treats of the later Renaissance—the Baroque. There is a tendency in most books on architecture to dismiss the works of architects after the death of Michael Angelo, or, in some more liberal cases, after the death of

Palladio, with some such phrases as "henceforth Architecture steadily declined." But Mr. Melani devotes considerable space to this later work, following it up into almost our own time, and tracing a very interesting connection between this work and the rise to its zenith of the Jesuit influence. This connection deserves more extended analysis than he has been able to give it within the limits of his manual.

The author remarks—referring to his illustrations—that he called for new cuts, and they have been accorded. To us trans-alpines, his pictures are sadly behind our standard of what architectural illustrations should be. The photographs are mainly smears, the wood-cuts naively ignorant, the diagrams are drawn sometimes to a scale of feet, sometimes of mètres. The saving virtue (if indeed it will save) of this part of the book is that the diagrams and illustrations generally occur on the page in which reference is made to them.

Nor does the shape of the manual strike us as handy. The book weighs about 1½ lb., and two volumes put together make pretty nearly a cube.

The last few paragraphs touch on "Modern architecture—what it should be," and that raises in one the question what actually is modern Italian architecture?
H. R.

Manuale d'Architettura Italiana, antica and moderna. Di Alfredo Melani. 3rd Edition. U. Hoepli, Milan.

"THE COLUMN AND THE ARCH:" BY WILLIAM P. P. LONGFELLOW.

THIS book is a collection of eight essays written "to trace in sequence the main thread that binds the successive phases of European architecture and the evolution of the two leading features of its forms, the classic order and the arch." The first essay, however, deals with Egyptian architecture, as was surely inevitable. These essays are written with admirable clearness, and with a great deal of able, subtle discrimination; they get very close to the heart of the matter—the writer's hand is often very near to the material itself—near, but it does not actually touch it. Dim and unacknowledged, the view still pervades the essays that architecture is something extrinsic to building. It is part of the legacy left us by the Renaissance people. Mr. Longfellow himself put the case very well when he says "up to this time (A.D. 1500) the architect's effort had been to adapt classic forms to the needs of the fifteenth century, apparently with no thought that the two were in any wise discordant; it had been the habit of centuries to suit pliant forms to positive requirements. In the north the vault, being the primary

* The *Cathach MS.*, Libr. R. I. A., Dublin.

constructive necessity of building, had controlled the secondary forms. In Italy men had built what structures pleased them or suited their wants, and had moulded the forms with facile adaptation to them. But now the inviolability of the order had been enforced by the law of Vitruvius, by the precept of Alberti, and the practice of his followers. After two generations of artists had spent their powers deducing as by scientific analysis its immutable types and in educating themselves to its appreciation, it put on for them a sanctity such as the Greeks had attributed to it. The problem changed, it became the architect's work to devise buildings which would suit the orders that were to cover them." Mr. Longfellow points out that these architects were for the most part amateurs, men of letters, painters, sculptors, who took up the task of building unversed in the traditions then extant, but armed with the precepts of Vitruvius and stored with the harvest of their observations on the existing monuments of classic Rome.

Consequently, when dealing with the Romans in Imperial times, Mr. Longfellow hardly does them justice as architects, and not being an architect himself, and familiar with the actual problems of building as they arise from the materials themselves, he does not quite grasp what were the distinctive qualities of Roman Architecture. It was not so much the use of the arch. The Romans used the arch rarely, and, except in cases or in countries where they had to build in stone, they used it reluctantly. The Romans were builders in concrete. They discovered a recipe for a mortar equal to the cement of our day, and from their observation of its behaviour they elaborated its use to its fullest capabilities. They were in command of almost limitless unskilled labour—their soldiers, their slaves, their captives, were all set to break stones, mix mortar, lay concrete. Their arches for the most part may be considered as holes punched in the walls—the heads are semi-circular for convenience in spanning, and the soffits were made in bricks to save timber and carpenters' work in centreing. The brick structural work that we see in the vaults and domes, the ribs, discharging arches and the like, are so many ingenious contrivances for dispensing with large areas of wood-covered centreing; these ribs needed, whilst being built, the support only of a light wood skeleton, and when completed became themselves a species of permanent centreing. They became incorporated with the concrete as it was poured in between the interstices, and, the concrete being set, their function ceased; whence once the vault was closed and the material hard, they added nothing to its strength, but it was simpler to sacrifice these small quantities of brickwork than to attempt to withdraw them.

But these arches, vaults, and domes are arches only in appearance; they have no lateral thrusts, require no abutments, the pressure they exert is downwards only. The Roman apse is a hollow scooped out of the wall, the dome a hollow scooped out of a block of concrete, so far as their activities and thrusts are concerned.

The Gothic arch, on the other hand, is all alive, never sleeping. The Gothic arch may be considered as a pair of flying buttresses butting against each other; the Gothic vault and dome are in conditions of unstable equilibrium, and require counterpoise and abutment. Upset this equilibrium and the vault rushes down in ruin, but the Roman vault when broken into still stands, so long as the centre of gravity of the mass keeps within the walls of the pier, as a tower of heaped up stones would stand. Mr. Longfellow puts this very clearly in pointing out how Michael Angelo's conception of a dome was a Gothic one, and his construction at St. Peter's was that of sixteen flying buttresses impinging on a ring of horizontal masonry which carries the lantern, stiffened with thin curved walls that close the dome.

It is easy to get a false impression as to the use of the arch by the Roman of classic times—he used the *form* of the arch for cantilever construction, just as in the new bridge being built at Vauxhall, the engineer to the London County Council is adopting the cantilever principle, though to the inexperienced eye the bridge is a chain of five arches. The Romans recognised that their concrete walls were monoliths, that the arch in them was merely a hole in the wall, and so they kept their arch beneath the entablature. But Mr. Longfellow, as I have said, can't quite purge himself of the idea that there is building, and, besides building, architecture. He says of the Romans: "There are indications that their great buildings were in charge of engineers, rather than of artists; the character of the architecture seems to imply that it was their care to contrive such a system of design that when the scheme of a great building had been devised by an engineer, or chief constructor, designers could fit the conventional architectural forms to it by rule and formula." The artists who could design the Basilica of Constantine, the Pantheon of Agrippa, the Baths of Titus and Caracalla, could well afford to leave the marble upholstery for their stupendous creations to the "*Græculus esuriens*" with contemptuous confidence. Greek architecture was sculptor's architecture—speaking broadly of the remains that are left for us to judge by; and the sculptor and his assistants, with their notions of perfect execution got from handling marble and stone, whilst they could not help the Roman in his ideas and his methods of building, could follow on and tidy up what he left incomplete. But the

Pantheon—whoever has entered this miracle of an idea and not been amazed, overwhelmed by its inspiration and its majesty? Details don't count. The marble veneer to its walls is there, but the casing to the vault has been filched away, and the structure of the vault shows bare; yet it doesn't much matter. The intensity of the idea is upon one. The might of the architecture remains obvious and unassailable, as does the might of Æschylus, though we have to regret lacunae and corrupt passages. You may well call the Romans engineers, but you must call them artists also.

Mr. Longfellow's book is full of charming sympathetic passages. To quote is irresistible; there is a pleasure in reproducing what has been written of architecture that has insight, and with which in the main an architect can agree. He sums up the Renaissance as follows: "The movement was an effort to restore what was believed to be the one true form of architecture, to continue the interrupted tradition of the greatest age of the world; but in one respect it was the greatest innovation in art which the world has seen. It made architecture a thing of arbitrary fashion instead of a national product of the people, a thing whose form, progress, and changes, instead of being a national evolution, were now for the first time dictated from without by a company of self-elected rulers, of amateurs and dilettanti. It was one part, and not the leading part in a still greater movement, set on foot by literary enthusiasts, but seconded by the instincts of all Italy, to change the aspect of civilisation, and bring back the antique glory of the pagan world." "It was nowise the product of the people, who had to be educated to receive it, in nowise an evolution from the style which the people were practising when it was introduced. It was as far from being religious as from being popular; its strictest opponents were the regular clergy, that monastic clergy in whom were centred all the conservatism of the church. All its associations were secular, from its Roman days to its latest; it would be difficult to find in history a more irreligious class than the petty despots who were its promoters, and the worldly prelates who were the secular clergy of its time, or sacred buildings which were less the embodiment of pious zeal than the churches which it supplanted."

"By the time of the Renaissance the people—even the industrial and commercial oligarchies that had ruled the large cities, had lost their hold on government and every sort of public undertaking. Arts as well as politics had passed out of their direction. Architecture, like painting, was in the hands of a professional class, who were themselves the servants of the rich and powerful. The general public had no longer control of it, and gradually

lapsed into that condition of indifference which has been its attitude ever since, and probably had been among ancient nations. We hear of no such popular absorption in the work of building under the Renaissance as during the Middle Ages. We do not read of the people harnessing themselves in crowds to waggons to drag their stones and heavy beams over hills and through rivers, as in the building of the Cathedral of Chartres; of the town setting aside a share of its revenue year after year to build its cathedral, as in the great Tuscan cities; of the union of the trades calling the artists of the world into council to build them a church of beauty such as the world had not seen before, as in Florence; of the imposts on provisions appropriated to furnish the cathedral with a tower, as for the Butter tower at Rouen. There were not in Italy whole communities of busy artisans gathered under the shadow of the great monasteries, and devoting themselves to building, such as there were in France and Germany in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The architecture of the Renaissance was in its social spirit and conduct, perhaps unconsciously, as close a repetition of that of the Empire as it aimed to be in its artistic spirit and form. There is no doubt that the Renaissance at its best was superior to that decaying form of Gothic which it displaced, as it was superior to the Roman which it reverently imitated; but to it belongs the reproach that it first diverted architecture from the paths of orderly evolution that it had followed since building began, and sent it wandering in that self-conscious search after fashions which it has followed ever since."

The book is illustrated, but the illustrations are poor and insufficient. Besides giving representations of objects that are well known to the students of architecture there should have been given pictures of subjects that are treated of in the text; such as the towns in the district called the Hauran, in the middle of Syria, which have only lately been discovered and are unfamiliar to most of us. The references to the great church at Kalat-Siman, the cathedral at Spoleto, &c., and the chapter on St. Peter's, at Rome, must be unintelligible to most people who are unable to refer to illustrations of them and of the ground plan and various models that were made whilst St. Peter's was being erected. The process for the illustrations employed is unsatisfactory—illustrations of architecture should be able to bear some scrutiny into their details, but such a plate as the "Lotus Column" yields a most disappointingly invisible minimum of the sculpture described in the text.

"The Column and the Arch, Essays on Architectural History." By W. P. P. Longfellow. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. Limited. 1899.





PILLAR IN THE INDRA SUBAH
TEMPLE: ROCK-CUT CAVES OF
ELLORA, INDIA: DRAWN BY
WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.





A GARDEN BY THE SEA.



TRAQUAIR (THE GATE THAT IS NEVER OPENED).

ON SCOTTISH GARDENS: WRITTEN BY R. S. LORIMER.

WITHIN the last eight or ten years there has been a great revival of interest in the design of gardens, and in the relation of the garden to the house, resulting in and stimulated by the almost simultaneous publication of several books on the subject.

The praise of gardens is as old as history, but we may be pardoned for supposing that no generation enjoyed their gardens quite as keenly as we do ours. For to-day, owing to the very eager life that most people lead, we get in the repose and seclusion of a garden the delight of a strong contrast. Your modern man of affairs can one evening eat his dinner in a corridor train, the next morning he can spend ruminating in a garden that has been the same for centuries—the same, and yet always changing, ever coming on and ever bidding adieu, one week some corner a perfect cascade of colour and beauty, the next week gone, and a king's ransom could not bring it back. But still one feels "the best is yet to be, and presently some other corner takes up the wondrous tale."

A garden is a sort of sanctuary, "a chamber roofed by heaven." "Wherever intrusion is possible, and any movement other than that of birds is heard, we have no garden in the fullest, sweetest sense of the word. The lover of his garden is inevitably and essentially exclusive. He must be so or the charm of his domain is gone. It may be a tiny plot fenced round by a privet or box hedge, or it may be stately pleasaunces walled-in by clipped yew and gay terraces; but it must be his alone—his to wander in, to cherish, to dream through undisturbed. . . . All children, or nearly all, take instinctive delight in gardens. It is very easy to make this delight not merely an instinctive but an intelligent one; very easy to

make the arrival of the first crocus, the observation of the wren's nest in the ivy hedge, or the perennial wonders of frost and of sunshine, of the death and the resurrection of Nature, of the deepest interest to a young mind athirst for marvels. Then what greater joy and triumph does the world hold than those of the child gardener with his first bouquet of roses, his first basket of watercress, his first handful of sweet peas! His garden, if he be taught to care for it in the right way, will be an unceasing happiness to him: he will not grudge the birds a share of his cherries, for he will value too well the songs they sing to him; he will breathe in the fresh homely balm of the dewy sweet herbs, the wet flower borders, and he will draw in health and vigour with every breath; and if he reads his fairy stories and his lays of chivalry under the blossoming limes, poetry and history will keep for him in all after time something of his first garden's grace, something of the charm of a summer play-time. . . . The garden is a little pleasaunce of the soul, by whose wicket the world can be shut out from us. In the garden something of the golden age still lingers; in the warm alleys where the bees hum above the lilies and the stocks, in the blue shadows where the azure butterflies look dark in the amber haze, where the lime leaves and the acacia flowers wave joyously as the west wind passes.

The true lover of a garden counts time and seasons by his flowers. His calendar is the shepherd's calendar. He will remember all the events of his years by the trees or plants which were in bloom when they happened. "The acacias were in flower when we heard . . ." or "the hawthorns were all out when we saw . . ." he will say to himself if not to others.*

"Apart from its other uses there is no spot like a

*Ouida. "A Chat About Gardens."



HATTON: THE LION GATEWAY.

garden for cultivating the kindly social virtues. Its perfectness puts people upon their best behaviour. Its nice refinement secures the mood for politeness. Its heightened beauty produces the disposition that delights in what is beautiful in form and colour. Its queenly graciousness of mien inspires the reluctant loyalty of even the stoniest mind. Here, if anywhere, will the human hedgehog unroll himself and deign to be companionable."

A designer, if his work is to have any freshness, should live and move and have his being in a garden, remembering the eager Sedding's aphorism that "an hour in a garden, a stroll in the embroi-

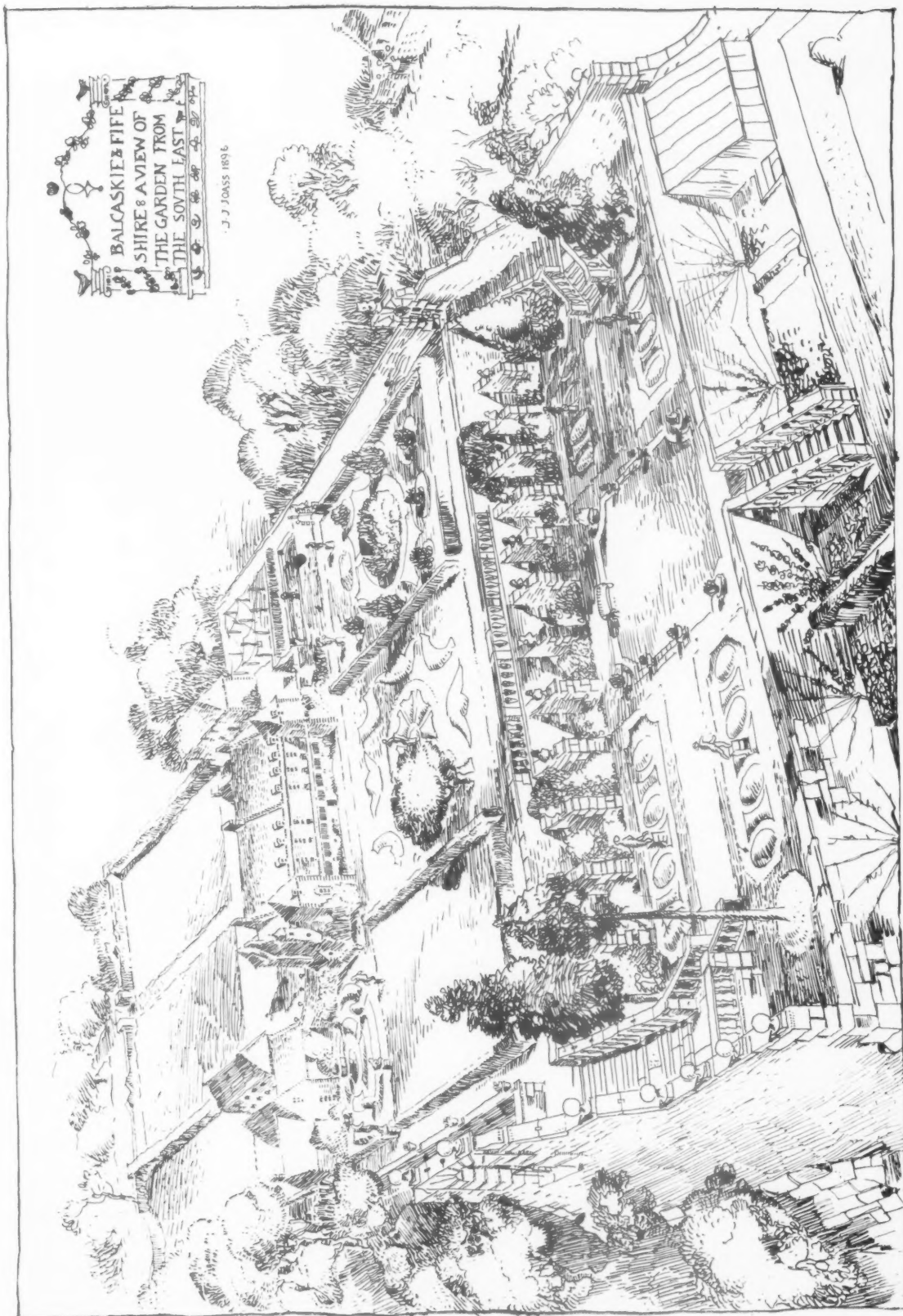
dered meadows, is better than a month of sixpenny days in a stuffy museum."

Of the history of gardens in Scotland, to which country these notes are confined, there is little to tell. The ill-starred Mary, we are pleased to think, had a fondness for flowers. Many plants are said to have been brought over from France by her and her train of French followers. In the village of Little France, at the foot of Craigmillar Hill, tradition points to an ancient sycamore, said to have been planted by her, and in her time it was the general belief that the sycamore was the tree mentioned in Scripture into which Zacchaeus climbed

to get a glimpse of Christ. French sorrel, a small hardy perennial, and considered of great importance in French cookery, still grows within the precincts of Craigmillar, and was doubtless introduced by Mary. Angelica also, first brought over to Scotland about the time of her return from France, still flourishes in the little historic garden of Croft-an-Righ, near Holyrood, and curiously enough a well-known firm of Edinburgh confectioners still draw their supply of this dainty from that now forlorn and grimy little enclosure. Of Mary's garden at Loch Leven not a vestige remains, but readers of Dr. John Brown will remember the delightful paper in "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" where he describes her child's



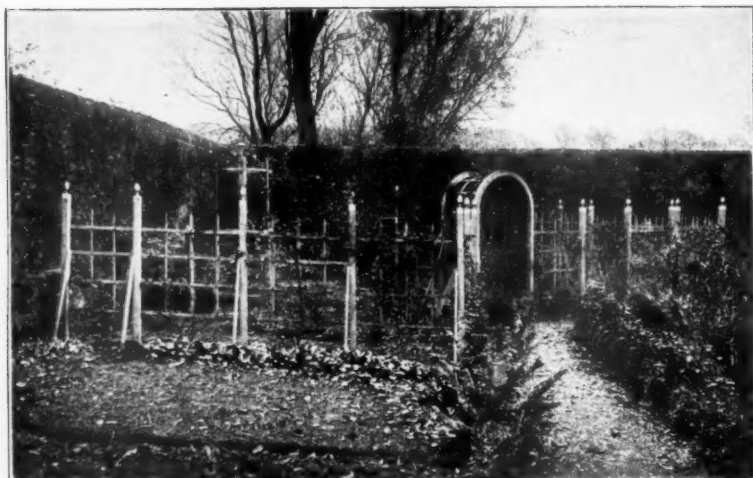
TRAQUAIR (THE OLD GARDEN—NOW REMOVED—LAY IN FRONT OF THE TERRACES).



BALASKIE & FIFE
SHIRE & A VIEW OF
THE GARDEN FROM
THE SOUTH EAST

J. J. JOASS 1896

BALASKIE.



A GARDEN WITHIN A GARDEN.

garden on the island of Inch-mahome in the Lake of Monteith. "You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts and old fruit trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon one of the strangest and most touching things you ever saw—an oval space of about 18ft. by 12ft., with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about 14ft. high, and 8in. or 9in. in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age. What is this? It is called in the guide books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides it being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and 'fancy free,' do with a bower? It is plainly *the child-queen's garden*, with her little walk, and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, 'here is that first garden of her simpleness.' Fancy the little, lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids of honour, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing, and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this Isle-of-Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something 'that tirls the heart-strings a' to the life' in standing and looking on this unmistakeable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time."

Scott, in the introduction to "Quentin Durward" and elsewhere

deplores the destruction of the old gardens. In "Quentin Durward" he describes how, when he had sipped and smoked himself into a certain degree of acquaintance with the old Marquis de Hautlieu, he went with him "in his little cabriolet, drawn by a large heavy Norman horse," to see his chateau, or rather all that was left of it after the Revolution. Then, while chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy on its ruined terraces, he reflects—"Few of these scenes are now left in perfection; for the fickleness of fashion has accomplished in England the

total change which devastation and popular fury have produced in the French pleasure-grounds. For my part, I am contented to subscribe to the opinion of the best qualified judge of our time, who thinks we have carried to an extreme our taste for simplicity, and that the neighbourhood of a stately mansion requires some more ornate embellishments



TRAQUAIR: ENTRANCE TO THE FORECOURT: AVENUE BEYOND.

than can be derived from the meagre accompaniments of grass and gravel. A highly romantic situation may be degraded perhaps by an attempt at such artificial ornaments; but then in by far the greater number of sites, the intervention of more architectural decoration than is now in use, seems necessary to redeem the naked tameness of a large house, placed by itself in the midst of a lawn, where it looks as much unconnected with all around as if it had walked out of town upon an airing. How the taste came to change so suddenly and absolutely is rather a singular circumstance, unless we explain

it on the same principle on which the three friends of the father in Molière's comedy recommend a cure for the melancholy of his daughter—that he should furnish her apartment, namely, with paintings, with tapestry, or with china, according to the different commodities in which each of them was a dealer. Tried by this scale, we may perhaps discover that, of old, the architect laid out the garden and the pleasure grounds in the neighbour-



EDZELL: "CHARITY."

hood of the mansion, and, naturally enough, displayed his own art there in statues and vases and paved terraces and flights of steps, with ornamented balustrades; while the gardener, subordinate in rank, endeavoured to make the vegetable kingdom correspond to the prevailing taste, and cut his evergreens into verdant walls, with towers and battlements, and his detached trees into a resemblance of statuary."

The fact that any of these old gardens are left at all is due more to luck than good guiding. Some of the Lairds were poor, others not sufficiently in the movement to hear that it had now

become the vogue to sweep away the old garden and the level terraces, and surround the house with coarse gravel ankle deep, leading on to haphazard sloping banks on which were dotted about that arch-abomination the specimen tree. A very good example of what was being done can be had by examining the view of Hatton House, Midlothian, from Slezer's "*Theatrum Scotiæ*." Here we have a bird's-eye view showing the whole lay out as it



DONIBRISTLE: THE TERRACE STAIRS.

was about 1680—the great terrace overlooking the garden beneath. Well, the terrace wall remains; it was no light job to remove a wall 20ft. high, a couple of hundred paces long, and of great thickness, but the garden on which this terrace once looked down must be huddled out of sight. We can imagine the scene, the carts round from the home farm—a deal of hustling and bustling, and up comes the old box-edging, down go the fruit espaliers, away goes the sun-dial, the Laird and the Liddy out many times a day gleefully superintending. Then when every trace has been

we have the ideal of what a Scotch country gentleman's home ought to be—the house dignified and yet liveable, spacious lofty rooms, lovely plaster ceilings, where the "great parquetted, sparsely furnished room of many windows" looks out on to a garden that is in tune with the house, a garden that has a quite different sort of charm from the park outside, a garden that is an intentional and deliberate piece of careful design, a place that is garnished and nurtured with the tenderest care, but that becomes less trim as it gets further from the house, and then naturally and gradually marries



DONIBRISTLE: THE STAIRS.

obliterated of what someone had planted with such enjoyment—such high hopes, in go some "monkey-puzzles," and the transformation is complete. A new site is chosen for the degraded garden—where it is to-day tucked into an out-of-the-way corner half a mile from the house.

At that curiously interesting place Traquair, and many another besides, just the same thing was happening. Still, even in its maimed condition, Hatton, with its great terrace, its ruined pavilions, its bath house, lion gateway, and paved approach, is perhaps only second to Balcaskie in the fine scale of its laying out. For in these two places

with the demesne that lies beyond. As to the lay out of this demesne. The approaches to the house should be as straight as an arrow where there are no obstacles in the way. Nothing more splendid could be imagined than the straight beech avenues at such places as Donibristle and Fordel. Curve the approach by all means if the ground suggests it, but where going through a level piece of park, avoid the meaningless sweep which is neither one thing nor another, but is intended to be what the landscape gardener calls "eye sweet." We all know this type of avenue and the country house it so often leads to, that lies a hundred yards from the

road, but whose purse-proud Laird would fain have you imagine that he has a park of a thousand acres, so he curves his approach in endless windings round every hump and hillock and rhododendron bush, until finally you arrive at the front door gasping and exasperated. Owing to the character of the ground in most parts of Scotland, very big effects can seldom be arrived at in planting; but when the place is large the finest effect is always obtained when there has been a definite scheme, a plan that is a basis for variation—two or three great vistas starting from some central point like Tynninghame or a grass ride through a wood leading to a clearing, a

circle, or an oval surrounded by beeches or limes that come feathering down to the green turf, where the bunnies are scudding, like the great circle at Melville in Fife. This is a feature that the French are fond of, and call a *bosquet*. It has the charm of surprise, of contrast. You walk through a mile or two of natural wood; you turn a corner, and behold! you are in a great chamber roofed by heaven. Seats are ranged about where the discussion that has been started on the walk can be quietly continued; and in the centre, half smothered in honeysuckle or the wild rose, stands some woodland deity:

"Just one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's
last garment off."

AT Balcaskie.

Remember, in our ideal park that, once inside the lodge gates, there should be no sort of fence that a man cannot negotiate on a decent horse. This, of course, is hard to manage. Many a laird would gladly have it so, but in these hard times he finds it pays better when the annual "roup" of the pastures comes round; he gets a better rent per acre when the park is chopped up into small inclosures surrounded by wire fences. But the character of a demesne goes—it should be one big inclosure, not a collection of little ones.

To read over a list of names of the principal gardens in Scotland—beginning with the biggest and ending with the smallest—beginning with



KINROSS: THE FISH GATE.

Drummond Castle and ending with the tiny inclosure overlooking the Tay at Stobhall—this would be of little interest, and further, not much can be gathered from a detailed description of the individual gardens; that such a one has a terrace a hundred paces long; another a stair with a drop of twenty feet. Better to point to a few of those that are typical. After the date of Hatton the real tang of the soil, the feeling for fitness both in scale and detail, goes. The lesson of the Renaissance is learnt all too well. The craftsman goes out and the pedant comes in. The craftsman



PAVILION: KINROSS.

who, using his local materials in his right, rough, fanciful way, and with his few half French traditions behind him, gave us such miracles of beauty as some of the old Scotch houses are, has now to curl up, while the man of the books and the cut and dried rules comes along, and gives us a piece of full-fledged grandiosity like Drumlanrig, immensely fine of its kind, but no longer seeming to sing in tune with its own country side. Over what happened after this, when our own proud century came in, for decency's sake we must draw the veil.

smothered away far from the house, but made delightful by its laying out. Great intersecting walks of shaven grass, on either side borders of brightest flowers backed up by low espaliers hanging with shining apples, and within these espaliers again the gardener has his kingdom, the one that Stevenson saw :

Far in the plots I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

Edzell, as can be seen from the illustrations, is a place seething with interest to the curious. Here



THE TERRACE : BALCASKIE

Without the tea box with the sunk basement and the "slate lid"; and within—within—the room where

On a sprig-pattern papered wall there brays
Complaint to sky Sir Edwin's dripping stag,
Grim o'er the mirror on the mantelpiece
Varnished and confined, *Salmo ferox* glares.

In Edzell and Earls hall are typical examples of the kind of place that came before the Renaissance had much influence. Here is the ideal for the man who wants to keep only one gardener. The natural park up to the walls of the house on the one side, on the other you stroll right out into the garden inclosed. That is all—a house and a garden inclosed; but what a paradise can such a place be made! Such surprises—little gardens within the garden, the "month's" garden, the herb garden, the yew alley. The kitchen garden, too, and this no thing to be ashamed of, to be

is a piece of ground as flat as a kitchen table, but with such a garden wall!

The garden's wall of stone
That shut the flowers and trees up with the sky
And trebled all the beauty

divided into bays by pilasters, of which only the caps, bases, and bands remain; between part of the wall is formed with the Fesse chequé of the Crawfords, the recesses scooped out into little pockets for flowers; above are three stars, the "mullets" of the Lindsays, each with a hole cut in the centre, and dished out behind for the little birds to build in. In each alternate bay a recess for a "bee-skep"—above a carved panel. On one side various deities of classic story—Apollo, Diana, Mercury—on another the virtues and sciences—"Charitas" of many children, "Dialectica" with a bird sitting in her hair, "Arithmetica" busy over a sum, "Geometrica" absorbed with the compasses.

In the corner is a most charming summer-house, vaulted below, and above a room that had once a painted ceiling.

The cultured old laird doubtless worked out all this delightful "fancy work" with the local mason from Brechin, who brought to bear on it his little stock of mouldings and his traditional skill.

Barncluith is quite unlike anything else. Scott has described it in his famous essay on "Forest Trees"—a detailed description can convey but little idea of its charm.

It is the most romantic little garden in Scotland. Lying on one side of a great wooded valley, it is a veritable "hanging" garden. Four or five terraces one above the other sticking on to the side of a cliff the general angle of which is about 55 degrees. Two little summer-houses, great trees of scented box, and the flowers gathered here you feel sure would be not a "bouquet" but a "posy"—such an atmosphere about the place. In the twilight or the moonlight destinies might be determined in this garden.

To say that the architect should design the



AT BALCARRES.

ground that lies immediately around his house has now become a platitude. Everybody knows it by this time. But how the division of labour should be arrived at between the architect and the nurseryman is not so well understood. Many people seem to think that they must necessarily and instantly get by the ears. The one wants to build a wall; the other to plant a gooseberry bush; and so the ding-dong begins. But, provided the architect has sufficient tact not to try and teach the nurseryman his own business, he will very soon recognise him, not as his enemy, but as his friend, and come to see that the only way to arrive at a successful garden scheme, large or small, is for the two to work into each other's hands, and it is done like this: the architect roughs out his scheme, under the influence of the place if he is wise, then after the main lines have been settled the nurseryman, with his knowledge of what happens to flourish best in that particular country-side, is called in. The whole affair is discussed and rediscussed, and after a certain amount of give-and-take the work quietly proceeds. While discussing



EDZELL.

the nurseryman's part of the job, you should note what delightful effects can be produced by trellis fences of split lath—not sawn lath—but the ordinary "Baltic split billet wood" that can be had any size from any lath splitter. Fences and all sorts of standards for rose-trees can be contrived in this fashion. The lath is not nailed, but bound together with wire, and anyone who wants to know exactly how all this is done had better take a trip over to the gardens of Paris. The French understand this sort of thing thoroughly.

To make an end. Remember that no garden is too small to be made delightful, and whether it is the problem of the half-acre plot or the great demesne the architect should consider the placing of his house and its relation to the surroundings with equal care. In the case of the modest suburban house it is quite unnecessary always to plump it down—four square to the winds—and right in the centre of the plot of ground.

Prejudice may bar the way, cost may prove a stumbling-block, but let the architect at least consider what the garden should be, and as far as in him lies give effect to what it may be.

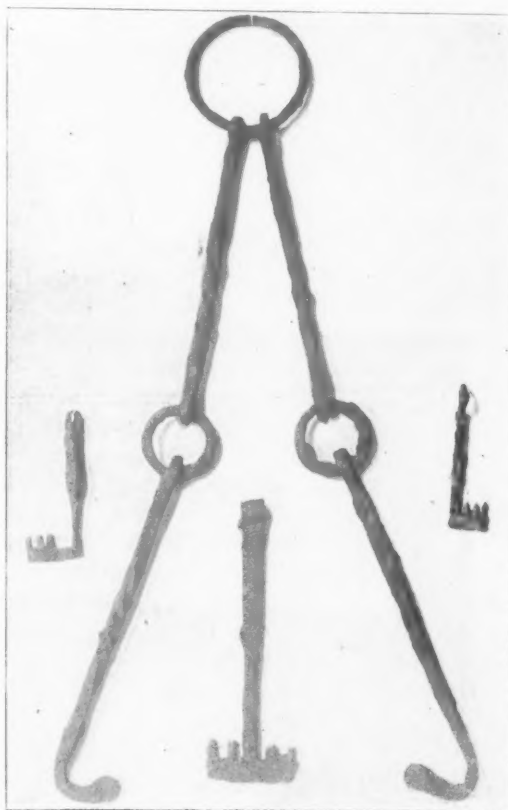
THE SILCHESTER EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of Silchester antiquities recently on view at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries of London, at Burlington House, contained several features of unusual interest. The objects shown were all discovered in the course of excavations carried on last summer, and they represent a very good average season's work. But by far the most important of the antiquities exhibited was a mosaic pavement of unusual design. At once the earliest and most artistic pavement of its kind yet found in this country, it throws a new light upon the art of the earlier period of the Roman occupation of Britain.

As will be seen from the portion reproduced in the accompanying illustration, there is an unusual freedom of treatment in the rich frieze of arabesque. The use of a white ground, and the sparse use of geometrical designs, so prominent in the Roman mosaic pavement hitherto discovered, are additional reasons for assigning it to an early period of the Roman occupation—a period of the very highest excellence of Roman Art. It certainly belongs to the first century of the Christian era, and may be safely dated about A.D. 80. It bears the impress of Roman influence, and resembles very closely the mosaics and wall-paintings found in Pompeii; yet it has a distinct local colouring, the conventionally treated poppies and the materials employed being essentially British.

The house in which this pavement was found had belonged to that half-timbered type so rarely found on Roman sites in Britain, and the particular apartment of which it formed the floor was probably the triclinium or dining-room. The mosaic was so arranged that the best portion of the work would be in full view of those who were reclining in Roman fashion round the dining table.

The house of which this beautiful pavement was perhaps the chief ornament must have been one of the most ancient buildings on the site, and was



IRON KEYS AND CANHOOKS FOUND
AT SILCHESTER IN 1898.

probably one of the few which formed the straggling village on or near the native road which lead across the ancient Celtic enclosure fifty years before Calleva attained the dignity of a town.

The discovery of this ancient house with its elaborate pavement would have been in itself ample repayment for the efforts made in 1898 by the committee of the Silchester Excavation Fund, but, in addition, a large number of other antiquities of great interest were discovered. In one showcase devoted to smaller objects, such as personal ornaments, etc., were exhibited bronze and bone pins, imitation gems composed of blue paste, a small leaf-shaped ornament formed of a thin plate of gold,



POTTERY FOUND AT SILCHESTER IN 1898.

three enamelled brooches, a pin in the form of a snake with inlaid silver eye, and a hemispherical bell.

Iron objects comprised an interesting collection of keys of various forms, the beam of a steel-yard, a pair of handcuffs, and a very perfect pair of slings or canhooks for gripping the two heads of a cask.

It is among miscellaneous objects of this kind that we find what are perhaps the most intensely interesting of all the Silchester antiquities—objects that throw a vivid light upon the domestic life, the occupation, and the Arts of the people who lived within this walled city eighteen centuries ago.

Grinding-stones, or querns, were represented by several examples, one retaining the wooden handle by means of which it was made to rotate. Several more or less complete vessels of pottery and glass were found, and a few typical examples of pseudo-samian and light-coloured ware are shown in the accompanying illustration.

There is one other remarkable object which must be mentioned. It is a large coarse tile, upon which a workman has roughly inscribed with the finger tip the word "SATIS." The man who in this manner expressed, in an idle moment, his appreciation of a hearty meal probably little thought that the inscription would be handed down to our day.

The various objects exhibited at Burlington House have now been removed to the museum at Reading, in accordance with the usual custom.

Considerable progress has now been made towards the completion of the scheme of excavating the site of the Romano-British city of Calleva, or Silchester, as it was subsequently named. Last

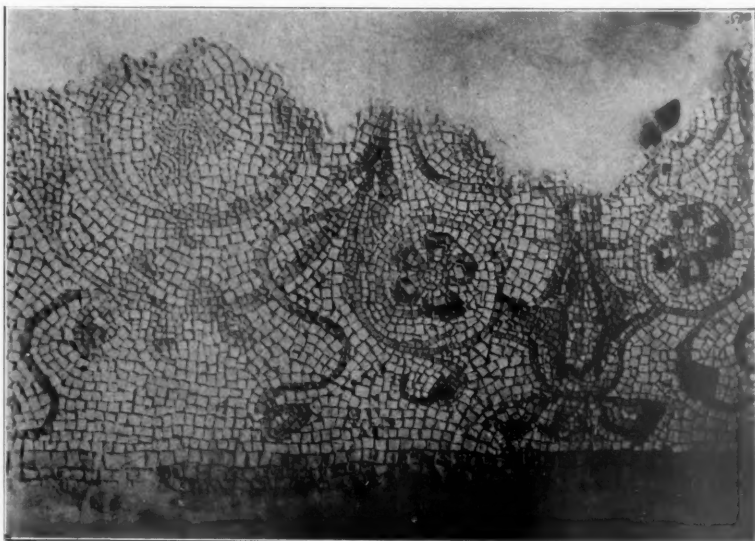
year's operations extended over an area about eight acres in extent. The work of carefully examining the remaining portions of the foundations of the city is at the present moment being actively carried on, but it must be remembered that the city wall is two miles in length, and at least two or three years must elapse before the task is completed. In the meantime funds are much

needed to enable the committee to carry on its laudable and eminently useful operations.

GEORGE CLINCH.

WILLIAM SIMPSON: AN APPRECIATION.

SIR,—Knowing that our mutual friend who died on the 17th of August last was the best of good fellows, a staunch friend, and thoroughly honest man, one for whom it was necessary that a thing should be true, not merely what is said to be true, but for him the truth absolutely, that is, as far as human frailty allowed; one who prided himself on the almost judicial fairness of his outlook; perhaps you will allow me to say a few words in memory of Wm. Simpson. Born in Glasgow on the 28th of October, 1823, on that day a personality was started, whose after life was more varied, eventful, and adventurous than falls to the lot of most men who are merely civilians.



PORTION OF MOSAIC PAVEMENT OF THE FIRST CENTURY :
DISCOVERED AT SILCHESTER IN 1898.

He began the battle of life pretty early, in an architect's office, passing thence to an apprenticeship with the firm of Allan and Ferguson, lithographers in Glasgow. Leaving Allan and Ferguson's with a good record he came to London in 1851 and entered the establishment of the Messrs. Day and Son, the then leading lithographers, and when the Russian war broke out he was asked to go to the Crimea; he consented, and went. Since then he has been almost everywhere. Scotchmen are humorously said to be never at home but when they are abroad. Wm. Simpson being of the Scotch persuasion—and a very glutton for work—had his full share of abroadness for the next thirty years of his life. He was, if not the very first, among the first of war correspondents, and for many years it might be said of him that he carried his life in his hand. Naturally, he had stories to tell—although one of the most modest of men—of his dangers by flood and field. I remember his recounting how he, in front of Sebastopol, was quietly sketching on a slope in the rear and at some distance from a working party, when a shell

burst somewhere overhead, but so near and so bitter sharp was the explosion that he found himself on his back suddenly, with his sketch book at a distance. It wasn't fright; he hadn't time to be afraid—he wasn't even thinking of danger. It was the involuntary action of his nervous system; and he heard a voice come up the slope from the working party advising him to "get out of that, they are finding our range." He was amused at the professionalism of the reminder that absence of body is better than presence of mind—often, if not always; the exception being at the call of duty. He retired.

Another was about his coming—in the early spring, after the fall of Sebastopol—upon the melancholy remains of a Russian soldier, a skeleton in his armour (the armour of the nineteenth century, a regimental great-coat), with crocuses springing up between the finger bones. The poor fellow, as he fell, had clutched the ground. He had escaped burial so long, and the field vermin had done the rest; they had picked the bones very clean. I have seen a water colour drawing of this incident.

In India, in Abyssinia, in China, in Japan, in America, during the Modoc War, in the Franco-

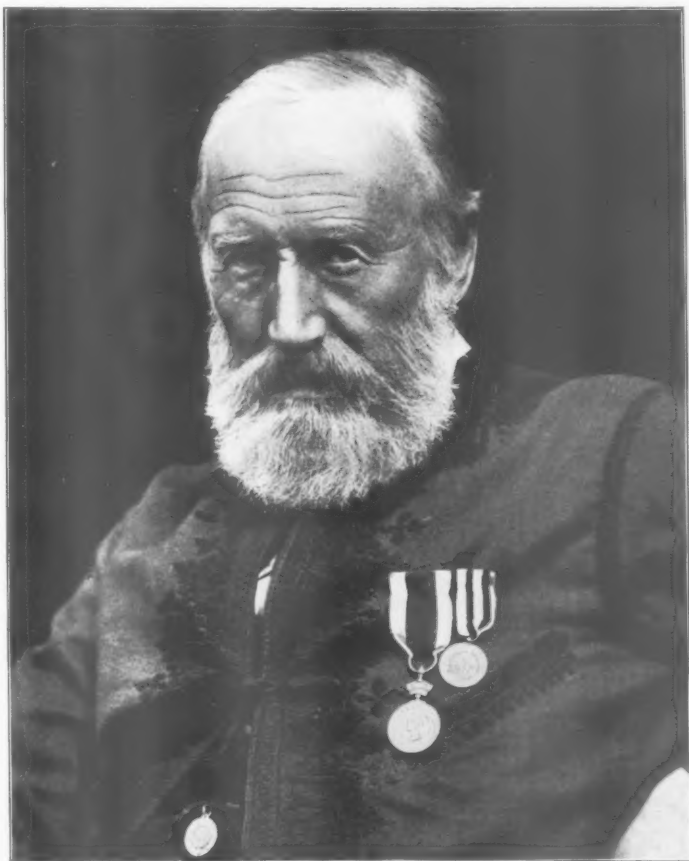
Prussian War, and during the Commune, he was always to the fore, sketch book in hand. All this naturally took a great deal out of him during the very best years of his life. He suffered much in the Crimea, but the privations he underwent during the Franco-Prussian War beat his Crimean record utterly.

Having seen men and cities and mingled freely with all sorts and conditions of men, familiarity did not breed contempt in him; having seen what human things could do in extremity he did not despair

of his kind. He was an advanced Liberal, and the greatest good to the greatest number was almost a religion with him.

I fancy he looked on mankind as more unlucky than criminal in being born at all, and on history—at the making of a good deal of which he had looked on and, in his own way, assisted—as the Devil's Bible. The Czar's desire for a Court of Arbitration had his warm approval.

It is quite fatiguing to think of the number of societies of which he was an active member. He was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in



THE LATE WILLIAM SIMPSON: FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1892.

Water Colour, Hon. Member Royal Institute of British Architects and of the Glasgow Institute of Architects, and many others. One would think that life was scarcely worth living with all these claims on one's time; but he was a glutton for work, and in addition he had published books, read papers to the Quatuor Coronati Lodge, and to all the societies of which he was a member, and to the Society of Arts a paper on the Trisule Symbol. He contributed articles to the *Edinburgh Review* on "Indian Architecture," to *Frazer's Magazine*, to *Good Words*, to the *Quarterly*, contributed articles to the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW and sketches. One of his latest books was on the "Buddhist Praying Wheel," and there is a work now in the Press on "Jonah and the Fish Symbol;" indeed, it is believed that in venturing to London to arrange for this work he overtaxed his strength, and it may be said of him that he died in harness. Readers of George Eliot's "Middlemarch" may remember Casaubon, with his "key to all the religions." It always seemed to me that Casaubon need not have worried much, nor gone far afield for his key, it was in himself, was himself. William Simpson was a kind of Casaubon, with this difference, he was very lovable—which Cas—was not, and Mr. Simpson's worry was the Evolution of all the Theologies. I understand his large and valuable collection of books will be offered for sale, possibly at Sotheby's. There are books—volumes, I should say, of his sketches, all mounted by himself, he was the soul of order—that ought to be in some public collection like the British Museum, one volume, at least, on India, being especially valuable. All these evidences of a prodigious mental activity, a prodigious incapacity for repose, to me exasperating, are to the fore. He prided himself on having taken the side of the North in the American Civil War. It was freedom's cause, he said.

He had a large circle of clever and distinguished friends, and was honoured by the friendship of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and of His Imperial sister, the ex-Empress of Germany.—Yours faithfully, GEO. McCULLOCH.

"SCULPTURA ITALIANA."

This is a companion volume to "Italian Architecture," by the same compiler, in which the text has been much rewritten and brought up to date. The illustrations are the weak part of the book, the photographs frequently wanting in distinctness, whilst the cuts (and there are twenty-

four of them) are really bad. The book aims in this matter of illustration at more than its price will allow; still, this notwithstanding, it is a most efficient compilation, with the comfort of a capable index at its tail.

The author begins with examples of Etruscan sculpture some two centuries before Christ, and, before concluding, carries us up to the days of Giovanni Duprè, who died in 1882. So extensive a survey gives one, within the confines of a manual, but scant opportunity of more than naming the sculptor and then passing on to the next of the group—but the grouping is done cleverly, and the critical remarks are sound, though somewhat too generally appreciative.

The author does well to point out and insist on the polychromy of sculpture, which was almost universal till the eighteenth century, and, considering the space available, dwells at some length on the colours and terra-cotta statuary at Varallo. Unfortunately, he gives no illustration of these remarkable "stations"—though he illustrates Mazzoni's Pietà at Modena—and yet they are remarkable, both in themselves and as almost the only examples now left of what was a general custom; and these have been so barbarously repainted that the impression they convey is somewhat misleading.

The "Baroque" period is treated with some fulness, but, as the author observes, the history of that period has yet to be told. To us Northerners, austere and Protestant, the airs and graces of Bernini's demi-monde angels, his saints in a simper and a flutter, self-conscious to the core, leave us cold and repelled, and when Professor Melani draws aside the veil and shows us Serpotta's wall decoration at Palermo, promising us, in the pride of his heart and enthusiasm, "un gran piacere da gustare," we think at the best of puff pastry and pass the pie-crustation by. But, alien as their work is to us, the "baroque" sculptors were men of fine ideas, their art was living art; they had a message, not an echo, to give.

Professor Melani does not name Raffaello as a sculptor, though the "Jonah" in Sta. Maria del Popolo, and the lovely fountain "delle Tartarughe" at Rome used to be ascribed to his design; nor does he seem to recognise what a splendid collection of Tuscan sculpture we have here at South Kensington. One misses the name of Torrigiano from his catalogue, possibly because there is no example (?) of his work in Italy. Thorwaldsen's name gets mis-spelt, and in the text Giovanni Pisano is dated half a century too early; for the rest the book seems a trustworthy affair, which we can cordially recommend to those of our readers to whom its being writ in Italian does not form an insuperable objection.

H. R.



BRONZED PLASTER PANEL: SEA HORSES: BY G. BAYES.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY:
WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE
TO CERTAIN EXHIBITS: BY
H. WILSON.

THE present exhibition, the seventh held by the members of the Arts and Crafts Society, is in no way behind its predecessors. Though the loss of their president must have made a world of difference to them, yet the South Room, full of Morris' works in many crafts, gives the spectator the feeling that the master's influence is yet strongly at work, and that he still presides in spirit over the labours of his friends. There have been many exhibitions of the works of one man, but, for the most part, all of works in one medium or in one art or craft. But in this same South Room we have the achievements of a master of many crafts—in painting, stained glass, embroidery, tapestry weaving, illumination, printing, and textiles of all kinds. Each craft taken up seems to have been mastered, carried to completeness, and then laid aside to make room for the next. In each we have the same knowledge of material, the same impeccable instinct for the right use of it, the same gracious beauty of design, the same sweet purity of colour; and whether we look at the delicate interlacings of his manuscript, resplendent with the sheen of burnished gold, or whether we look at his achievements with the loom, we are met by the same mastery, and stand amazed at the energy behind it all.

The room is like a pictured tomb of some remote epoch, the walls storied with the deeds of its occupant, save only in this, that the man himself has pictured his own history, and there is nothing in excess.

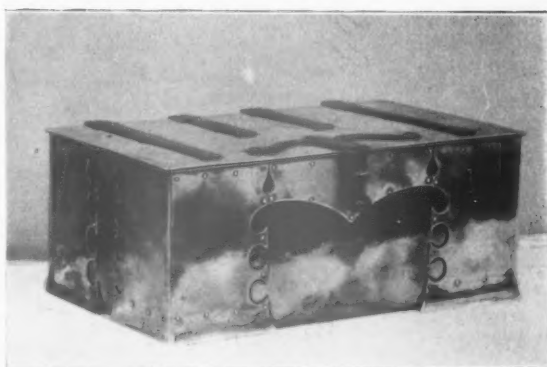
If we look at the one example of his painting, *La Belle Iseult*, painted 1857, the mastery of design and technique even at that early period is

astonishing. The construction of the picture, the arrangement of the planes, the gracious figure in the centre, the rows of lances in the inner hall, the figured stuffs, the rich tapestries, show extraordinary fertility and beauty of imagination.

And when we turn from the work so full of masterly draughtsmanship and knowledge of the human form to the cartoons for stained glass, one sees instantly the result of that clear instinct for the right use of material which led him to abandon the naturalistic treatment of the figure in favour of a severe but beautiful convention. No one who knows what stained glass is would now attempt to make his figure drawing realistic, but when Morris started, this principle—the early and only right principle—had long been forgotten.

His sound and vigorous mind led him straight to the heart of the matter, which is the art of the matter. He lived his life as a work of art, and the beauty of it and the sweetness of it will endure for many generations.

One steps from this room, with its quiet atmosphere, from the sense of right work rightly done



CASKET BY THE BIRMINGHAM
GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

which pervades it, and the fragrance of a life lived in the open air near to nature, as one steps from a cathedral; the Morris room is in the real meaning of the word a place of worship.

The remainder of the exhibition is less easy to write of. There is so much earnest work of many kinds—embroidery, wood-carving, metal work and furniture, stained glass, and painting—that a connected review of it seems almost impossible. There are many new names—itself a healthy sign—the general level of the work seems much higher,



PORTIÈRE, EMBROIDERED IN COTTON, SILK, GOLD, AND SILVER THREAD: BY WALTER CRANE: WORKED BY MRS. W. CRANE.

and there is less affectation and less straining after effect and originality than was at one time apparent.

To come to some detailed account of the work exhibited. The President of the Society, Mr. Walter Crane, shows his fertility of invention in many media, one of the most happy being the embroidered portière worked by Mrs. Crane; while memories of the Masque are revived by the series of sketches for the costumes.

A very striking exhibit is that sent by Mr. C. W.

Whall, the cartoons and sketches for the window at Silk Willoughby. There is a noble quality about these designs. They are dignified in spirit, and, without over elaboration, suggest glass so admirably, that one longs to see the finished result.

The central figure of our Lord in majesty is very fine both in conception and drawing.

Many other cartoons by the same artist are to be found in the exhibition, most noticeable being the detached figures of angels and a frame of delightful sketches of heraldic shields and mantlings.

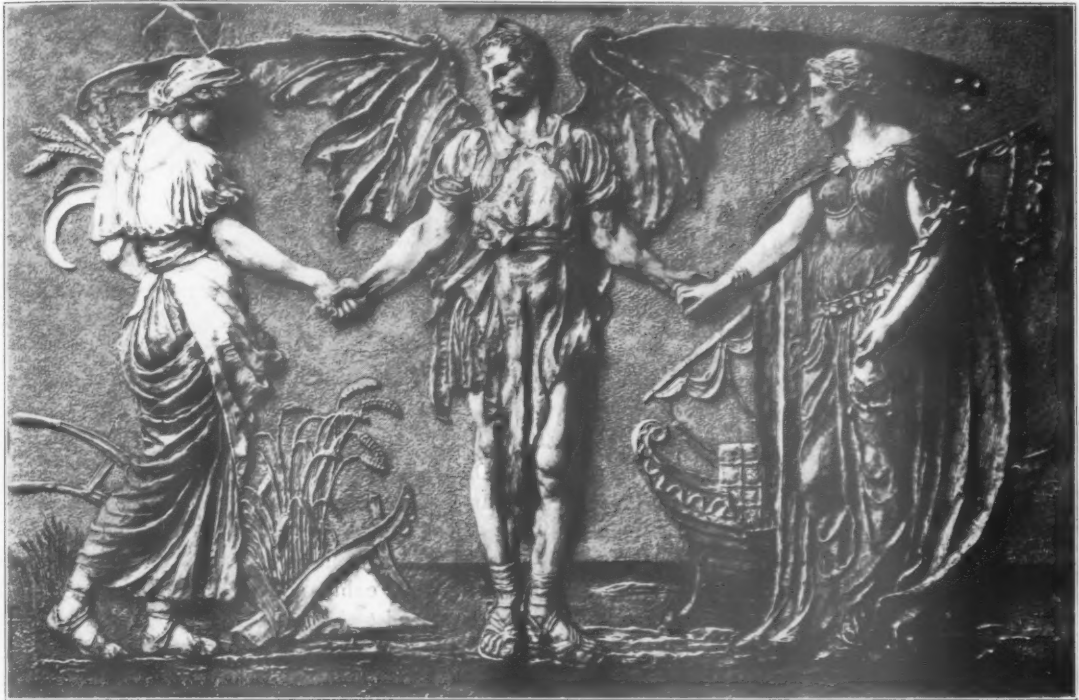
Mr. R. Anning Bell sends some very beautiful coloured plasterwork in his Tryptych and in the panel of Music and Dancing. One sees here a very distinct advance on Mr. Bell's earlier work. There is a greater dignity about it, a finer, richer scheme of colour, and, what is so rare in modern work, a sense of architectural fitness in the placing of the figures. One criticism only we would make. The frames are by no means satisfactory—that round the Tryptych spoils the figures. In looking at them one has to make allowance for the distracting effect of the colour and the form of the frame.

Mr. Louis Davis sends a very beautiful drawing of a piece of decoration for the staircase, Welbeck Abbey. The panel is one of four illustrating the seasons. By the same artist is a cartoon of the Annunciation, for a window in Kelvedon Church, a work full of real power and right feeling.

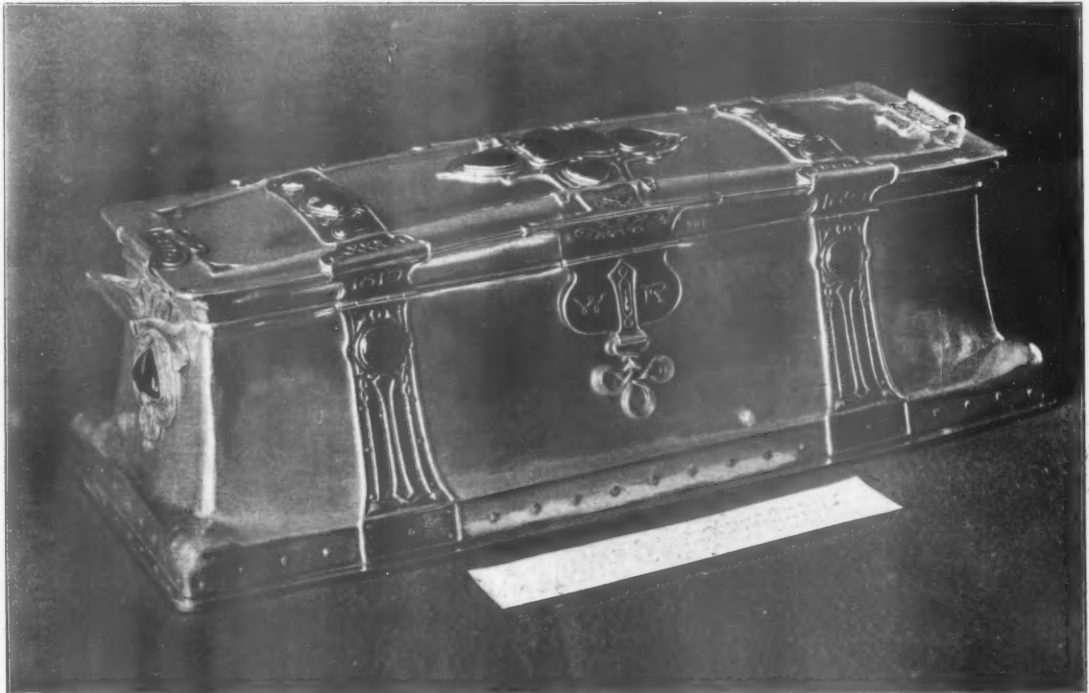
Mr. Alexander Fisher sends several important exhibits, the largest of which, an electric light sconce, is very ably made. The colour of the enamel is extremely fine, but the whole effect is marred by a lack of architectural quality in the design.

The same may be said of the enamel plaque and the overmantel in steel. Mr. Fisher is an extremely gifted craftsman and artist; he needs, however, to study more the art of constructive design.

Miss Mary Newill sends some interesting panels of embroidery, in which one sees the



PORTION OF FRIEZE IN COLOURED PLASTER: "THE GENIUS OF MECHANICAL INVENTION INVITING COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE:" DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY WALTER CRANE: FIBROUS PLASTER-WORK BY H. PRIESTLEY.



SILVER CASKET SET WITH JADE: BY R. LL. B. RATHBONE.



PLASTER CAST, "PLOWING": BY GEORGE JACK.

very strong influence of the Birmingham school of design. The placing of the figures on the panel, the simplicity of the treatment, and the quiet colours are quite pleasant to see.

Mr. Frampton sends some interesting sketches in plaster, and a finely modelled bronze (No. 112).

The panel of needlework designs by Mr. J. D. Batten, and worked by Miss Una Taylor, is full of very charming fancy, carried out with great skill. The colour is particularly happy.

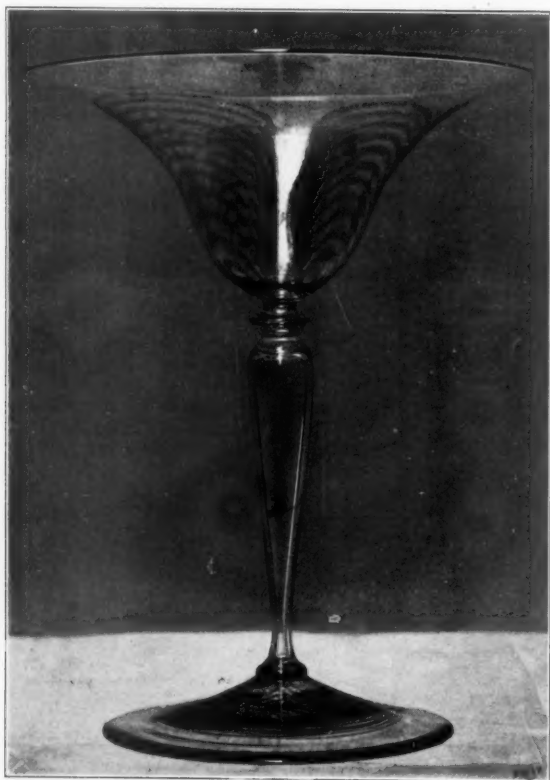


TABLE GLASS: DESIGNED BY HARRY POWELL: EXECUTED BY MESSRS. JAMES POWELL AND SONS.

Of a different order, but in its way not less beautiful, is the embroidery on white linen by E. W. Gimson, and worked by Miss Margaret Gimson. Very pleasant also is the Honiton lace super-frontal exhibited by Mr. Walter Cave.

In the midst of these broderies is an interesting sketch in water colours for a reredos, by Mr. T. M. Rooke. The scale of the actual panel is not given.

Above this is an interesting altar frontal design by Mr. Paul Cooper, and executed by Miss V. and Miss M. Cooper. The work is done in silk on Ruskin linen, and the effect is rich and harmonious.

The long ranges of cases in the west gallery are full of interest. The bookbindings by Mr. Thos. Cobden Sanderson and his pupils, Mr. D. Cockerell, and others, make the bibliophile long for Kimberley that he might take them all away and rejoice in quiet possession.

Mr. Dawson's enamels and jewels show a marked advance in appropriateness of design to purpose, while the colour and the workmanship are as always a delight.

Near this case is one containing some very beautiful embroidered gloves, bead necklaces and jewellery by Miss May Morris.

In the tall case near is some very interesting work by the Birmingham School of Art, by the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street, and other exhibitions. One of the most notable is a beautiful casket in cloisonné enamel, in white and green, on silver, by the Ranees of Sarawak, assisted by Signor Umberto Volpi. If the Arts and Crafts influence Sarawak already one wonders where its power will cease.

No mention of this room would be complete which omitted the beautiful series of woodcuts by Messrs. C. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon, and T. Sturge Moore. These deserve a notice to themselves.

The North Gallery will probably be that most visited by architects, in that it is devoted to

furniture, modelled work, and architectural exhibits generally. One of the first things to attract attention is the beautiful dresser in oak by Mr. Sidney Barnsley; very simple in design; the whole attention is centred on the rich effect obtained by rational use of the material. One sees, as if it were a new thing, how beautiful a material oak is when properly treated. Another piece of furniture, by the same artist, is the music cabinet in ebony and mother of pearl; a joy to see, a delight to handle, and a possession to covet. Mr. Barnsley is to be warmly congratulated. Near this also is an interesting chest, by Mr. E. Gimson, inlaid with great patches of white pearl, which latter gives an effect of almost magical brilliancy, when contrasted with the plain oak in which it is set.

The teak cabinet, by Mr. Mervyn Macartney, is fine and dignified in design, and the beauty of the wood, in this case teak, is well shown in the simply moulded surfaces of the drawers. The whole cabinet is extremely well made, and does great credit to both its designer and its makers.

Mr. Benson's cabinet in rosewood and silver, which forms a fitting pendant to this, is one of the most beautiful things in the exhibition. The silver work may be a little overbrilliant, but time will cure that. Meanwhile, the designer has earned our gratitude by showing us what a beautiful wood unsophisticated rosewood is.

Mr. W. B. Reynolds sends a very fine hall lantern in wrought-iron and copper, which looks as if it might have been made centuries ago, so richly and solidly is it designed and made.

Two fire-screens by R. Morton Nance well attract wide attention. Original in design, vigorous in colour and draughtsmanship, one regrets not having seen work by this artist before. Of the two we prefer the smaller screen, the Destruction of the Armada. The design is spread over the whole surface of the screen, and the bustle of battle, the fury of the waves, and the combatants are all suggested in the most original way. We shall hope to see more of Mr. Nance.

Mr. Nelson Dawson shows a fine grate in wrought iron and an elaborate fender in wrought brass. The upright standards of the grate, in chiselled-iron, are strong and original in design;

but the fender is less happy, probably because more effort was expended on it.

The large screen, also executed by Mr. Dawson, is an admirable piece of smith's work.

Above the screen, and unfortunately placed somewhat out of sight, is Mr. Pomeroy's large plaster ceiling panel, the design a maze of interweaving rose boughs, the effect of which is difficult to foresee, because of the unfavourable position of the exhibit for careful or close consideration.

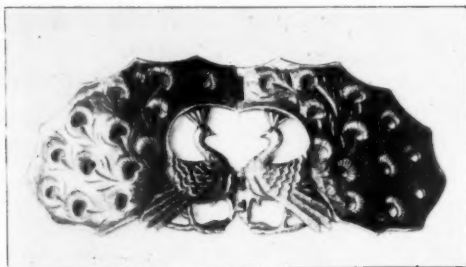


EAGLE LECTERN IN CARVED OAK:
BY GEORGE JACK.

Among the cases in this gallery we found in the centre a large case of beautiful blown table glass by Messrs. Powell. Specially beautiful is one goblet of deep green and rich blue glass, apparently fused irregularly and then blown. The shape and colour effect are quite remarkable.

Near this is a case of small exhibits. Shagreen boxes, mounted in silver by Mr. J. P. Cooper, who seems to have revived almost the only handicraft which has escaped the notice of other members of

the Arts and Crafts Society. The design and workmanship of these boxes are as delightful as their colour. Miss Ella Casella sends a very pleasant illuminated parchment cabinet. The design is reminiscent in the best way of some of



SILVER CLASP: DESIGNED BY A. FOWLER: EXHIBITED BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

the best periods of illuminating, and should be a great pleasure to its possessor.

Mrs. Gaskin sends a painted glass box, which also has a pleasantly mediaeval flavour.

In two long cases at the end of the room are the clavichord and case designed and made by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, and decorated by Sir E. Burne-Jones. The case, with its gay colour and the charming figure of St. Margaret and the Dragon on the lid, interests one quite as much as the instrument itself, beautiful as the latter undoubtedly is. What it lacks is the figure of its maker, who should

always be ready to "play to us and make us melody."

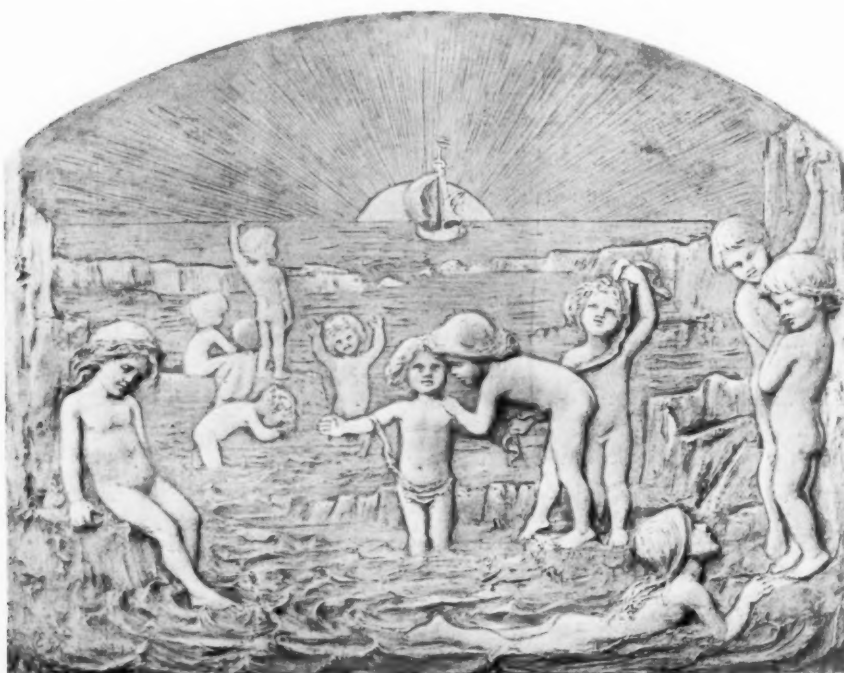
In the place of honour on the end wall is the last sketch by Sir E. Burne-Jones for a piece of tapestry. Slight though it be, it shows the complete mastery achieved by its author, while the design and colour are so admirably suited to tapestry weaving that one regrets that the tapestry itself could not be shown. We are only just beginning to realise what a gap is that left by the great pair, Morris and Burne-Jones.

In the gallery are some very interesting photographs of architectural works. A beautiful series of a house near Bournemouth is exhibited by Mr. Lethaby. The design strikes the spectator at once by its noble simplicity and restraint.

Near this is a series of photographs of cottages and small houses recently built by Mr. E. Gimson. In essence this work is a return to the simpler traditional building methods of our forbears, and the results are most happy. The buildings look solid and lasting as the pyramids, and though they are built with an almost stern rudeness, yet they look gracious and homelike.

Mr. Edward S. Prior sends a very interesting photograph from a beautifully-designed lychgate at Brantham. The roof, shaped like a ship's side, is covered with shingle, and the underside of the rafters have been carved all over with roses—a most admirable work.

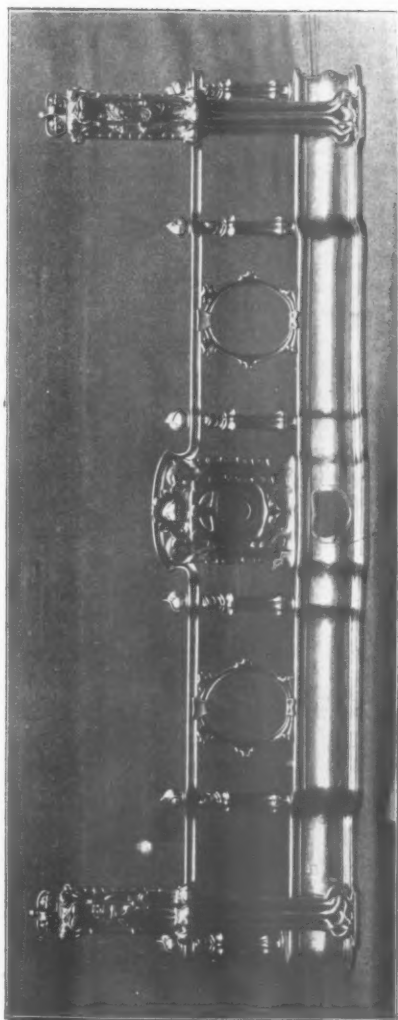
Mr. George Jack sends several important exhibits. A large fireplace in the centre of one



"THE MORNING OF LIFE": BY E. M. ROPE.



PLATE PANEL: BY MATTHEW WEBB.



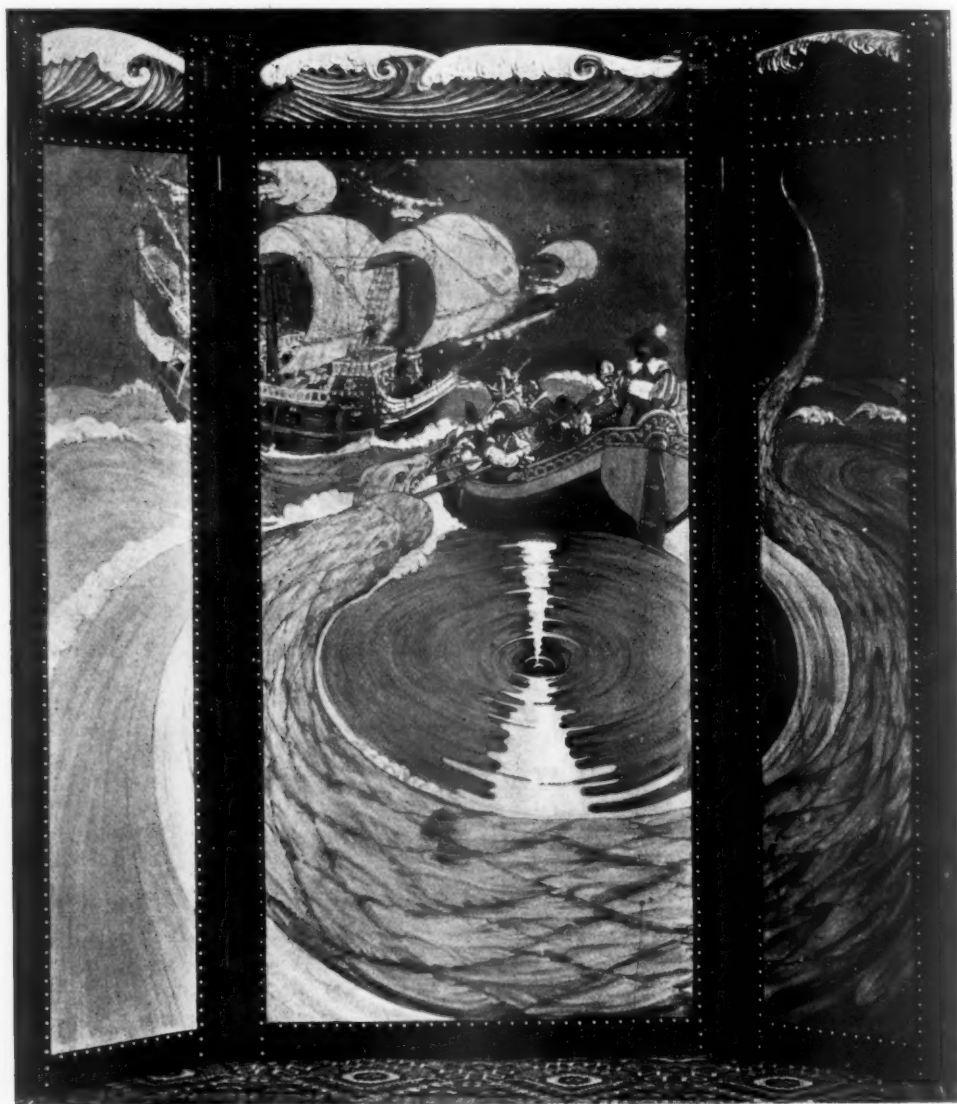
FENDER IN WROUGHT BRASS: BY NELSON DAWSON.



PANELS FOR A REREDOS IN COLOURED PLASTER: BY R. ANNING BELL.

side of the North Gallery, a finely-carved eagle lectern, very dignified in design, and a second smaller fireplace in the hall, exhibited by Mr. J. P. White. A plaster cast of a relief in plaster, "Ploughing," by the same artist, reminds one of the early carving on the Porches of Amiens, so nervous and full of vigour is it.

The whole exhibition is one of the most encouraging of recent years. Many things one would like to mention must needs be passed over for lack of space; but while so many are working in sincerity towards the revival of a better and a saner art, the duty of the critic and spectator is to wait and hope, and not be over hasty to



PAINTED CORNER SCREEN: THE SEA
SERPENT: BY R. M. NANCE.

Among those half-forgotten arts which have received more than ordinary attention this year is the art of illumination; and Mr. E. Johnston shows some very beautiful specimens of illuminated script. Mr. Cowlshaw shows four pages of Aucassin and Nicolette, beautifully written, though not quite so completely successful as earlier efforts of this artist.

rail at what may at first sight appear strange or artificial.

Our thanks are due to all those exhibitors who have so kindly placed their designs at our disposal. As it has been found quite impossible to publish all those received, a further selection will be given with the December number.

PERCY'S HOUSE: AND THE GUN-
POWDER PLOT: WRITTEN BY
J. BROWNBILL, M.A.

THE story of the Gunpowder Plot has lately been discussed very thoroughly by Fr. Gerard and Mr. Gardiner. There is no intention here to go into the more important questions on which the two are at variance, such as the official tampering with depositions and the amount of knowledge concerning the Plot possessed by Lord Salisbury before the receipt of the Monteagle letter. Fr. Gerard seems to have proved that what was supposed to be the original of Thomas Winter's

confession is merely a copy of some other document, and a copy not written by Winter himself; that it is a deliberate forgery is a further point which it is not so easy to decide. He also gives some reasons for his belief that Salisbury was fairly well acquainted with the Plot and knew it was not particularly dangerous; and if this was not the case it seems impossible to understand his inaction after the famous letter had been handed to him. Mr. Gardiner, on the other hand, makes out a plausible case for the counter-theory, but has scarcely allowed sufficiently for the argument that, even if Salisbury knew the outline of the Plot before the official investigation, he would be unable



RIVER FRONT OF WHYNNIARD'S HOUSES,
LOOKING NORTH: BY J. T. SMITH, 1800.

THE TURRETS IN THE BACKGROUND ARE
THOSE OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL—THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

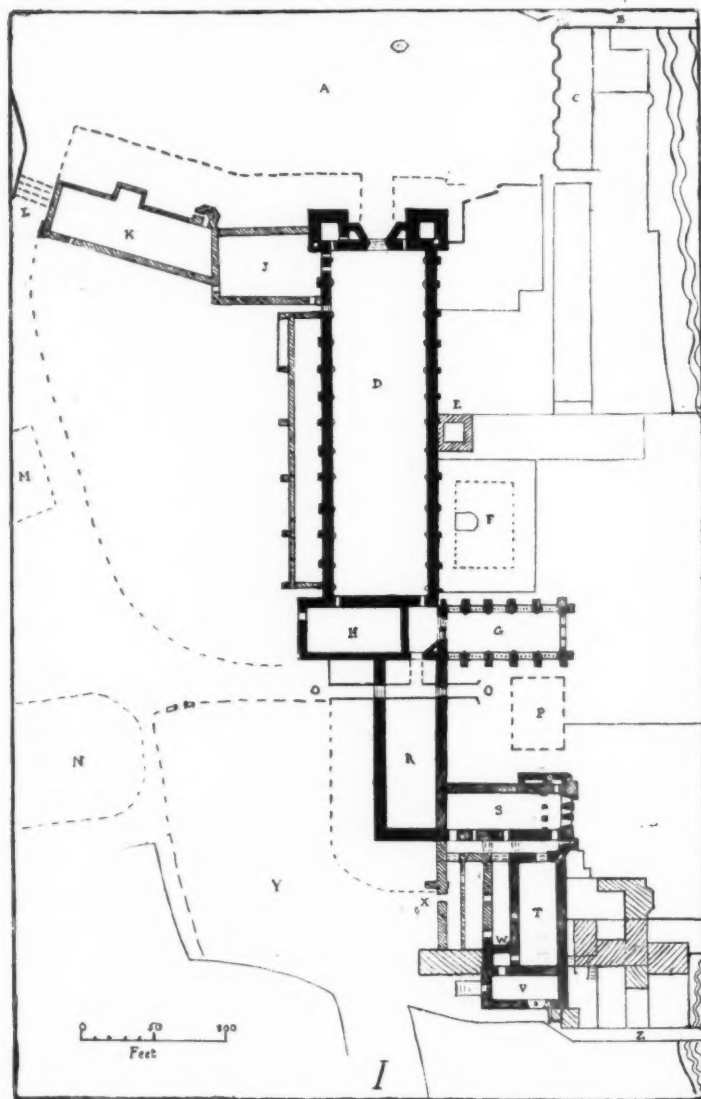
to use this knowledge openly after contriving that King James should take all the credit of discovery.

A minor but interesting problem is that of the situation and place of the house next the Parliament House which was rented by Thomas Percy for the use of his fellow-conspirators. If it can be satisfactorily solved, a number of the apparent difficulties will be removed or found insurmountable,

and a further means of testing the general truth of the story will be provided. The two writers mentioned have of course paid attention to it, and the honours are divided; for to Fr. Gerard belongs the credit of pointing out the correct site of the house, in opposition to tradition, though unfortunately he was misled by an impossible "view" of the buildings; while Mr. Gardiner provides good plans and

drawings of the exterior, if his use of them is not quite satisfactory. It may be remarked in passing that it is one of the numerous extraordinary circumstances in connection with the affair that tradition should have gone astray here; the matter was recent and notorious, and the house itself existed in a more or less dilapidated state down to the beginning of this century, and yet the "traditional site" of Percy's house was at the west side of the old House of Lords instead of the east. The persons concerned may have had their own reasons for disguising the facts and starting a false tradition.

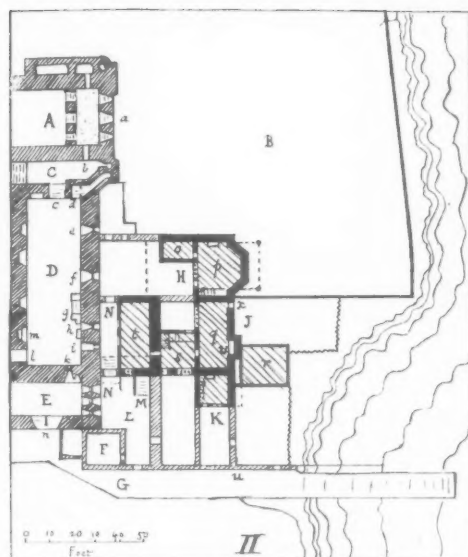
The accompanying plans of this house have been formed by combining the four plans in Mr. Gardiner's book, and using the various drawings given by him and Fr. Gerard, together with such others as were available, particularly the large collection in Smith's "Westminster." It will be found that the story requires a threefold division of the house used by the Plotters. The whole was called "Whynniard's house," and was held by him, apparently, from the Crown in virtue of his office of Keeper of the Palace; Mr. Blackerby, the last occupier before its demolition, had the same office. Whynniard had a portion of it for his own use; he or his wife seems to have been always about the place when the Plotters wanted to consult him. He was, however, allowed to let off a portion, on condition that during the Session of Parliament the Lords should not be deprived of the use of it. This portion had "long" been leased to a Mr. Ferris or Ferrers, and it had attached to it another "house," or third portion, which was occupied by the porter, Gibbins, and his wife,



PLAN OF THE OLD PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

- A. New Palace Yard, with its Conduit.
- B. Landing Place, called the King's Bridge, Lord Mayor's Landing, and Westminster Stairs.
- C. Star Chamber and Exchequer Offices.
- D. Westminster Hall, with Judges' Rooms on west side.
- E. Bell Tower in St. Stephen's Court; Speaker's House adjoins.
- F. The Cloisters.
- G. St. Stephen's Chapel (House of Commons), with ground floor Crypt.
- H. Court of Wards and Liveries.
- I. Exchequer Records.
- K. Augmentation Offices.
- L. Gateway leading from New Palace Yard into St. Margaret's Street.
- M. St. Margaret's Church.
- N. Henry VII.'s Chapel.

- O O. Passage to Cotton House and river side of Palace buildings.
- P. Site of Cotton House.
- Q. Cotton Garden; in 1605 this was "Sir Thomas Parry's Garden," extending to the river.
- R. White Hall Court of Requests.
- S. Painted Chamber.
- T. Old House of Lords (down to 1800), with Whynniard's House to the east.
- V. Prince's Chamber; Royal entrance to Peers' Chamber.
- W. "Traditional site" of the place where the Plotters tried to break into the cellar under the House of Lords.
- X. Entrance to the House of Lords.
- Y. Old Palace Yard, entered by a gate from St. Margaret Street.
- Z. Landing Place, called the Queen's Bridge, Old Palace Bridge, and Parliament Stairs.

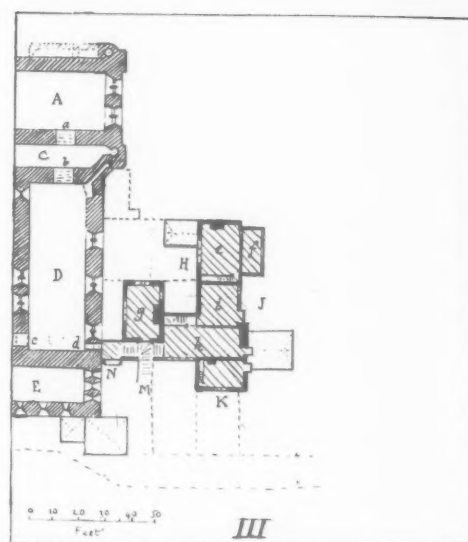


GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF WHYNNIARD'S HOUSES.

- A. Cellar of Painted Chamber, entered by triple door *a*.
 B. Cotton Garden (Sir T. Parry's).
 C. Passage, leading by *b* into A, and by *c* into D.
 D. The famous cellar under the House of Lords, where the Plotters placed the powder barrels. The main entrances to it were at *c* and *i*, others at *f* and (later) *i*; windows at *e* and *h* (?). This was the kitchen of the Old Palace; *k* is a buttery hatch, *m* seems to have been the original fireplace, *g* a later one.
 E. Cellar under Prince's Chamber, with doors at *n* and at the west end.
 F. Porter's Lodge, afterwards the bishops' robing room.
 G. Passage way from Old Palace Yard to Parliament Stairs.
 H. Whynniard's portion of "the house next the Parliament House;" living room *p*, pantry *q*; part of the yard to the west of the dotted line was afterwards built over.
 J. Percy's House; entrance hall *i*, cellar *t*, living room *g*, outhouse *r*, with small yard and two gardens (front and back), the latter going down to the river; back door at *s*, and fireplace at *v*.
 K. Gibbins's House, with garden.
 H., J., and K. together were also called "Whynniard's House."
 L. Courtyard, with entrance from G., and side gate into Percy's front garden.
 M. Staircase leading to House of Lords.
 N N. The entry, leading from the courtyard to Whynniard's door.
 A gallery was later built over this entry.
 O. The "stone wall encompassing the Old Palace."
 (The great thickness of some of the walls of the dwelling house is due to the fact that this house was built on walls belonging to the Old Palace.)

the latter, among her other duties, attending to Ferris's house, and keeping it in order. Of these three portions the central one was Ferris's, and afterwards Percy's; the reasons for assigning the north part to Whynniard's occupation are that it seems larger than the southern part, here called Gibbins's house, and has easy communication with all parts of the Palace, such as Whynniard would require from his official position. Gibbins's house seems to have had a single living-room below and above a large bedroom with projecting gable and window looking over the river. This small house seems to have been held with the main portion, or central house; and when Ferris was induced to transfer his lease to Percy, he of course compelled the latter to take over the porter's house also, it being of no further use to him.

The main part of the whole block was that hired by Percy and used by the conspirators. As will be seen, it occupied three sides of a square, the front facing south, and with east and west wings. The



PLAN OF UPPER FLOOR OF WHYNNIARD'S HOUSES.

- A. The Painted Chamber.
 C. Passage; the doors *a* and *b* giving access to the Painted Chamber and the House of Lords.
 D. The Old House of Lords. The throne was at the south end, and the royal entrance at *c*; the peers could enter either by *b* or *d*.
 E. The Prince's Chamber.
 H. Whynniard's House; two bedrooms *e* and *f*.
 J. Percy's House; bedroom or "chamber" *i*, the Lords' "withdrawing rooms" *g* and *h*, communicating with the Peers' Chamber by the door *d*.
 K. Gibbins's House.
 M. Staircase from the courtyard, leading at one side to the Peers' Chamber, and at the other to the "withdrawing rooms" in Percy's House.
 N. Bridge over the entry between Percy's House and the House of Lords.

other boundary was the enclosing wall to the north. The main entrance was from a garden with a side door into the courtyard (L). This courtyard had a gateway to the passage (later, Parliament-place) leading from Old Palace Yard to the landing-place called the Queen's Bridge; and it is obvious that this gateway, from its position, must always have had a porter's lodge or guard-room adjacent, so that the goings and comings of Percy and his fellows would be under observation so long as they used the front entrance to the house. The river front is incidentally referred to in the evidence as "the back" of Mr. Percy's lodging. Entering then by the front door we find ourselves in the hall, with staircase at the far side. To the left is the entrance to the "cellar," in which, if we are to believe in the "mine," the Plotters lived day and night while engaged in driving their tunnel under the "entry" at its side.* We know from the contract of sale (printed by Mr. Gardiner, p. 94) that the strip of land between Percy's house and the water side was "waste" in 1600, when Whynniard purchased it so as to preserve the amenities of his property; for this land was

* It should be observed that the "cellar" is the most doubtful part of this attempted reconstruction.

bounded on the east by the Thames, and on the west by a stone boundary wall, 75ft. long, belonging to the palace; now, the distance from *u* to *x* (Plan II.) is 75ft., and Smith describes Percy's house as constructed upon an ancient stone wall which belonged to the Parliament buildings. About the centre of this piece of waste land Whynniard seems to have erected a storeroom, in which we are probably safe in recognising the "low room newly builded" where the Plotters at first stored their powder after bringing it across the river, and landing it at the bottom of the garden. It was so placed as to shelter this side of the house from observation, but seems to have been removed entirely in the eighteenth century, when more land was reclaimed from the river and a house or two built there.

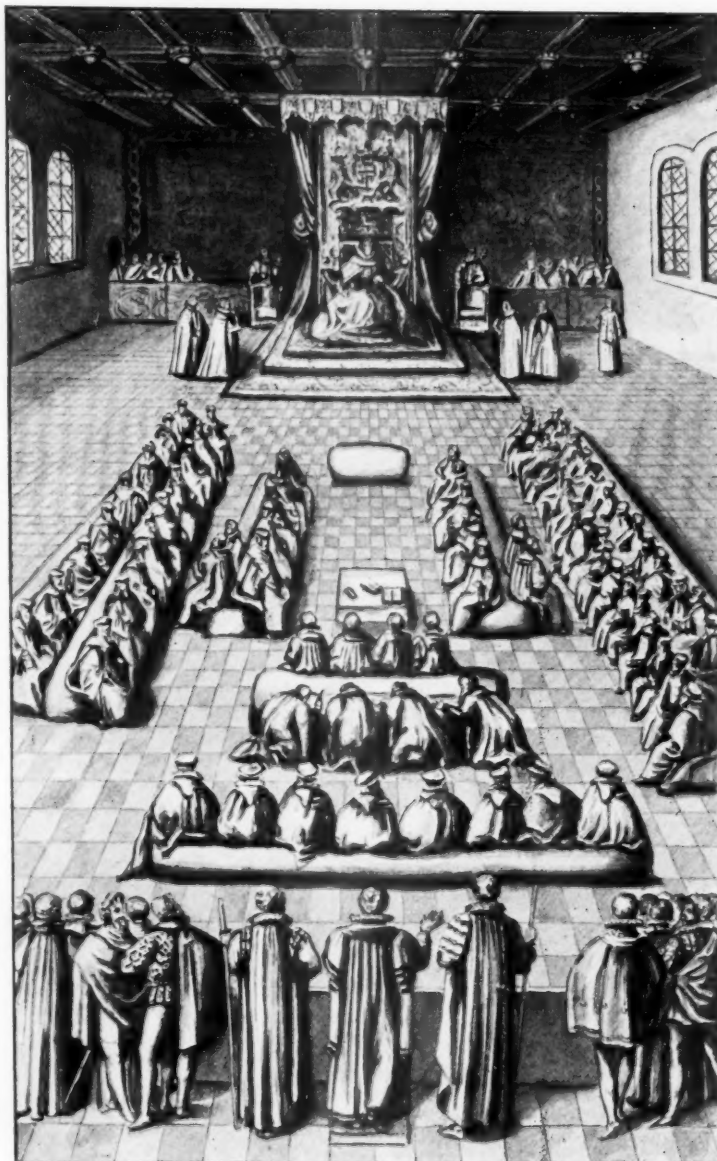
The upper rooms of Percy's house were used as "withdrawing rooms" for the Lords, so that during a Session of Parliament the tenant would have very little space at his disposal. Over the little entry leading from the courtyard, already mentioned, to the yard of Whynniard's house a bridge was thrown, giving a passage from the upper floor of Percy's house to the House of Lords itself, through a little door at

its south-east corner. The similarity in appearance of this door and that on the river-front of Percy's house leads to the conclusion that they were made about the same time. The bridge also had a connection with the courtyard by a covered staircase,* afterwards known as the "Bishops' entrance" to

the Upper House. "My lords" then, landing from their barges at the Queen's Bridge, would pass through the courtyard, and mounting the stairs there, might turn to the left into their House, or to the right into the "withdrawing rooms" in Percy's house, here to rest or converse with their peers. It is plain, also, that they could not easily be excluded from the inner staircase and entrance hall of the dwelling-house, though they may not have used them as a rule. The main point in doubt is as to the division of the upper story; were there three rooms or four?

The phrase

"withdrawing rooms" implies two at least for the service of the peers, and Fawkes's chamber or bedroom on this floor over-looked the river. The

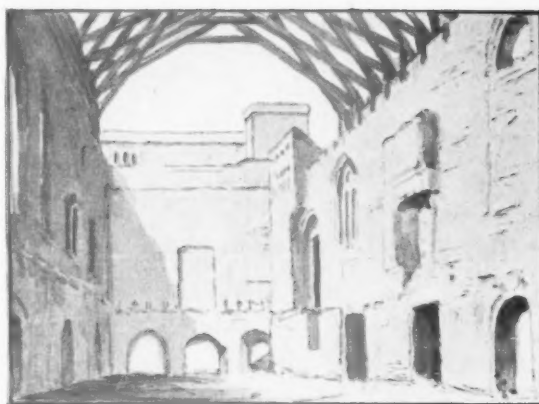


INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH: FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1608.

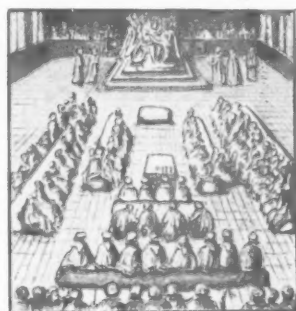
* This staircase may, however, have been later than 1605. It would become necessary when the Lords gave up using these "withdrawing rooms," as they seem to have done soon after the Plot.

division on the plan here drawn seems least difficult, but in the views of the river side of the house a small window will be noticed just above the door, and this may imply that the peers had the use of the whole upper floor with the exception of a small room cut off from that over the kitchen, about half the size of that given on the plan as the bedroom. This question of the bedroom is of some interest because one point of the story is that when Percy slept in the house, Fawkes, in his character of servant, was obliged to sleep out, there being only one bed. It will be acknowledged that there was nothing to excite notice in this proceeding, the difficulty being to find a place even for the one bedroom.

This plan certainly makes several details of the



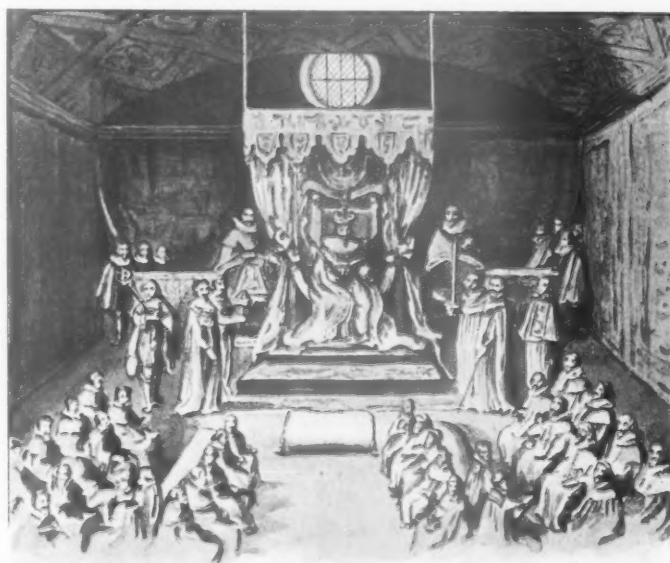
RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS 1823.



INTERIOR OF THE
HOUSE OF LORDS:
TIME OF JAMES I.

story of the Plot more intelligible, and to that extent more credible. With regard to the "mine" for instance, which Fr. Gerard regards as impossible, it might not have seemed antecedently impracticable to unskilled men to drive a tunnel from the house under a little-frequented entry only 8ft. or 9ft. wide. The arrest, again, about which there are so many variations, seems to have been effected as Mr. Gardiner describes it. The search party find Fawkes standing in the entry between the two doors—that into the cellar under the House of Lords and that into the cellar of Percy's house—some would think he had come out of one door, others from the other, and so, aided by the confusion of two "houses" and two "cellars," divergent reports would get abroad, and the popular imagination, ever ready to exaggerate a dramatic story, made the arrest take place among the powder barrels while Fawkes was making his trains. Fawkes, on being

found in the entry, seems to have been taken into the house to his bed-chamber; and by-and-bye "Master Edward Doubleday, Esquire," one of the searchers, hearing a noise above, runs upstairs, and, after a struggle, binds the prisoner, making the arrest effective. A third point cleared up is that of the interruption which Fawkes might have expected in case the Plot had gone on to its consummation. After Fawkes had lighted his touchwood he would have to leave the cellar, cross the entry, pass through the dwelling-house by its cellar, entrance hall, and kitchen, to the garden at the river side, where a boat might have been waiting for him, even if he could not make his way to the regular landing-place. It does not seem probable that he would have met with any interruption in carrying out



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, TIME
OF CHARLES I.: FROM A CONTEMPORARY
PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS: FROM "MISCHIEFE'S MYSTERY," A POEM BY JOHN VICARS, PUBLISHED IN 1617.

such a plan, even on the opening day of the Session, when the King himself was to be present. The lords and their lacqueys would not crowd the entry nor even the lower rooms of the house, supposing they ever used these latter; and Fawkes's course would be clear enough, though he could not expect to be unseen, either by people in the courtyard or those coming up from the landing. Fr. Gerard's difficulties arise naturally enough from the erroneous plan of the scene of operations he unfortunately adopted.

Mr. Gardiner, on his part, has very strangely gone astray in imagining that the long corridor built over the entry (NN) was the "house" let by Ferris to Percy. Such a room could never have been called a house or used as a council chamber, even if it then existed. But did it exist? Those who would answer in the affirmative would argue, "You admit the bridge over the entry; would not the entry be covered in entirely at the same time?" This is not conclusive, however. For instance, a drawing showing this bridge, given by Mr. Gardiner (p. 88), has a curious triangular patch between the window lighting it and the roof above, filled in with boarding; this difference in workmanship points to a difference in time of execution, and, as the sloping roof is certainly a continuation of that over the gallery, we have an indication that the gallery was later than the bridge. The same thing is indicated by the earliest view of the interior of the House of Lords which shows its

structure.* This is a print of 1608, but representing Queen Elizabeth enthroned, and probably a reproduction of an earlier drawing. It shows the lords entering by the little door in the south-east corner of their chamber, and therefore over the bridge; yet two double-light windows are shown next to it, and these are not blocked up in any way; so that the gallery could not then have been erected, for its effect was to block up the window next to the corner door. Exactly the same thing is shown in a print in Fr. Gerard's book (p. 215) showing James I. enthroned in the Peers' Chamber; and a print of later date, interesting as drawn by a foreigner, and therefore not a mere copy, also shows an unblocked window at that

* Green's *Short History*, illustrated edition, p. 982. Compare this with the later one on p. 1022.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, TIME OF GEORGE II.: FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1756.



BRIDGE FROM PERCY'S HOUSE
TO HOUSE OF LORDS.

end of the chamber.* On the other hand, another print of Charles I.'s time shows the whole chamber hung with tapestry; this may merely be for decoration, but more probably implies that at the time it was designed the windows had been blocked up by building the gallery over the entry, and that the walls of the chamber were then draped to hide the disfigurement so caused. Fr. Gerard also supposes this gallery to have been erected in the time of Charles I.

Some further information as to the place may be gleaned from the old prints reproduced in Fr. Gerard's book. He notes it as curious that Fawkes is never represented as going to blow up the House of Lords; it is always either the Painted Chamber or the House of Commons. The latter being very conspicuous from the river side, it is not surprising that a designer should utilise it; it told its story plainly, "This is the Parliament House, and here is Guy Fawkes going to blow it up;" just so is a crown or mitre commonly used to distinguish a king or bishop. Prints representing the Painted Chamber,† however, are much more interesting, and suggest a different but quite straightforward explanation. If people then were at all like what they are now, vast crowds would go to Westminster on the story of the Plot being

published, and would want to see the very place where the powder was stored. Old Palace Yard was not a public thoroughfare, and so the visitors would have to go through the passage leading to what was afterwards Cotton House, thus reaching the river front of the Painted Chamber; here by way of the vaulted entrance to the cellar beneath it they would be admitted to see the cellar under the House of Lords, and so the impression would remain on their minds that that was the way to "Guy Fawkes's cellar," and then that it was "Guy Fawkes's cellar" itself, all being the same building to the casual spectator. Some such visitor from the country may have been the "Samuel Ward, preacher, of Ipswich," whose drawing Fr. Gerard gives. If so, it must have been made from memory, but may be taken as fairly accurate. For instance, it represents the conspirators' house at the left hand, its correct position with regard to the entrance to the cellar under the Painted Chamber; and there is a rude attempt to show the peculiar windows of this chamber. But it will be noticed further that there are three double-lighted windows in the side; there were none such in the Painted Chamber itself, so these must be meant for the



EXTERIOR OF HOUSE OF LORDS,
1621, FROM THE DESIGN BY
SAMUEL WARD.

* Green, p. 1114.

† Gerard, pp. 90 and 227; this dates from 1621 at latest. [Since writing, I find that a similar view appears in a Prayer-book of 1607 (W. S. Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs," p. 494).]



EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS:
FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1823.

windows of the House of Lords. The artist has made into one the two buildings, which were really at right angles to each other; either from a simple lapse of memory or mistaken impression, or else for allegorical reasons, wishing to show the powder barrels, which could not have been done by an absolutely accurate drawing. The remarkable thing is that he shows *three* windows, whereas the drawings taken just before the demolition of the House of Lords show *two* only. These latter views, however, have signs of a third opening just where the chimney stands; on two of the drawings in Smith it looks as if a large circular arch had been there, which is quite inexplicable; but on another, we see a fragment of a window arch exactly similar to those of the other windows; and as the fireplace and therefore the chimney, by Capon's plan and Smith's drawing, are certainly somewhat late additions, it is safe to conclude that originally there were three double-light windows on this side of the Peers' Chamber, and that two of them were

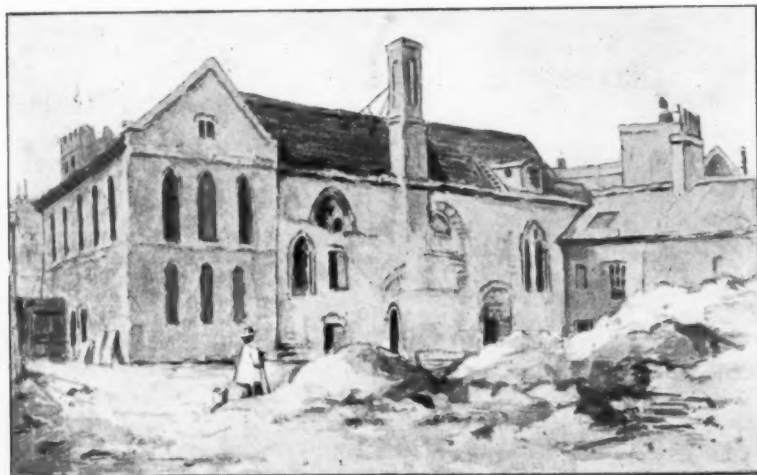
blocked up by the erection of the gallery over the entry outside, and a large fireplace inside. Had the gallery been in existence when Samuel Ward paid his visit he would have been unable to see more than one window; and so we have further evidence that for some time after the Plot there was no gallery over the entry. The significance of this drawing as an early view of the exterior of the House of Lords seems to have passed unnoticed hitherto.

One further point remains uncertain—Which was the door into the cellar used by the Plotters? Percy is said to have broken his way in by making

a doorway where before there was nothing but an iron grating. The main entrances could not be



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR
OF THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS.



EXTERIOR OF PRINCE'S CHAMBER AND HOUSE OF LORDS
IN 1809 (FROM A DRAWING BY J. T. SMITH): SHOWING
THE DOORS AND WINDOWS OF GUY FAWKES' CELLAR.

used because they were too public, and that though the yard of Whynniard's house, supposing it was not then blocked up, was also too much under observation to be freely used. There remains the door at *i*; but this, also, a square door under a large and somewhat elaborate arch, appears to be of late construction, perhaps later than the Plotters' time. There is thus another difficulty. Can they have used the window or door at *h* in the plan? It is not marked in Capon's plan, but is plainly shown, inside and out, in the plates in Smith's "Westminster"; probably it was a



DOORWAYS IN THE EASTERN WALL OF GUY FAWKES CELLARS.

narrow lancet window, closed by iron bars, so that there would be no great difficulty in opening it out into a doorway in a very convenient position for the plot. Afterwards it seems to have been built up again, and the fireplace erected in front of it. Its narrowness, however, forbids the idea that any "hogshead" was passed through it. Perhaps the Plotters found some in the cellar, lying to their hand! The south end of the cellar, the part they used, must have been extremely dark, but that is the only thing they had in their favour, for, as will be noticed, out of three or four entrances they had control of only one, and that the most inconvenient. This is one of the most astonishing points of the story.

THE ROUND CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

It has been pointed out by a correspondent that certain details in the Round Church at Cambridge, which formed the subject of an article in the last number of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, are restorations and not original. This arises from the fact that the article was accepted by the Editor without his having previously seen the building in question. Our correspondent further points out that practically the whole character of the building has been changed by the restorer—its history rewritten and falsified. We regret this the more in that the whole attitude of the REVIEW on the restoration question is one of uncompromising conservatism, and of unhesitating condemnation of any act of destruction by whomsoever it may be committed.—THE EDITOR.

CELTIC ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS: BY JOHAN ADOLF BRUUN: REPRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF DOUGLAS WANTAGE: PART TWO.

IN the previous pages the spiral system as applied to the decoration of illuminated manuscripts has been delineated in its general scheme; its characteristics and development has been followed in some detail; and its relation to the style of art exhibited in late Celtic metal work has been briefly considered. What has been said may suffice to show that this type of pattern, one of the chief elements of Christian decorative art in Ireland, and of especial significance as a testimony to the minute elaboration and marvellous finish of detail characteristic of the Celtic school of illumination, is the survival of an earlier native system, which, although submitted to various modifications in being applied to quite new purposes, yet has left, along the whole line of derived forms, an impress sufficiently clear and well-defined for its origin to be easily

recognised. Some might claim the spiral design of Christian art in Ireland as having originated independently. We do not intend to enter into a discussion of that, as it is but an hypothesis, supported neither by historical evidence nor by analogies. On the other hand, one might think of its being introduced, together with the stock of ornament brought from other countries by the early Christian missionaries. But it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to point to a single

FRONT OF PAINTED CHAMBER:
DRAWN 1800.

scheme in decorative art outside of the Celtic area with greater claim than the so-called late Celtic to be considered as a prototype that once suggested the spiral design shown in manuscripts and other works of the Christian era.

In the next room, after the spiral ornament, we may place an important group, consisting of geometrical *interlacements*. This type of pattern, as appearing in the illuminated manuscripts, may be characterised as a surface decoration composed of one or more ribbons or straps of uniform size, which are twisted, plaited, knotted, or otherwise interwoven, so as to cover the field with a symmetrically disposed design. It occurs in a variety of forms, from the plain twist, or guilloche, to the elaborate chain composed of knots of torturing intricacy, and of varied construction, being laid in squares, circles, oblongs, triangles, hexagons, octagons, etc. The more intricate forms are predominant; and, by variety of design, and the unerring precision with which the ribbons are interwoven so as to cross over and under alternately and finally be joined up to each other, testify to the astonishing capacity of the draughtsman. When compared with the spiral ornament, the interlaced work looks rather mechanical. This is particularly the case with the plainer forms, in which the linear element is confined to a monotonous repetition of the same kind of curve. Hence it came that these never obtained great favour, but held a very subordinate place to the more complicated patterns. An interlaced series would receive an additional enrichment in various ways. One method was to lay it with alternate patches of colour, producing at the same time the effect of some kind of chequer work. While some of the more complex patterns still present in their structure the endless repetition of the same kind of curve, the linear element of others is developed with a very pleasing result by straight lines being introduced to serve as a backbone to the ornament; as also by curves broken into the shape of a section of a pointed arch, being made to alternate with those following an even circular path. Besides, there are forms in which the interlaced work was disposed, so as to leave blank spaces alternating with the elaborate knot work. By these and similar means a certain measure of freedom and variety was introduced into the ornament. Designs of the nature just described are seen repeated again and again, with slight variations, in the works of the best period, and may be regarded as typical of Celtic interlaced work, as instanced in illuminated manuscripts. Interlacings of an altogether angular character are rarely met with in works of the earlier centuries, as in the pages of the *Book of Durrow**; they seem to belong chiefly to forms

marking the degradation of style of a later period.

Before leaving the subject of interlacements we must not omit mention of a particular use of these designs in being applied to the construction of initials. Smaller initials heading the sub-divisions of the text will be seen at an early period to be worked on the principle of an inter-twining strap-work; but the chief development of this type of of letter seems to fall within the later era, when the method gives rise to a peculiar character that might be defined as a piece of purely geometrical interlacing, with nondescript beasts' heads occasionally attached to the terminations. This type, in its turn, was further developed by transforming the geometrical strap work, with its zoomorphic ends, into a complete scheme of a nondescript animal, with head, legs, and tail; or into a composition of similar creatures. And details, such as ears, and crests, and tails, were in that case prolonged and extenuated into endless appendices, and twisted and woven at random around the broader structural body. Initial letters of this nature, enriched with patches of colour in the interior spaces, from the chief decorative feature of the illuminated manuscripts of the period when the Celtic style of book decoration was on the decline. They show a marked contrast to the grand ornamental initials of the culminating art; but, although unquestionably inferior with regard to minute drawing and accuracy of detail, yet from a certain boldness of design and broader treatment of colour they receive, not infrequently, an artistic, picturesque stamp. In a somewhat rough execution the type appears in works dated from the last centuries of the Middle Ages; and may almost be said to have survived the mediaeval art of book ornamentation, as it is still to be seen in manuscripts written after the introduction of printed books. Thus the MS. *Life of St. Columba*, by Manus O'Donel, chief of Tir Connell, written in the earlier half of the sixteenth century and now preserved in the library of the Franciscan Convent of Dublin,* still presents, at the commencement of the volume, a large initial letter of the type described, drawn in outline and partly laid with colour after the old mediaeval fashion.

In a third group of geometrical motives of decoration we include the several varieties of fret work. Like the spiral and interlaced work, this kind of ornament was employed to fill in small panels as part of the surface enrichment of borders and initials. A rectilinear design, composed of a system of straight strokes, which are symmetrically disposed so as to meet at definite angles, but never overlap, and only rarely flow into a curve, the fret may be easily distinguished from all kinds of inter-

* MS. A., 4, 5, Trinity College, Dublin.

* MS., G. VIII., Libr. Franc. Conv., Dublin.

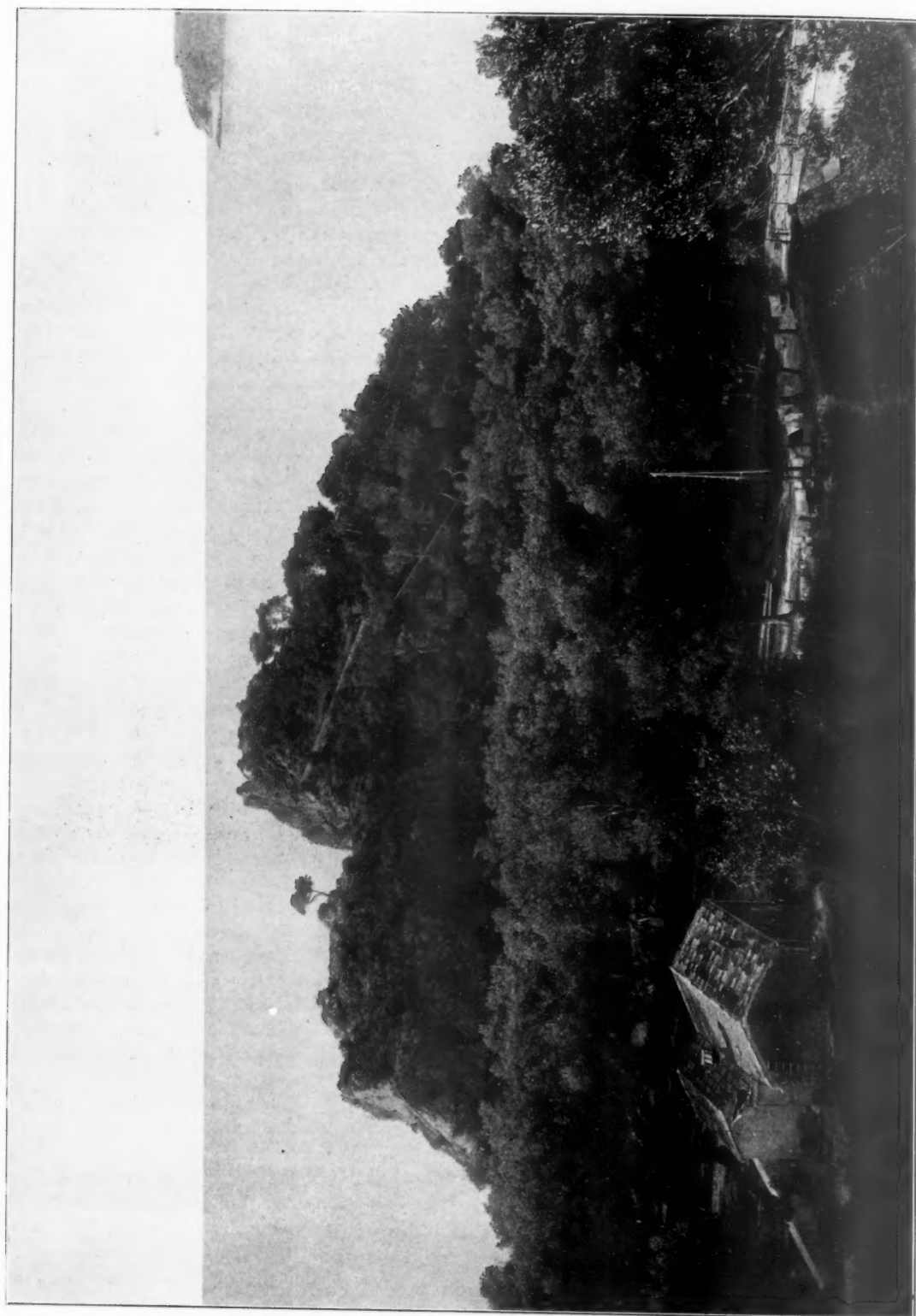
laced work. On the other hand, in spite of the different aspect, it has several features in common with the spiral design. When more closely examined, the fret, plain or complex, will reveal a series of centres disposed at regular intervals over the space to be decorated. Each of these centres marks the starting point for what forms the groundwork of the design, viz., a small figure in the shape of a C or an S, corresponding to the C or S-shaped links in the spiral systems. In fact, every variety of fret, even of the most hopelessly labyrinthine nature, can be derived from a mechanical combination and repetition of these primary elements. By means of the C or S-shaped links each centre is connected with one or more adjoining centres. And the plain or composite character of the ornament chiefly depends on the number of links thus starting from the same centre. In the simplest and best known of fret patterns, the plain Greek *maeander*, we find a continuous chain composed of similar links; and, again, in the most intricate forms of Celtic fret there is nothing but a mechanical composition of the same simple groundwork. What lends to the Celtic fret a character of its own, contrasting with that of the square type so common in Greek Art, is the fashion of bending the links at certain points at angles of 45deg., instead of 90deg., which latter are exclusively used in the square type. Hence they appear in the slightly modified forms of a C or an S; and from this procedure the pattern as a whole will receive a peculiar Chinese-looking weaving with lines plying in three directions, a diagonal one being added to the horizontal and vertical paths followed by the line of the square type. This kind of fret, characterised by lines which are drawn diagonally over the space, on being broken at angles of 45deg. alternating at definite points with right angles, became a standard design, owing to the more elaborate structure and greater variety introduced by the diagonal element.

In the illuminated manuscripts the fret appears in a variety of forms, from plain, continuous chains to elaborate compositions of what might be styled the quadruple fret, *i.e.*, four links issuing from the same centre. Here, as was the case with the interlaced work, the more complex forms are prevalent; and regarding the shape of the little figure that forms the groundwork of the design, the patterns are mostly seen to be derived from that broken at angles of 45 degrees. Hence, the predominance of the diagonal types. In fact, the Celtic fret patterns would seem at first sight to be all built on that principle. But such is not the case. For, if we follow the lines of the main design, we shall find them invariably deflecting at right angles and thus pursuing their path in two directions only, either horizontally or vertically; just as do the lines

of the regular square build. What makes these patterns look diagonal is the relation of the main design to the enclosing border. In order to lessen the stiffness and monotony of the ornament by making its lines break with those of the border, the pattern as a whole was turned a little, and placed diagonally on the panel to be decorated, its lines cutting those of the border at an angle of 45 degrees, instead of being run parallel. It will be seen, then, that the small triangular spaces which result from the border lines being brought into contact with those of the pattern, are simply due to the necessity of adjusting the surface design to the border, and have nothing to do with the main build of the ornament. There is another point about the Celtic fret which is at first sight a little puzzling, and makes the structure of the ornament look a more serious affair than it really is. This is due to the designer not being always quite sure as to what was the actual background of his ornament. Let us take a quadruple fret of the square type. Here we see four links issuing from the same centre, each joining with its other end a similar centre, much in the same way as do the four coils of a quadruple spiral. This is the real groundwork of the design. But, at the same time, the empty spaces intervening between the links will be seen to form another pattern of a rectilinear type, which, although bearing a close resemblance to the actual pattern, yet is not altogether identical. Now, in the illuminated manuscripts the ornamental design and its background are of different colour. In the works of the best period it is a rule to have the design, of whatever description, brought out in relief by the application of darker and stronger tones to the background. The difference between pattern and background with regard to colouring is also observed in the case of fretwork; but what might here cause some confusion, and obviously shows that the designer did not quite grasp the meaning of his ornament, is that, while, as a rule, the real design is brought out as it should be, there are other cases in which the rectilinear spaces which form the background are raised and treated as the actual ornament.

What still remains unnoticed of geometrical decoration is either of less importance or of too rare occurrence to be regarded as characteristic of the style in general. One noteworthy feature is the use of *dots*, in single or repeated rows, to emphasise the outline of the initial. This is observable in the earliest extant manuscripts, as, for example, in the ancient Psalter mentioned above; and continues in fashion to the very end. From the large initial the punctured line would extend to embrace the other more or less decorative letters in the same page.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



VIEW IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF ROQUEBRUNE, MONTE CARLO.



VIEW IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF
ROQUEBRUNE, MONTE CARLO.

(watch) and "vieille" (old woman), however, became confounded, so that the place is now known as the Old Woman's quarter.)

It is two kilometres (about a mile and a quarter) distant from the Casino at Monte Carlo and from Roquebrune, and is on the south side of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway (the line from Marseilles to Vintimille). A good road, now being completed, with a bridge over the railway, connects it with the road from Monaco to Menton.

The property forms a promontory, with a hill facing the railway; the summit is

COMPETITION FOR A VILLA IN THE RIVIERA: DETAILS OF SITE.

40 mètres (about 131½ feet) and the lowest part 14 mètres (about 46 feet) above the level of the sea.

As announced in previous numbers of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, our readers are invited to take part in a competition for a villa on the Riviera, to be erected for Sir William Ingram, Bart. Three premiums, of seventy-five guineas, twenty-five guineas, and five guineas respectively, are offered for the best designs. We now have pleasure in publishing some particulars and illustrations of the site upon which the proposed house is to be built.

Sir William Ingram's property has a superficial area of about 11,600 square mètres (about 12,987 square yards). It is situate on the shore of the Mediterranean, at the foot of one of the arms of the Alps, in what is known as the Old Woman's quarter of the district of Roquebrune. (This name is the result of a misapprehension. On the summit of the property there was formerly a watchman's lookout, which gave rise to the title "the Watchman's quarter." The words "veille"



VIEW IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF
ROQUEBRUNE, MONTE CARLO.



served as a refuge for the watchmen. Elegant houses, with large gardens, have been built in the vicinity and on that side of the hill which is opposite to the railway.

Full particulars as to the client's requirements will be published in the next issue of the REVIEW.

THE VORACITY OF THE TOWN.

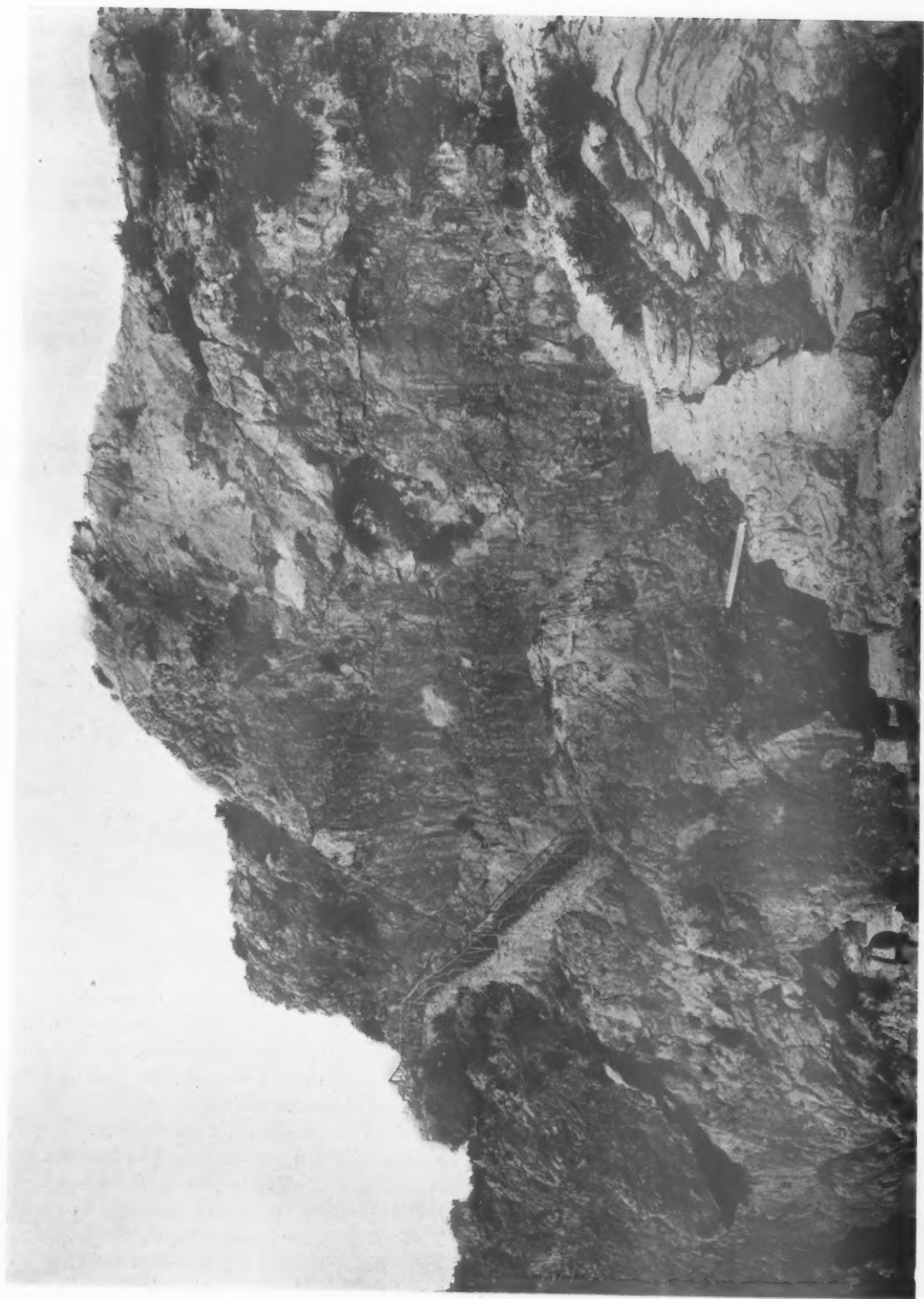
It is not to the consumption of food that the title refers: the voracity is not that of jaws of flesh and blood, but of bricks and mortar, which spoil more than they consume; and the food is the country which once was within easy reach of most of the dwellers in large towns, but now requires quite a journey to visit. Or, to change

It extends along the Mediterranean shore for about 180 mètres (about 196½ yards) in the form of steep cliffs of a hard chalky nature and bright tint.

Rustic stairs have been fixed in the rugged parts, thus giving access to several points on the shore, and notably to a spring of soft water (a very rare thing) a few yards from the sea. Aloes, and several other kinds of plants grow in niches on the cliffs, while the hillside facing the railway is wooded with pines, olive trees, and carob trees. From several parts of the promontory charming views are obtained of Monte Carlo, Monaco, Roquebrune, the Alps, and Cape Martin. A few yards away from the railway bridge there is an old cottage, where the keeper of the estate lives; this formerly



VIEWS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF
ROQUEBRUNE, MONTE CARLO.



VIEW IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF ROQUEBRUNE, MONTE CARLO.

the figure, the town sprawls like some huge octopus stretching long tentacles in every direction to provide food for its unwieldy, bloated body, with phosphorescent sparkle of gas lamps down each arm, and glare spreading from its baleful eyes at the centre. Can nothing be done to check the rapid advance of these battalions of houses, each of which vomits forth its quota of smoke to add to the grimy pall which hangs over each great city even at midsummer, and travels with the wind miles into the country, dulling the brightness of the sunshine and befouling the sweetness of the air?

Those of us whose years number forty or fifty can remember many places which were beautiful with blossom in the spring, and fruitful, or green and shady, in the late summer, which now are barren beneath the loads of bricks and mortar which have been placed on them in the shape of houses. As the town marches on it absorbs fields, orchards, ancient houses with their delightful gardens, picturesque wayside inns, and so changes the aspect of the few places which defy its attack that they are scarcely recognisable to the eye of one who may not have seen them for a few years. And part of the mischief is that a few houses put up by the enterprising builder, the "vaunt couriers" of the army which follows, can entirely spoil the landscape for miles around, even when the usual adjuncts of unfinished roads, heaps of broken bricks, and the remains of builders' refuse of many sorts are absent. And the pleasure which one takes in an evening walk in some spot near the town as yet untouched, the enjoyment of the scents of growing grass and fern mixed with the faint fragrance of mingled flowers which comes in wafts upon the breeze, is dashed by premonitions of what will surely come in the course of a few years. First the notice board, when the land is "ripe" for building. Then, perhaps, the building society's advertisement of the sale of so many plots, "roads made up, channelled and curbed, drains laid, etc." (with a free luncheon), and then the dull reality of the rows of workmen's cottages, each resembling its neighbour like peas in a pod, or the sequence of pretentious villa residences, alike in plan but with fancy gables and projecting dormers imagined by the builder with the assistance of the catalogue of the terra-cotta manufacturer. Yet the growing population must be housed; the Englishman's house is his castle, and he generally desires to have one to himself, while the majority of men's incomes are so limited that the bulk of such houses must be small and lowly. In mediæval times, when land in towns was valuable, houses were built of many storeys, and often with the upper rooms projecting over the lower. This latter expedient can no longer be adopted, owing to building Acts and the regulations of County and

District Councils, but it appears to the writer that a way out of the difficulty might be found by a combination of the "island" system of Vienna and our own Workmen's Dwellings. Surely, if small houses were demolished over a considerable area, large and lofty flats might be erected to house as many as were displaced, while leaving sufficient space around to allow the sun to reach the ground floors and the free circulation of air, and in proportion as the number of storeys increased the burden of ground rent would lessen. And if the same system were adopted in the more country districts when commencing to "develope" an estate, one would escape the depressing entrance into any great town, which one knows so well, a sight which makes one realise, better than most things do, how extremely poor the bulk of the units are which compose this rich English nation.

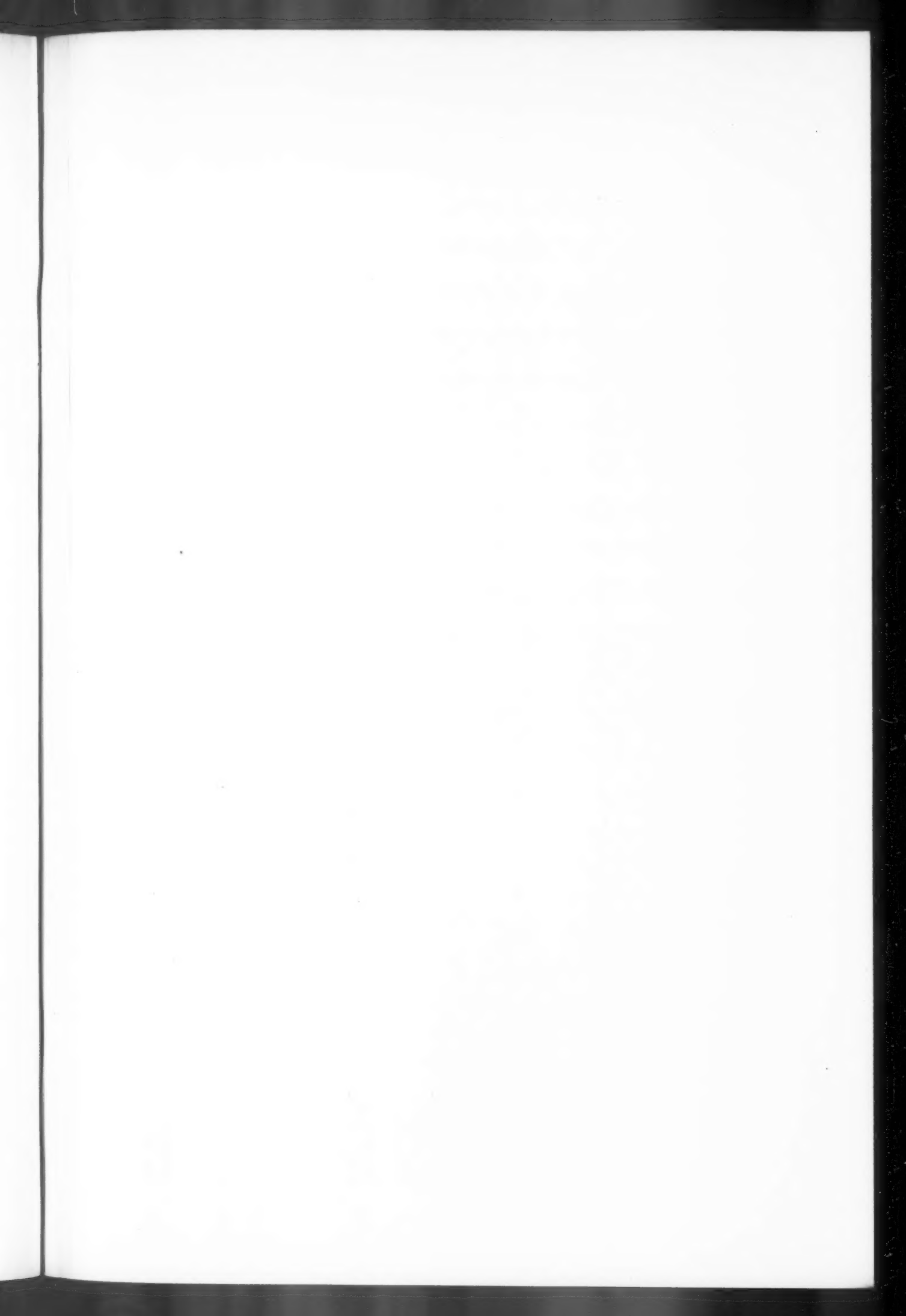
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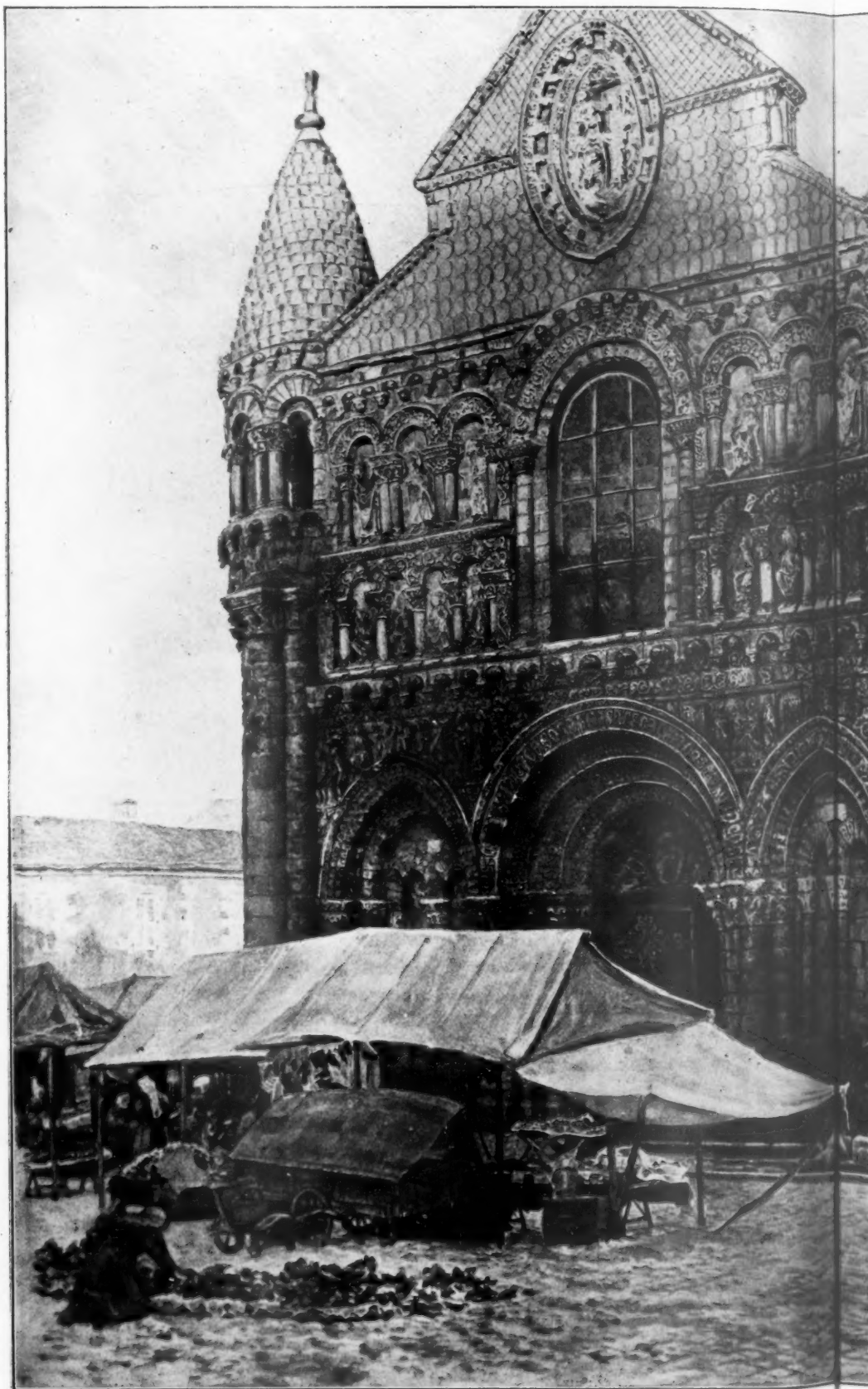
MODERN ENGLISH HANDIWORK.

ALL lovers of the arts will be interested to know that a showroom for the exhibition and sale of modern English handiwork has just been opened at 9, Maddox Street by Mr. Montague Fordham. The idea is to deal only in such work as combines good workmanship with good design.

Many men well known in the world of art have promised their support, and those more intimately connected with architecture are Messrs. Sidney Barnsley, W. R. Lethaby, and H. Wilson.

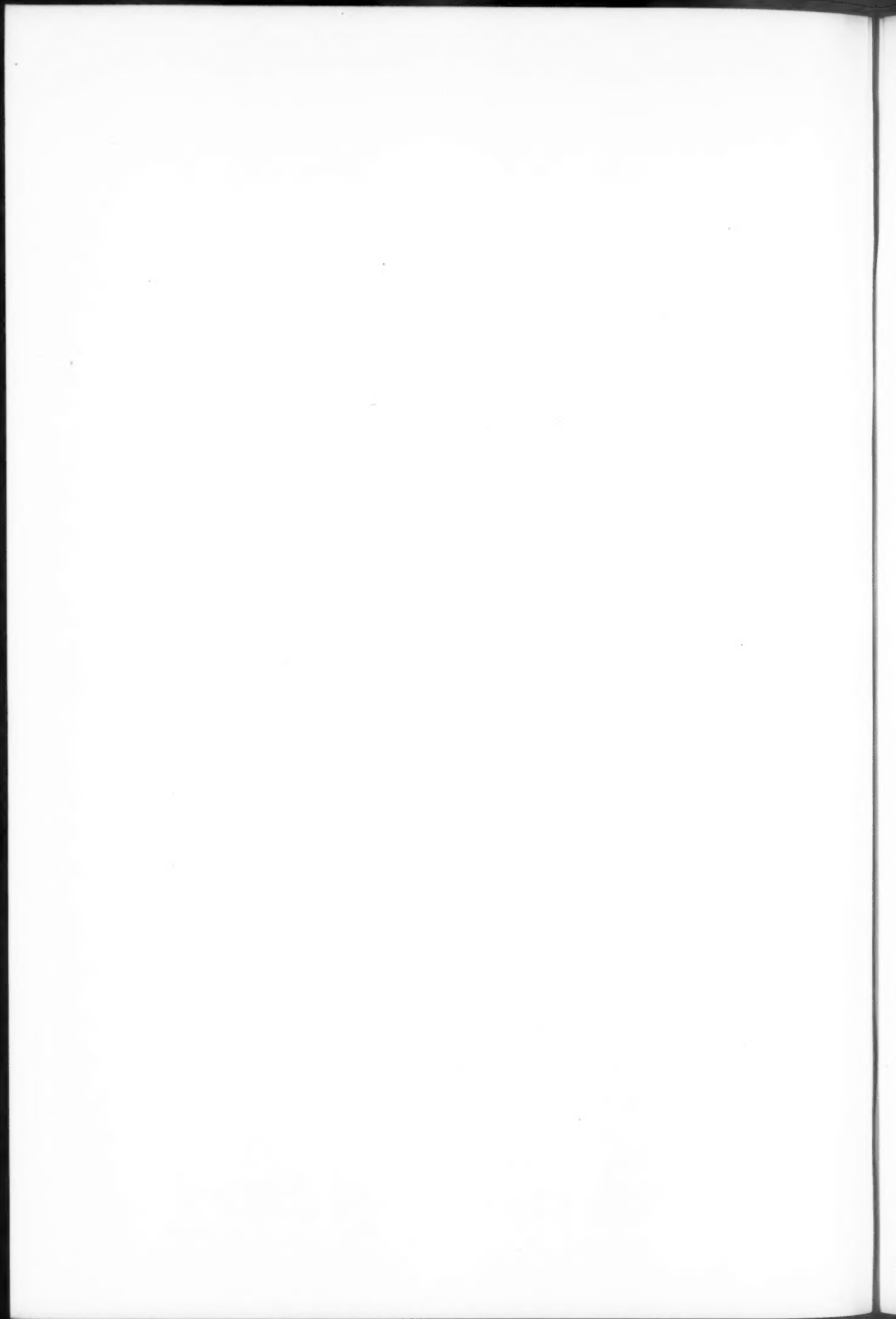
On visiting the showroom one finds a collection of which every object has a certain individual interest and charm. One of the most interesting and costly articles is a quilt, embroidered by Miss May Morris from a design by the late William Morris, which is priced at £105. The articles executed by the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft are sensible and pleasing productions in metal work, and include many objects of everyday utility. It is impossible to specify everything that pleased one—the metal work by H. Wilson, the colour prints by J. D. Batten, the necklaces by May Morris, the silver work, the bookbinding—all have the charm of sincerity. Such an enterprise as this is one for which there is room. It provides a place to which anyone may go with the certainty of finding something to please his taste and within his means, for the prices seem to range from a hundred guineas to as many farthings. Possibly some difficulty may be found in keeping up the standard of work, and in choosing articles of a saleable description; but as long as sound workmanship and characteristic design is insisted upon, the undertaking should be a success: for such work as this there is, we believe, a genuine and permanent demand. Mr. Montague Fordham has our best wishes.







NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE, POITIERS.
FROM A WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY
T. M. ROOKE.







CARVED HEAD (KING ALFRED ?)
UNDER GALLERY: DRAWN BY
P. WILSON.



CARVED PANEL ON SEAT ENDS.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
BY PAUL WATERHOUSE: WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS OF PUGIN'S
WORK BY PATTEN WILSON.
PART ONE.

THERE are buildings upon which one looks not with criticism, but with acceptance. Of this class are the mighty monsters of mediaevalism. The great Gothic cathedrals, and with them all things Greek, stand up in a majesty which is assailed by no valuation save competitive praise. It is, perhaps, not wholly well with us that this should be so. In other arts than architecture the line between the admirable and the estimable is not so sharp. Some painters, to be sure, are beyond assault, if not in perpetuity, at least for our present age; but there is among critics of pictorial art no such consentient unanimity to praise all the predecessors of a given date, as prevails among the estimators of architecture. Even the apparent supremacy of certain masters in certain periods of criticism is mitigated and tempered by the differing views of succeeding generations. Sixty years ago, who looked at Botticelli? And to-day, who, except a Cook's tourist, would walk across the room to look at a Carlo Dolci.

Whether the inertia of critical vision which prevails in architectural matters be right or wrong, it has at least one useful issue. The uncavilling courtesy which closes the eye of appraisal before a building of antiquity and, in fact, lends, in all innocence and reverence, a spurious identity to age and beauty, gives existence to a sort of by-product, by test of which the value of certain modern buildings may be gauged. In this age and land where men hate doctrine (which is learning),

but love to dogmatise, the rising up of a new building is assailed by draughts of uninvited and uninspired criticism. The men who are capable of nothing between apathy and enthusiasm in considering ancient buildings become, in sight of a new one, endowed with the faculties of praise and blame. In this criticism itself there is no value. If sides are taken by the critics, there is, of course, the chance that one party of the opponents may be right, but it is not the speech of these babblers which can give worthy praise. Encomium is rather in their silence. Buildings, after all, are very like the women of the Periclean age; to be heard of neither for good nor evil is often to be excellent, and I think that if there be any point at which popular verdict can be said to express a valuation of contemporary architecture, it is in this, that those modern buildings are generally the best of which the popular discussion ceases earliest. Our Houses of Parliament are happy in having risen, within half a century of their erection, to the ranks of the undiscussed. That they should have done so is as marvellous as it is convincing. Every circumstance of their creation made for failure. Imagine, if you can, a set of conditions more disastrous to the prospects of success than those under which this vast enterprise was conceived and executed. How could one devise a more ruinous collocation of hindrances than the various stages through which, as a matter of fact, the building passed? The select committee and its thirty-four resolutions! the conditions as to style! the prescription of the alternatives, Gothic or Elizabethan! One shudders in thinking of what Gothic meant in those days, and what Elizabethan. Think again of the process of selection, the five commissioners and the ninety-seven competitors; think of all these things, and

add to them all the astonishing consideration that the taste of that day was working itself up towards the climax of the great Exhibition, which, to say the kindest of it, was not identical in its canons of art with those which guide our appreciations to-day, and you will acknowledge the extreme unlikelihood of a building, devised in 1835 under Royal and constitutional auspices, meeting with anything but censure from this sharp-eyed and sharp-tongued end of the century. Why, what was Gothic at the beginning of this reign? Not a style, but a study, and a very incomplete one too. There was ardour, to be sure (and men made up in ardour what they lacked in knowledge), but no warrant for the covering of eight acres with the stuff. Eight acres of Gothic selected in competition open to all comers, and regulated by a select committee of the House, and all this in the year of grace 1836! Truly, if it were not for Buckingham Palace, one would say there was some divinity that watched our national sites to avert catastrophe. The conditions made unanimously for failure, but the event is a loveable possession.

There are buildings, as there are persons, whose qualities and constitutions can be set down in an inventory. They have dates about them, and facts, and architects' names, and foundation stones. There are others, dearer to the heart, whose facts and figures are of no account in comparison of their essence. *Sunt et amantur*. That they exist and are loved is for them and for their lovers of more price than dates and facts, bare chronologies, which die in the reckoning—*pereunt et imputantur*. The gracious building of which we are thinking is of this lovelier kind. It is new; our fathers saw it building; our present Queen was ascending the throne at the time of its beginning, yet to those of us who have not had to face the evidences of its creation it is among the things which, being established, are eternal. The comparative age of things whose existence began before our time is after all mere brain-play. That the Pyramids are older than Paddington Station is to most of us not a matter of experience but of book learning.

As if to elude those dates which hang so heavy round the neck of a building's ideality, the Palace of Westminster contrived by chance, or more likely by some spiritual intention, to elude the crude definition of time-marking ceremonies. The three years' work of piling up the river-front foundation in Aberdeen granite was, I believe, unmarked by ceremony, and the first stone of the superstructure, which is somewhere in the south-east angle of the Speaker's House, slipped quietly into position on April 27th, 1840, without so much as the blowing of a trumpet. Not less indefinite was the moment of completion. As if to baffle the date-hunter, the

date of occupation is inscribed twice in the Journals of the House of Commons, a duplicity which was due to the necessity for certain changes in the chamber taken in hand after the first occupation. The members, in fact, decamped from their new home while alterations were being made to improve the acoustic conditions.

Then as to the architect; even about his individuality there is some of that becoming haze which belongs to mediaevalism. I mean no disrespect to Sir Charles Barry, if I go so far as to label him architect instead of *pantect*. There is a proverb about "jacks-of-all-trades" who are masters of none. Architects may easily and disastrously forget it, or may ignore the fact that the true architect should obey its inversion, should be in fact master of all trades and jack of none. The most brilliant, sometimes the greatest of all human powers, is that of making other men work; by which is meant not slave-driving or factory-owning, nor even the leading of armies, but the giving to one's fellow men the opportunity of doing what their Creator put them into the world to do. Properly performed, it is alike the humblest and the noblest office of a man.

An architect should be an *ἀρχιτέκτων*, a master workman, not a *παντέκτων*, which—if there be such a word—means a jack-of-all-trades. Here we have dangerous ground of course, and a theory which, however sound in itself, will serve to bolster up the iniquity of the man who cannot draw a stroke, but who can sweat half-a-dozen clever draughtsmen. The impropriety of this misapplication of the theory does not upset its truth, and the Houses of Parliament remain an example of what can be done in real art by a co-operation of workers under an able and modest head. I am quite aware of the controversy as to the authorship of the building which broke out after the death of the two great men concerned. That controversy was wholly unnecessary, but has mercifully detracted little from the dignified renown of the dead heroes, on whose supposed behalf the war was waged. Neither Sir Charles Barry nor Augustus Welby Pugin would, I think, have wished to see the other's claim obliterated or even challenged. The laborious and modest Pugin cared little for personal renown so long as good work was done and he had a hand in the doing of it; and Barry, while he lived, paid more than one tribute to the able assistance of his coadjutor. To be sure, there are difficulties to-day in drawing the line between the productions of the two men, difficulties which it would be quite futile and useless to attempt to surmount; and again, even if we admit as a satisfactory solution the assignment to Pugin of the detail-design generally (and particularly as regards the internal wood-work), there still remains undecided the extent



CARVED FIGURE ON SEAT
END ON LEFT OF DOOR:
DRAWN BY P. WILSON.

of Pugin's share in the drawings submitted in the competition.

It is, perhaps, sufficient in this connection to assert that neither man without the other could have carried the work through. Apart from the magnitude of the enterprise, which, of course, demanded the architectural skill not of two men only, but of a perfect school of workers, it is fairly evident to the student of both men's work that Barry needed the assistance of someone in the minutiae, and that Pugin's own strength lay not in things great, but in things small. As a general criticism of the latter's power, it would be reasonable to state that his greater works are not his best, and that planning and general composition was not in him as evident a faculty as the power to elaborate the intricacy of ornament. Again, were we to fight out anew and to bring to a judicial issue the Barry-Pugin controversy, the just claims of all possible disputants would not even then be settled. They were not the only artists engaged, even in the fabric, apart from the independent works of sculpture and painting. There is John Thomas to be reckoned with, who controlled and directed the greater part of the stone carving, and we might even have to settle the claim of the half mythical journeyman baker, who is said to have been called in to carve the gigantic sculpture over the inner portal of the Victoria Tower. Some of the very work which belongs distinctly to the Pugin side of the account is not from Pugin's hand direct, but rather from his school. He had no assistant, having been wont to say that if he had had one he should have killed him in a week; but the man who came nearest to being his pupil, and who, indeed, worked implicitly in his master's manner, was his son-in-law, John Powell, of the firm of Hardman. Through this artist's hands passed a great part of the stained glass designs, and his drawings are so like those of the man who inspired them that, but for the absence of Pugin's handwriting on the cartoons, it is difficult to be certain of their authenticity.

Let us, then, be content not to mar our enjoyment of the building by the revival of a controversy, which we may let die the more readily for resentment at the title of one of the belligerent pamphlets. The uncomely question "Who was the Art Architect of the Palace of Westminster?" initiates, as far as I am aware, the iniquitous use of the word "art" as an adjective! For this indelicacy let it die.

We have agreed to treat our building as a thing loveable, rather than by weight and measure. We can thus afford to overlook the facts that the clock tower rises 53 fathoms above Trinity high water mark, and that the top of the Victoria Tower is 336ft. from the pavement. We shall not care to note that the river front is 940ft. long, nor

that the House of Lords is a double cube. All these things, as well as the weight of Big Ben, with notes about "E. B. Denison, Esq., M.P.," who "was presumed to be the most competent, practical authority" on bell casting, are to be found in the official descriptions published by permission of the Lord Great Chamberlain, which you can buy when you are pushed through the Houses by police-constables on a Saturday afternoon.

But the fairest woman owes something to her skeleton and these fairy towers that seem on red winter evenings to float in mist, substantial at their highest but phantoms at the base, have beneath them a plan whose directness and simplicity is the key of the outward beauty as well as of the inward use.

The building's anatomy is so straightforward that the art of the planner may easily be overlooked, especially by those who are unaware that the simplest plan is often, nay, generally, the result of the deepest thought. "What," it might be said, "could be easier than to arrange a central hall with a lobby on each side of it, and a Parliamentary chamber beyond each lobby." This to be sure is the key of the plan, but the provision of this fundamental arrangement was by no means too small a task for a great designer. To begin with the problem was complicated by the necessary retention of Westminster Hall and the remains of St. Stephen's Hall. The former was of course in active use as the Hall of the since removed Law Courts, and, apart from the sanctity of Westminster Hall itself as a historic and inviolable building, it was obviously essential to leave undisturbed the approaches to the precincts of justice. To-day Mr. Pearson's new buildings, which profess with some justice to occupy the position of structures which preceded the Law Courts, are compressed between the buttresses of the Hall upon the side which the Courts used to occupy. Unlike the Courts, they are approached by a somewhat imposing staircase, whose presence in the Hall is regarded by many as an inappropriate intrusion. Objections, too, on antiquarian grounds, are raised to the bold flight of steps at the south end of the Hall, by which Barry obtained access to the higher level of the transverse approach to his Great Central Hall. It is to me impossible to believe that this masterly artifice has added anything but beauty to our beautiful possession. Looking southward from the north end, the rising steps and the vast arch which spans the upper flight are full of majestic dignity, while to one entering at the south the unusual opportunity of seeing the great hammer beam roof and the whole room (can one call it a room?) from a high level is certainly worth the slight violation of pristine conditions. Not everyone realises the value of the extended sight of the floor which is

sometimes secured in a large unobstructed building by entering at a high level. Some cathedrals provide it, and with what effect! An increase of the same effect is given in Westminster Hall by a view from the little gallery of uncertain purpose which flanks the south end of Barry's entrance. This entrance, approached from the west out of Old Palace Yard, is certainly a masterly effort of planning for effect. First among the surprises comes the bold view down Westminster Hall, a wonder which is simply thrown in by the way. Next comes, without perceptible variation in direction, the colossal and entirely successful conceit of turning what once was the old House of Commons into a passage to the new. St. Stephen's Hall, to be sure, is not by any means identical with that St. Stephen's Chapel which was built by the three first Edwards for worship, but was used in the time of the Sixth and onward for the not always holy purposes of debate. The fire of 1834 did its work so thoroughly that patchwork was impossible, but the site and main dimensions of the new building are identical with those of the old, and the hurrying member as he rushes by may note in this great vestibule, which was once the seat of the nation's Parliament, some brass reminders on the floor which show where stood the Speaker's chair and where the table of the House.

From St. Stephen's Hall a few more steps lead to the great central octagon, which is one of the triumphs of the building. All this time the dead level of approach has been varied by occasional flights of steps, which the visitor might take rather as items of magnificence than as expedients of ascent, but the result has been the achievement of the first floor level, upon which, and not upon the ground floor, are all the principal rooms of the Legislature. It results from this that the principal officials of the House who are lodged in residences within the precincts are enabled to walk direct from their drawing rooms to the floor of either house without the ascent or descent of stairs.

The function of the Central Hall is to give access, on either hand respectively, to the lobbies of the



CARVED FIGURE ON SEAT END ON
RIGHT OF DOOR: BY P. WILSON.

houses of Lords and Commons, while in front is the approach to the libraries and committee rooms. That it should be crowned by a Gothic dome of 80ft. span is in itself a title to distinction. Over the four doors are four panels, to be filled, as one of them is already filled, with our national patrons in mosaic. St. George was the first to arrive, and he came from Sir E. J. Poynter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM HOLBORN TO THE STRAND: AN IDEAL STREET. BY MERVYN MACARTNEY.

IN trying to imagine what an ideal street between Holborn and the Strand should be like, one naturally looks round for examples of roadways planned on similar lines and under like conditions, and notes the points in them which make for success or failure. I cannot recall any thoroughfare which affords an exact parallel, but the lower part of Regent Street with Waterloo Place is, on a smaller scale, somewhat like the new street as planned. In the latter the straight

portion has a slight fall from Holborn to where the two curved arms branch east and west. To go direct from this point into the Strand would necessitate a sharp fall, which is avoided by these arms. In the case of Waterloo Place the gradient is steeper, but the roadways at the bottom branch off east and west, and there is the sharp direct drop to the Mall down the steps beyond the Duke of York's Column. Unfortunately we have plenty of examples of how not to lay out new streets. All that have been made in recent years, looked at from any standpoint except that of the lowest kind of utility, are dismal failures. Charing Cross Road, Shaftesbury Avenue, Rosebery Avenue are all bad. Perhaps the worst is Charing Cross Road. It has no beginning and no end. Amorphous, hideous in its tortuous course, it is a monument of the ineptitude, parsimony, and incompetence of its creators. Shaftesbury Avenue is but little better. With a good start from Piccadilly Circus, it meanders along until at its Holborn end it loses itself, like a river in its delta, in a maze of mean streets branching off in all directions, leaving awkward and acute-angled plots of land between them. No one objects to the irregular turns and angles of a mediaeval street, for they add mystery and picturesqueness to the view, but to twist a great modern thoroughfare so that the buildings in it look like a gigantic train going over the points of a railway siding is certainly a mean and improper treatment.

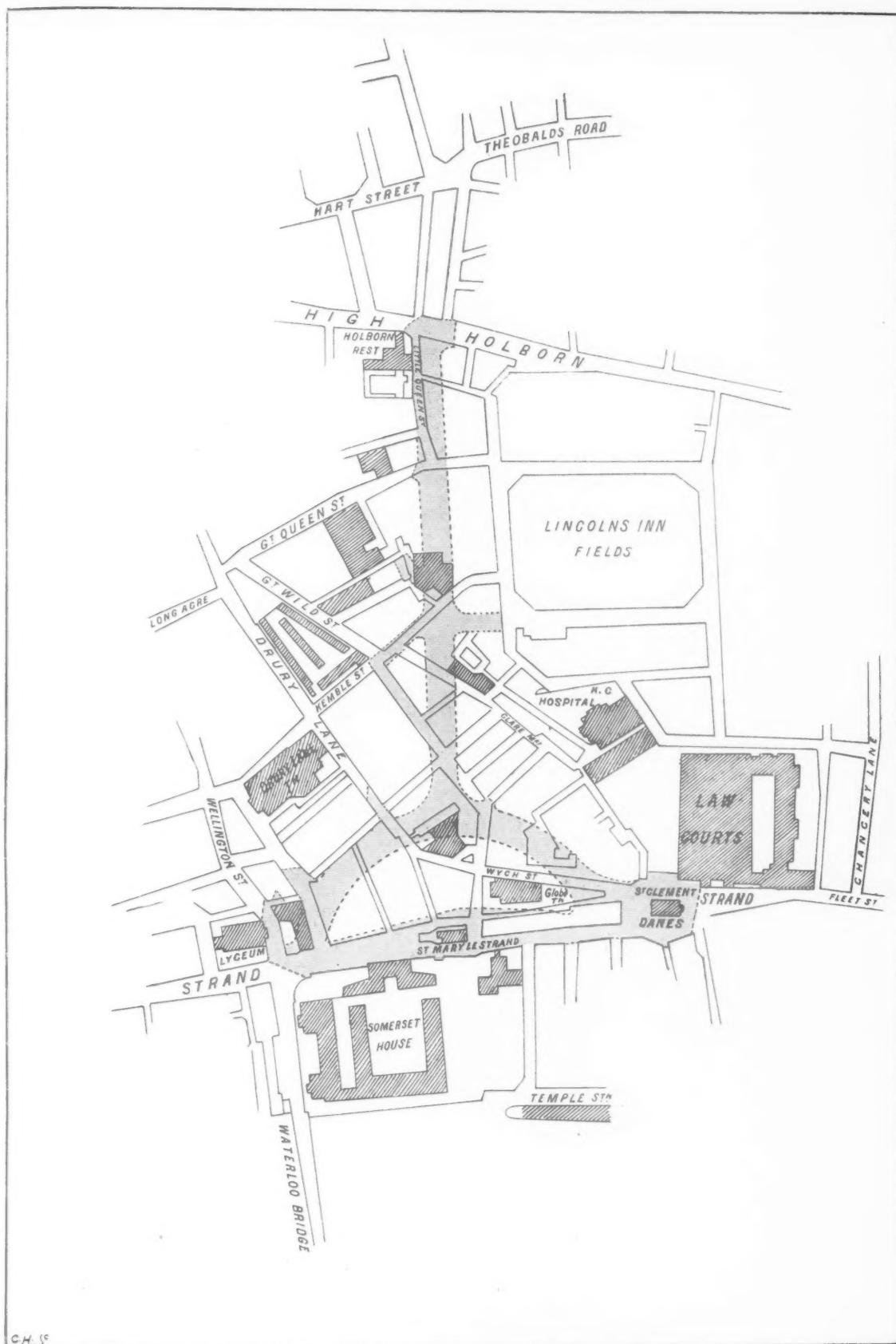
At the intersection of main streets it seems to be the fashion of the day to round the corners of the roadways and building sites, instead of making a circus, as was formerly done. The result is, that while Oxford, Piccadilly, Holborn, and Ludgate Circuses are all more or less effective by reason of their shape, and show off their architecture, such as it is, to the best advantage, the intersection of Northumberland Avenue, the Strand, and Charing Cross, with the monstrous curve of the Grand Hotel, and the sharper one of the opposite corner, is singularly unhappy and ineffective. So also is the corner of the Strand and Wellington Street. Here the Government lost a golden opportunity by not acquiring the site for the extension of Somerset House, and by allowing an utterly incongruous building to butt up against it. That the extension was needed is proved by the fact that the Government are now spending in rent for offices in this very building a sum sufficient to pay interest on the capital required for its erection. Moreover, the loss of dignity in the approach to Waterloo Bridge, in view of the coming new street, is lamentably great.

The architectural treatment of a circular corner either on a small or a large scale is an exceedingly difficult problem to tackle, and is very seldom

successfully worked out. One of the chief reasons is, of course, the distortion of all architectural features, except those on vertical or horizontal lines. An arch or a pediment curved on plan is a painfully, crippled and insecure looking object; yet most circular corners in modern buildings contain these features. When the curve occurs at the thin end of a wedge-shaped building, as so often is the case the effect is appalling in its instability and poverty. The late Metropolitan Board of Works was guilty of producing numbers of these acute-angled sites, and many an unhappy architect has come to grief over them. It is idle to trot out the old truism that it is the architect's business to overcome the difficulties of his site. Well and good where it cannot be helped, but in nine cases out of ten, if a little more thought, and perhaps a little more money, had been spent in laying out a new street, these awkward plots could have been avoided, with immense advantage to the architectural appearance. In a great municipal improvement the architect's difficulties should be minimised, and every chance given him to produce buildings worthy of the position they will occupy. It may be impossible to do away with the rounded corner altogether, and I do not deny that there are satisfactory examples of its treatment. One of the best, perhaps, is the north-west corner of the Bank of England. It is true Soane was not hampered by conditions such as height, many storeys, plate-glass shop fronts, or questions of lighting. What he had to do was to produce a bit of architecture, and I think he succeeded admirably. As fulfilling everyday requirements, the two corners in the Strand nearly opposite Charing Cross Station are good examples of what may be done. Now, I believe, both the City authorities and the London County Council have come to the conclusion that a complete and generous setting out of a street is a better commercial transaction than a half-hearted scheme. There may be strong financial or other reasons for it (although I cannot discover them), but I must contend that the mean and dilapidated buildings brought into prominence by being given a frontage to a great new highway should not be left to disfigure it for years, as in the case of Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road. Surely it is false economy.

I have dealt rather fully with this question of the shape of building sites because I consider it of the greatest importance in municipal improvements and because I notice with alarm on the plan of the Holborn-Strand street many acutely rounded angles and a wedge-shaped site of the most dangerous type.

Having pointed our finger at the "awful warning" of former street makers, let us turn and consider what the new ones promise us. To begin



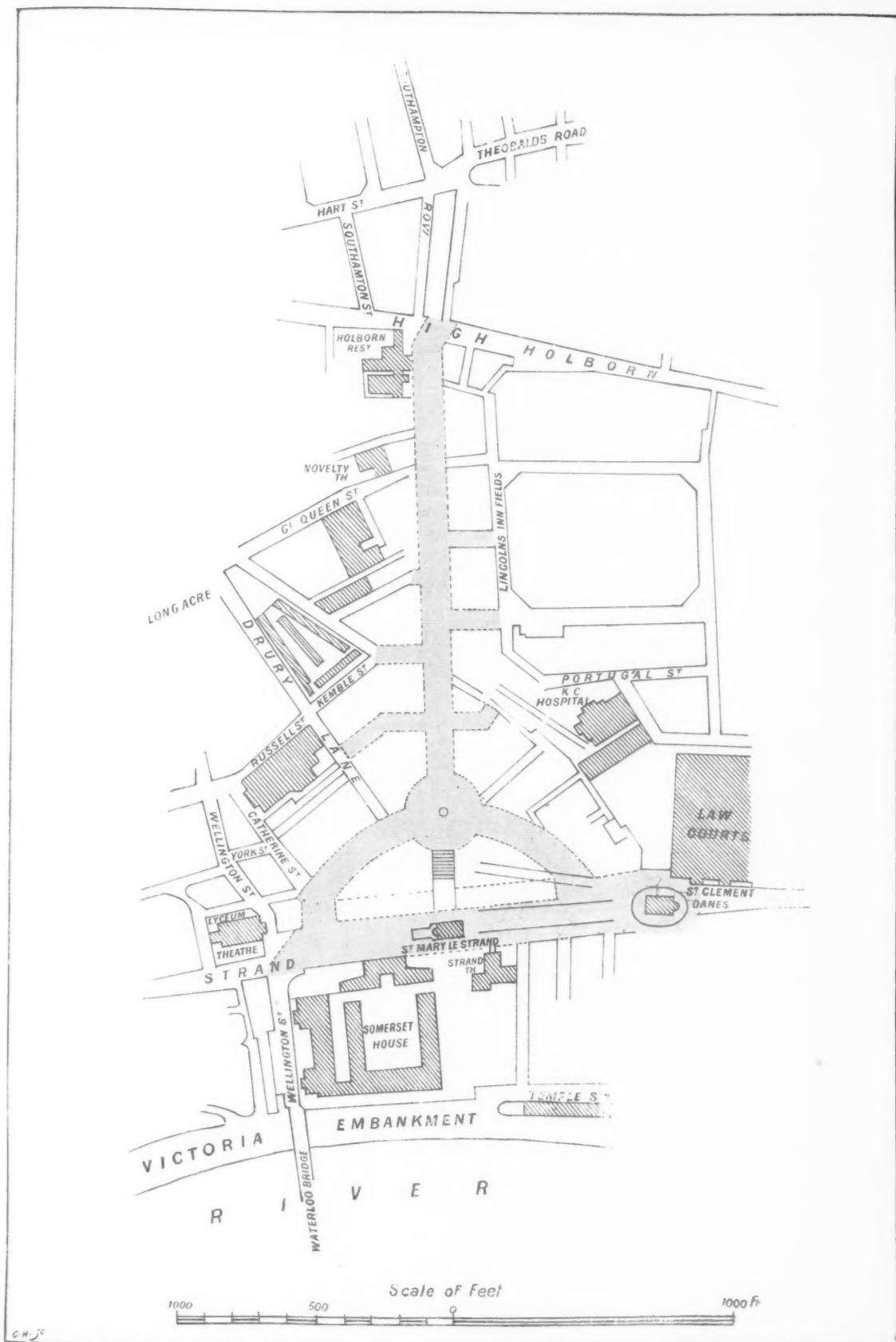
with, I would praise their scheme as a whole. It is better than anything of the kind which has been done within the last half century. The main roadway is wide and straight, and the great crescent has capacities for fine architectural treatment.

There are, however, some modifications in detail which I should like to see made. It is a pity that, owing to the retention of the Holborn Restaurant, there cannot be a circus at the Holborn end. Where great streams of traffic converge and cross, a circus greatly helps in their regulation, for it enables vehicles such as the omnibus to draw out and stop without obstruction, gives room for refuges, and is safer for pedestrians than the square junction with the rounded corners, which the cabs and carts shave so closely. With the traffic of London ever on the increase these are considerations not to be ignored. Passing on towards the Strand we find on the west the acute-angled junctions and the triangular plot I have already referred to. These, I think, could be modified on the lines indicated on my plan. On the east is the great open space of Lincoln's Inn Fields. I would like to see this connected to the new street by two wide entries. As, however, the houses at the north end of the western side are to remain, this cannot be. The old classic houses, and the great gate piers—the finest in London—I fear are doomed. As an alternative, could there not be one wide entrance in the middle of the square, with an arch spanning it worked into the design of the buildings on either side, and at the corners in Lincoln's Inn Fields let the old piers be re-erected? This would have a good effect in the great street, and form a worthy entrance to the biggest square in London. Where the new street joins the great crescent a circus should certainly be formed, with a site provided in the centre for a great national memorial (sure to be wanted some day), and on no account to be turned to any baser uses. From the southern segment of this circus a wide and stately flight of steps should descend to the Strand opposite St. Mary's Church. Here the parallel with Waterloo Place comes in. This, besides being a convenience to pedestrians, would lessen the bad effect of the broken line of the widened Strand. The reverse curve of the eastern horn of the crescent, where it joins the Strand opposite St. Clement Danes, is a mistake, and there is sufficient road space to square it up, as I have indicated. Why should Architecture be always sacrificed to make the passage of the omnibus unnecessarily easy!

In a scheme of this magnitude no cost or trouble should be spared in carefully thinking and working out every feature, and its bearing on other features existing or to come. To do this effectually a model to a reasonable scale should be made,

showing not only the new street, but all the streets joining or crossing it, important buildings which are to remain, and any open spaces. For example, the churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes, the Holborn Restaurant, and the open space of Lincoln's Inn Fields, should all be worked in to help the general effect. Moreover, as the designs for new buildings come in they should be modelled and put in position. It would then be possible, perhaps, to modify or reject any designs which might obviously damage the architectural harmony of the whole. A strong effort should be made to secure some reasonable uniformity of style, or, at least, of character, in all the buildings.

This has never been done, so far as I am aware, by any municipal body in modern times. In successful streets the buildings, though varied in size and outline, are more or less alike in style. Take Pall Mall, for instance, admittedly one of the finest streets to be found anywhere, and compare it with others in which every building is different in style and colour. It is difficult to judge now what Regent Street was like when first built; but until recently, even with the loss of its arcades and the insertion of vast shop fronts, it possessed a quiet dignity and harmony of its own. Alas! with the advent of the modern up-to-date "sky scraper," these qualities have vanished for ever. The style I would suggest is (for want of a better term) classic, with a very liberal interpretation of the meaning of the word. To fix the standard for the whole let the London County Council themselves erect some of the buildings on the sites which they possess. Let them commission architects of eminence to design them, and, profiting by the success of Earl's Court, let there be open air cafés, besides flats and offices. Let them show us how to design a shop building whose ground storey shall not be all plate glass, and compel others to follow in their footsteps. On some such lines as these I believe it would be possible to make a street which should be neither gloomy nor bizarre, but interesting and as gay as you please. There would be an immediate return for the money invested, and the sites would not remain empty and an eyesore for years. The eastern horn of the crescent forms an ideal site for the proposed Municipal Opera House. There would be ample space round it, with exits on all sides and room for carriages to draw up and wait without obstruction. The Gaiety Theatre will, I suppose, be re-built on the western horn. Why could not these two buildings go up together, different perhaps, but with a strong family likeness? Two great blocks such as these at either end, with the steps in the middle, St. Mary's Church at the bottom, and the National Memorial at the top, with



PLAN OF NEW STREET WITH SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS: BY MERVYN MACARTNEY.

shops and other buildings between, might form a splendid architectural group.

It has been clearly proved that the people turned out of an insanitary area do not come back and occupy the model dwellings which have replaced their former hovels. They find their way to another "area" and make it more insanitary. The scheme has yet to be devised which shall catch and harbour these unfortunate people. It is too large a subject to discuss here, but it should not be lost sight of in disposing of the back blocks.

When this, our latest municipal improvement, shall have been carried out, we shall have undoubtedly a fine street for communication and traffic. But more than this is required. The sites for the buildings to line it should be well shaped and ample, and the buildings themselves worthy of their position.

Parsimony and jobbery have spoilt other schemes. Let this be a brilliant exception. The spending of a few thousand pounds more or less is of no importance compared to the gain to the City of having one great street planned and built as an organic whole.

ART ENAMELLING ON METALS.*

THIS is a very valuable book for the craftsman, giving, as it does, the results of the experience of a practical worker, with the declared object of putting such secrets in the manufacture of coloured glass and enamels as the author has been able to obtain, within the reach of all our workmen. "It is to them this book is addressed, for them it is intended, though I hope that some of our artistically minded amateurs may be induced to profit by it." It is probable that those who will profit most by its publication will be neither the workman, nor the amateur in the ordinary sense, but those who stand between them, being amateurs in so far as that their principal business in life is not the production of enamels, and workmen of the kind named in the preface, or rather craftsmen, in the interest and enthusiasm with which they follow a pursuit scarcely yet familiar, obtaining by practice that mastery over material which distinguishes the true craftsman from the well-intentioned amateur.

The book commences with a short but well-written historical introduction, illustrated with examples, most of which are of Limoges enamel of rather late date, for which Mr. Cunynghame seems to have an especial liking: in fact, the Champlevé process is dismissed with but one illustration and

two pages of letterpress, and Cloisonné not illustrated at all. This perhaps may be explained by the curious phrase "Art Enamelling" used in the title, Limoges enamels being generally more pictorial than those produced in the other modes. It has been supposed in years gone by that "Art" is connected with pictures solely, but surely the day for such a misapprehension is now past, and it seems a pity that it should still survive in any form in a work the general tendency of which is so good. The effect of Champlevé or of Cloisonné is much finer decoratively than that of the Limoges process, and one must suppose that the greater difficulty of execution and variety of effect obtainable in the last has made the author exaggerate its importance and excellence in the way that a craftsman is always prone to do. The late revival of enamelling has unfortunately gone too much in the direction of producing pictures in enamel, many of which are very charming in colour and good in design, but not of such decorative use as a more conventional and balanced form would be, nor so well suited to the material, and Mr. Cunynghame's book will scarcely lessen the tendency, which is to be regretted the more as he shows considerable justness of view on many other points of taste. See p. 34, "Each material has its own peculiarity, and the mark of good Art is to adapt the subject to the material;" and p. 38, "Striving after it (originality) has the wearying effect of a person who is always trying to make jokes, and produces a sense of spasmodic effort which is destructive to Art." And again on page 87, "An affected rudeness of work is of course offensive, like the mannered slobbering of a certain school of modern painters. But, on the other hand, affected neatness takes all character out of the work;" and in the chapter on the "choice of a style," "In enamel nature cannot be imitated; it is only possible to produce an effect by means of suggestion," where he also recommends study of the ancient enamels in the British Museum.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the last chapter, which treats of the manufacture of enamel, and in which formulas are given and the whole process described, with several fresh recipes, the results of the author's experience; though the description of the making of Limoges enamels is also very full and precise, every step being described as if a pupil were present whom it was necessary to warn of every pitfall as it was reached. The illustrations of examples are well reproduced, two of them being in colour; but, as has been said, are too exclusively restricted to Limoges enamels. There are also photographs and diagrams explanatory of apparatus and processes which should assist the comprehension of the text. A. W.

* "On the Theory and Practice of Art Enamelling Upon Metals." By Henry Cunynghame, M.A. Archibald Constable and Co.: London, 1899. Price 6s. nett.

NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE:
POITIERS: WRITTEN AND
ILLUSTRATED BY T. M.
ROOKE.

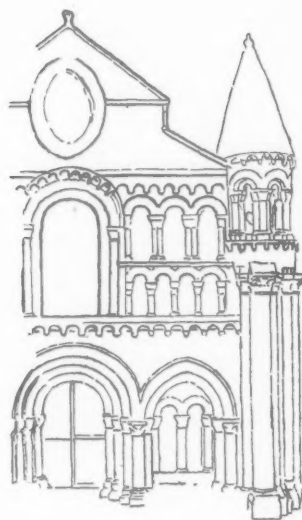
"Look up and wonder
At what the men did for us, who are dead."

William Morris.

AND wonder we may, too, at such a hardly possible looking piece of antiquity still existing in the midst of modern life, with the untraceable charm in it of the childhood of mankind; of the traditions of Etruria, Rome, and Byzantium, imported by workmen still imbued with them.

That from the south these men must have come, no one can doubt who looks at the building; or that remoteness of locality from central influences of change is, as much as remoteness in time, the reason of its strangeness, as would appear from the date, 1099, given for its foundation.

To many the style of this church is rather a surprise and a puzzle; it is, however, the northernmost of a noteworthy group of sister churches centreing in that of Angoulême, the family likeness, as not seldom happens, being, perhaps, more



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Scale of Feet.

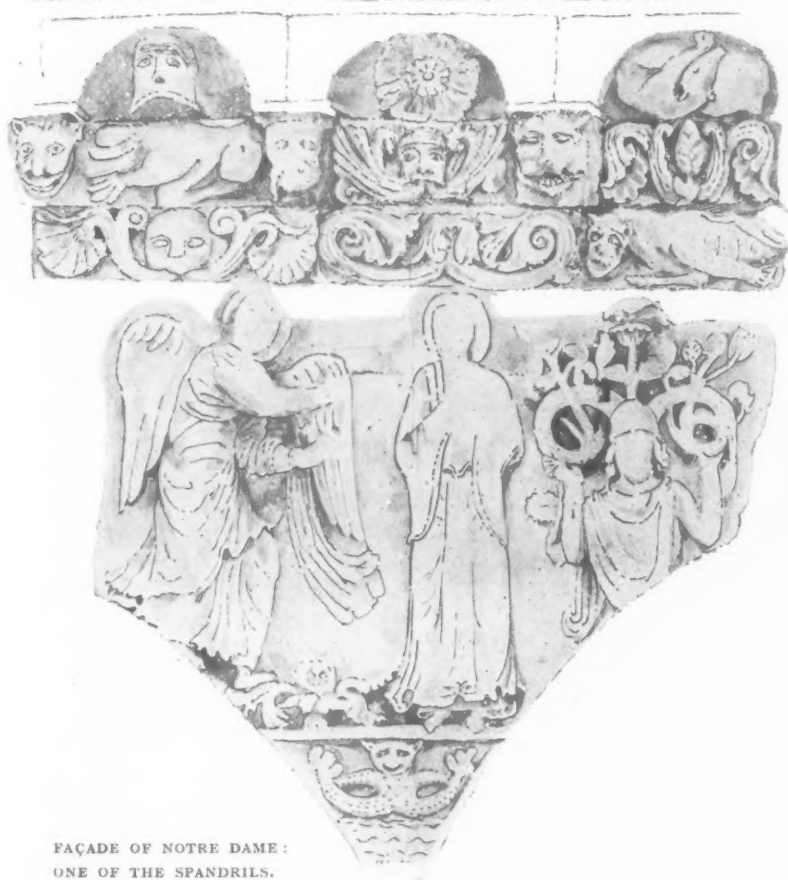
NOTRE DAME, POITIERS.

traceable in the disposition than in the appearance. The façade of no one of them is very like this of

Notre Dame, though most of the features can be traced in one or the other, with the exception of the richness of the sculpture which they none of them possess.

Attention is always attracted by the side turrets, with their conical roofs and grouped supporting pilasters; by the curious construction of the gable, out of circular, diagonally laid, and other shaped stones; and by the arcading, with its short monolith pillars. The scaled roofing of the turrets and central tower, often remarked upon, is explained by Viollet-le-duc as a means of inviting the rainwater (with true French politeness) to a quicker descent.

Like many other precious buildings this church is not of great size. Its proportions may be judged from the sketch we here give of the scale of part of the front. A look of happy, contented

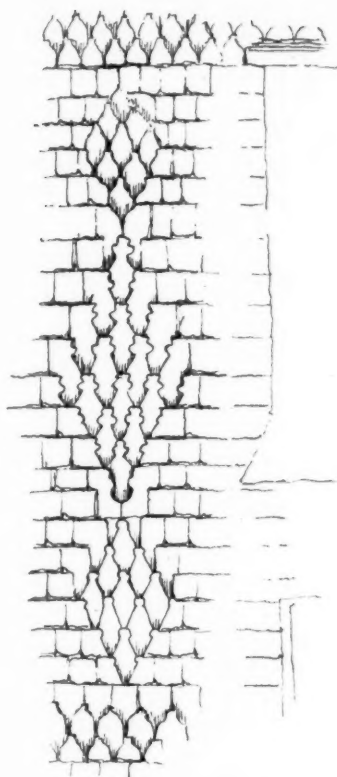


FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME:
ONE OF THE SPANDRILS.

repose and harmony is its great charm, in addition to the distinguishing beauty of its sculpture. The subject of this begins in the further corner of the lowest storey, with Adam and Eve at the tree of Temptation. Next to them the seated figure is Nebuchadnezzar, as typical of Pride, ecclesiastically considered to be the origin of all sin. By him, on the crown of the furthest arch, are four half-figures, two with books between two with scrolls; these are the prophets who foretell the coming of Christ. Next, in the spandril on the further side of the central arch, is the Annunciation to Mary of the same event; and a Jesse tree beyond it, a half-figure bearing branches ending in a flower, with a dove stooping on it. The angle at the bottom of the spandril is filled with a merman taking hold of his two tails each with a hand, and little rippling waves beneath;



RUE DE LA PSALLETTE STE. RADEGONDE
(BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORITIES
OF THE ADELAIDE ART GALLERY).



SLATING OF BAKER'S HOUSE,
GRANDE RUE, POITIERS.

since in this many-sided world such things do also exist; all of which is shown in the drawing on page 245. On the near side of the central arch, in the spandril to our right, is the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, each with her city behind her, its gate kept open by a damsel with pretty long sleeves; the first angle beautifully filled up with a cockatrice.

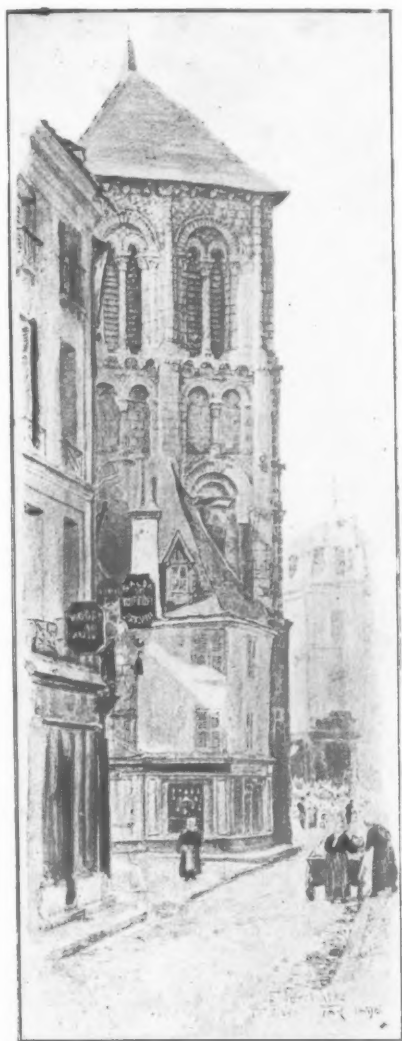
Afterwards comes the Nativity. Mary on a bed, her hand stretched out towards the baby in its manger cradle, on top of nearest arch. Next, the baby bathed by two women; the seated pensive personage doubtless Joseph. At the end are two figures, once thought to be clasped in Christian embrace; but the attitude is evidently that of wrestlers getting their clutch of each other—chin over antagonist's shoulder. The sculptor's mind is at play, he would like to stretch his limbs in such a manner after so much delicate chiselling.



Of the fourteen statues in the two arcades above, the outermost on each side of the upper row is discernibly a bishop by his crosier and vestments. The two are St.



ORNAMENTS FROM
FAÇADE OF NOTRE
DAME.



ST. PORCHAIRE, POITIERS.

Martin and St. Hilaire, the latter native bishop and patron saint of Poitiers.

This deduction leaves twelve—the number of the Apostles. The one in the upper row to our left of central window is Peter with the keys; below him is a figure with remains of long locks to the defaced head, supposed to be John the Evangelist, but none of the others have now any identifying signs. In the aureole of the gable above them, Christ stands on clouds, the symbolic four beasts about him.

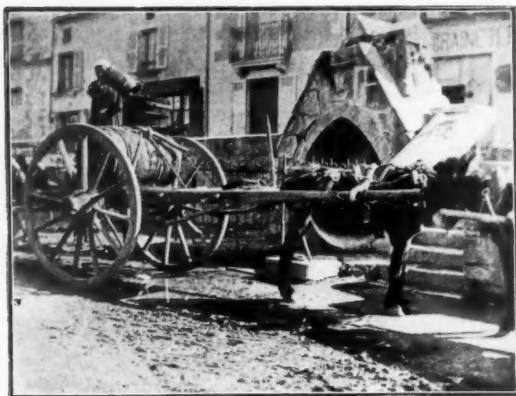
The sculpture of the capitals and corbels of the arcading is in infinite variety and beauty, the decoration on the arches above and below not less so. The outer band of the central arch over the door, which at a distance has a look of mysterious lettering, is of birds and monsters preening their wings and tails. Some will insist that these animals are really intended each to form a letter of

an inscription, but the present student could get no further than the belief that their style may have originated in that of early decorated Eastern inscriptions. In the nearer of the side arches, which it will be observed are, unlike all the rest, pointed ones, the innermost has a very Egyptian-like dog, repeated without variation all round it. Its main band is of vine ornament, beginning at the bottom with a vine dresser, and culminating above in a pretty little seated figure cut in the keystone, a lock of hair beautifully flowing each way.

Of the window in the centre, all except the arch is a restoration under Louis Philippe. Until then its place was occupied by three flamboyant niches containing images of the Virgin and two other patron saints. This having been all cleared away as incongruous to the earlier style of the building, the restorers were puzzled at first how to dispose of the emptiness they had created, and the plan of



RUE ST. MAIXENT AND CATHEDRAL TOWERS.



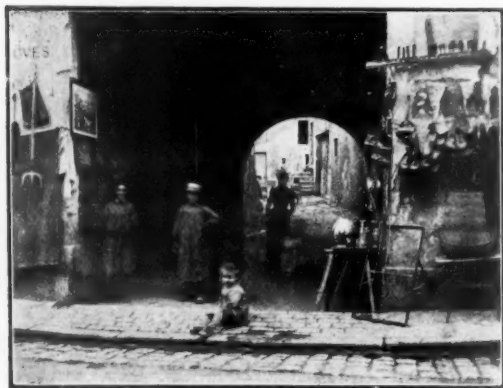
FOUNTAIN BY THE PONT JOUBERT.

continuing the arch as a complete circle, with the lower arcading carried right across the front of the church, was debated, and a drawing of it still exists. Mons. Didron assisted at the deliberations, and the fact that such an eminent authority concurred in such doings is significant enough.

A house was cleared out of the corner of the church behind the market stall where the soldier and nuns are seen standing. Fortunately for the drawing the stall hides what in reality is a sadly bare place. This part of the church wall, it is said, was actually pulled down and rebuilt for the purpose of making its masonry uniform with the rest; while vegetation is being allowed to grow freely over the building, as can be seen in the drawing given as a supplement, and the biggest weather stain on the front of the gable visibly comes from a point where a clump of plants flourishes in the joint of the coping.

The pretty late Gothic door at the side of the church has unfortunately lost its statues. Beyond the roof and chimneys of the new baptistry an added late Gothic chapel completes the view; from this point a continuous row of chapels of different dates surround the apse and north side of the church.

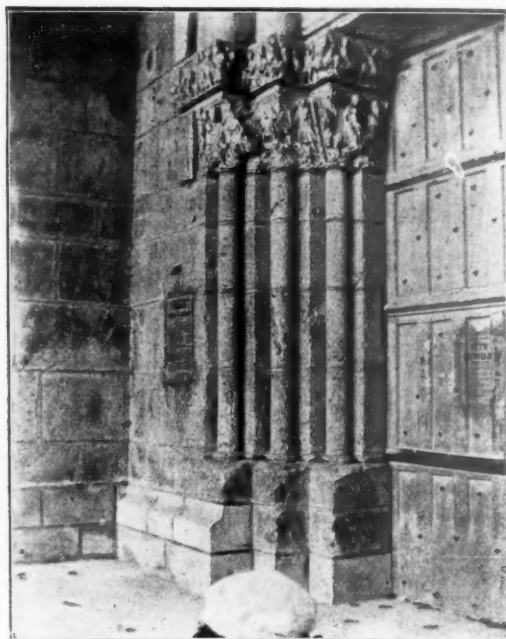
That the interior well accords with the exterior



IN THE GRANDE RUE.

may be inferred from that part of which we give a print on opposite page. It is covered throughout with restored painted decoration, telling over much of the ways of the modern decorator, though said to be entirely on the ancient lines; yet, on the whole, after the first discomfort from sight of it, giving a sense of richness and tone.

In the vault of the choir the faintly-seen row of seated figures that look down on us with such heavenly repose and dignity are, however, of the original painting. The modern stained and painted glass we refuse, or do not dare, for our souls' sake, to look at. No familiarity with it will produce anything but increased loathing and disgust. So, as a matter of course, with the modern ecclesiastical statuary. Neither could ever corrupt our taste, but

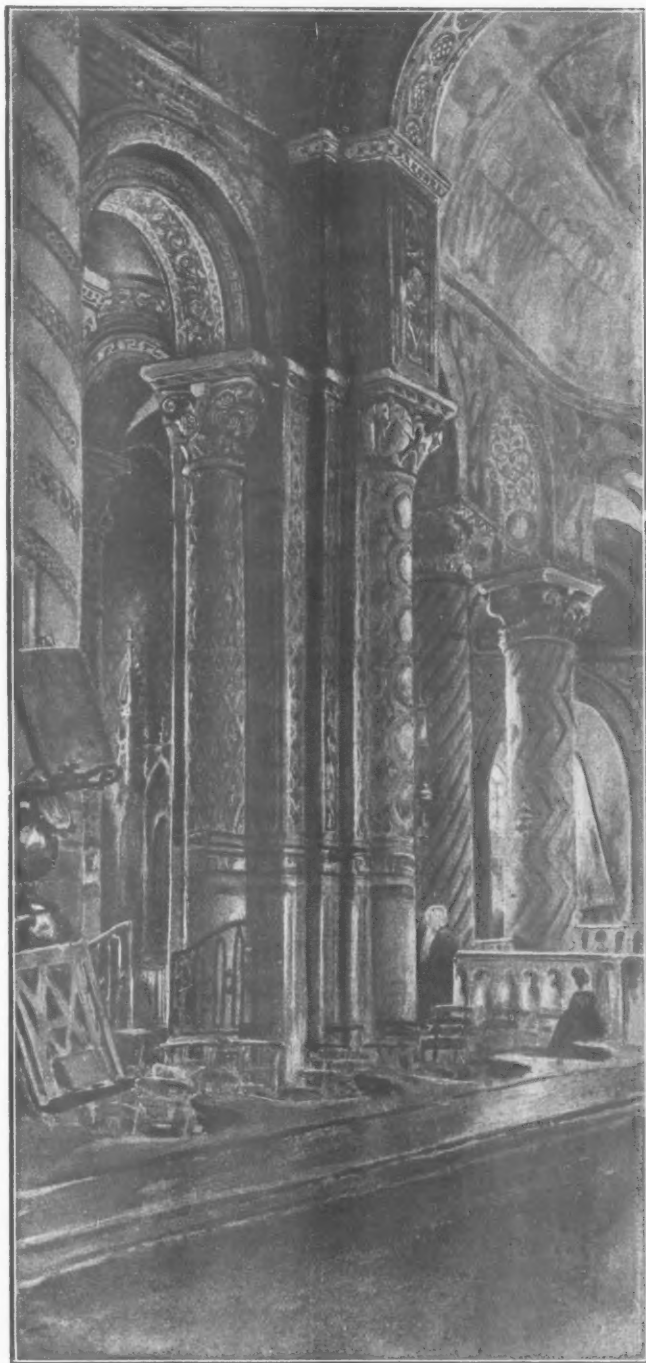


NORTH DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

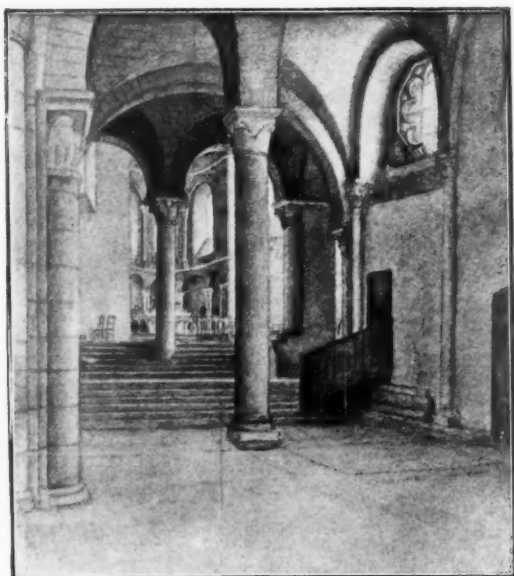
each and both might lead us to conclude, with an intelligent onlooking and gossiping student of Poitiers University, that the production of works of art belongs to an earlier stage of civilisation than our own.

The church was built to "Our Lady," the patroness of the town, in order that her name and image might be no longer unhoused within its walls; upon the cession to Ste. Radegonde of their former home outside the walls, an earlier and once very beautiful church, now, alas, restored, the unvarying tale in these days.

To realise the surroundings, here is a view of an approach to Ste. Radegonde's Church, with the top of its tower showing. The women sitting about in the street are candle and relic sellers,



INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME: ONE OF
THE PIERS OF THE CENTRAL TOWER:
FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY
T. M. ROOKE.



ST. HILAIRE: SOUTH AISLE,
LOOKING EAST.

who keep a watch for pilgrims to the tomb of the saint.

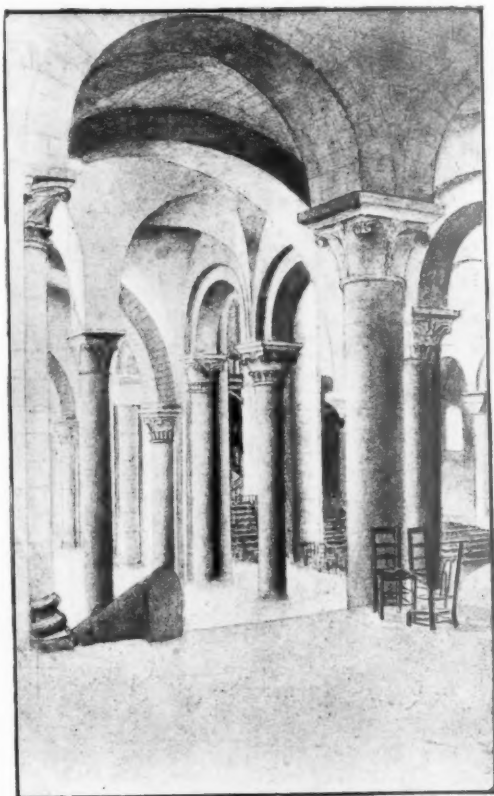
It may, perhaps, be as well to say that Notre Dame is not the Cathedral of Poitiers. Its high, central position in the market place, with the University in front of it, must once have been that of the principal church; but Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine founded the building which has since held the bishop's seat, whose position is much lower down and less central. Doubtless, because of the space to be gained by the selection of this site; for, in its proportions of greater breadth and its surroundings of open ground planted with trees, it rather recalls the conditions of English cathedral churches.

Passing along the street at its base, its fine masonry of large stones, absolutely unrelieved to a height of about thirty feet, made one think of the descriptions of the "Wall of Wailing of Jerusalem." The north door shown in the photograph has an almost Greek-looking procession of the kings, and the other to the south a great stone hanging keyed in from and by its double arch. A peculiarity of this church, which is well known, is its diminishing breadth in plan from west to east, greatly accentuated in the choir; this gives an increase in the appearance of perspective retirement, one of those foreshadowings of modernism that in all ages surprise us. Also it has no transepts, but large chapels which take their places, and have so much of their appearance as to provoke the unprofessional visitor to enquire of himself and examine into the facts, that he may find wherein lies the difference.

There is fine glass, but so cleaned and renewed as to make one, at first sight, wonder whether it is really the old glass or the best imitation now producible. Beautifully carved choir stalls it has, too, but thickly covered with paint, and much fine carving of corbel and capital so discountenanced, dominated, and out-voted by Louis Quinze galleries and other arrangements of the period, as hardly to count; until after several visits have given opportunity for its discovery. Near the cathedral is the ancient baptistery, a most precious relic of real Roman workmanship in carved stone, terra-cotta, and brick, not in the least an imitation of a Greek temple, to quote William Morris, now being restored with an unflagging energy, that rests neither weekdays nor Sundays.

The Grand Rue starts from behind Notre Dame, a long narrow street which may well have given rise to the gibe of Charles V. that Poitiers was the finest village he had seen in Europe.

On the way down we have a glimpse of the cathedral towers to the right, through the Rue St. Maixent, as shown on page 247. Lower down is the front of a baker's house (see drawing on page 246)—a good instance of the beauty and variety the French get out of the shaping of their slates; and still further below this we come on the display



ST. HILAIRE: SOUTH AISLE,
LOOKING WEST.

of second-hand goods—shown by the photograph on page 248. At the bottom of the street is the Pont Joubert (diminished from Ingelbert) over the River Clain. A jutting mass of rock seen beyond the bridge is said to have been occupied by cannon of Coligny in the Huguenot siege of Poitiers, and was evidently a dominating position. In-

deed, from that time the town must have ceased to possess what Carlyle calls "military virtues," that up till then it greatly rejoiced in. Placed on a promontory at the junction of two deeply cut river valleys, it is joined to the surrounding plateau by a narrow neck of land now only the width of the road; so being as easily locked up and defended as a town could be. The reproduced drawing is from the further bank, and looks back up the Grand Rue. The bridge is now the only old one

of Poitiers, and will probably not long survive. In a contemporary painting of the Coligny siege it is seen with a high tower and defended gate, whose bases appear in the drawing. An old man declared that he remembered the tower in existence. The fountain shown in the photograph on page 248 is near this end of the Pont Joubert.

From the south-west corner of Notre Dame is the old Parliament Hall (where Joan of Arc was

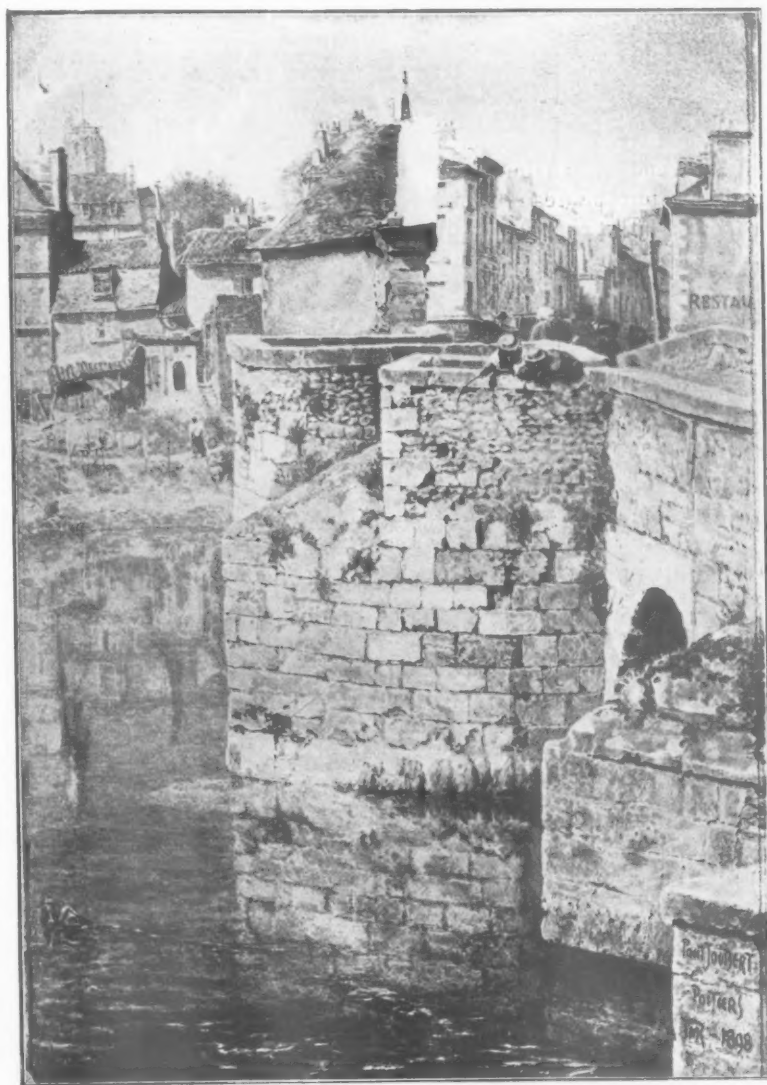
examined as to her mission), now used, like our Westminster Hall, as a lobby to Courts of Justice. Three great fireplaces occupy the whole breadth of the raised upper end, and testify how warm the backs of the great ones must have been, while the occupants of the other parts of the hall took their chances of temperature. Above the fireplace the

gabled end of the hall is occupied by a traceried window, so that those under it had the light also in their favour. Peculiar is the effect of the carrying up of the stone chimney shafts outside this great window, one in the centre of each light, which has not the darkening result one would expect from its external aspect.

Farther on is the Church of St. Porchaire. The view given of its tower, with a pretty little old house and shop nestled up against it, belongs to times rapidly passing, they will, no

doubt, be wrenched away at the first opportunity, and a bare wall newly scraped and pointed left in their place to make people think what a dull thing architecture is.

We give views of the interior of St. Hilaire, the half rebuilt church of what was one of the most important abbeys in France, having the king himself for its secular head. Constructed before groining was practised, special devices were used in it



PONT JOUBERT (OR INGELBERT).

to obtain width. The centre of the nave being covered by a succession of domed octagons, barrel vaults and a supplemental row of pillars are added to increase its breadth, and the side aisles of the nave have pillars supporting their centres at intervals. The views, both taken in the south aisle, show this last-mentioned arrangement.

"NICOLAS POUSSIN: HIS LIFE AND WORK." *

THE object of this book, as stated in the preface, is "to contribute fresh material to the facts of Nicolas Poussin's life, and to attain a juster standard by which to measure his real worth and services," and with this intention special attention has been given to his early years and to the influences which formed his style, while the collection of autograph letters preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris has been largely drawn upon. In the description of one of his master Quentin Varin's pictures on page 13, it is stated that the colours have so much darkened that some of the figures can only be seen on a bright day. This perhaps gives the key to a similar defect which Poussin's own pictures sometimes have, and which has been ascribed to a lavish use of raw umber, a colour much beloved by painters who were not colourists. He had a very hard struggle to make a living in his youth, and details are given which assist one to realise the position which the ordinary painter occupied in the seventeenth century, being classed with other "skilled workmen," and often having to travel from place to place in search of work, which when found was ill-paid. Even when he found a patron he was looked on as a superior sort of servant to whom all sorts of commissions might be given which had nothing to do with his proper work, as may be seen on page 94, where Poussin has to buy for M. de Chantelou, not only paintings, medals, busts, chandeliers, &c., but also perfumes, soaps, lute-strings, and Frangi-pane gloves! He appears to have been frequently in difficulties till his marriage in 1630, when his wife brought him a dowry of 1500 livres, with which a house was bought on Monte Pincio. In 1640 he was appointed Court painter to Louis XIII., and remained for two years in Paris in consequence, but returned to his beloved Rome as soon as possible, and remained there till his death in 1665.

The book gives a very good idea of the man, as distinct from the painter, the quotations from the autograph letters before referred to being copious. But to us it is the artist and his views on his art

which are most interesting, and for this reason Appendix No. IX., which contains observations made by him upon painting, is one of the most interesting parts of the book, though scattered through other pages are opinions and dicta which help one to realise the point of view from which he approached the production of a picture. Briefly, he would have been perhaps more at home as a sculptor than as a painter. He held that the chief difference between the two arts was in the material employed, and he made great use of wax models in arranging his compositions; and, perhaps, this explains the very high opinion of his works expressed by the sculptor, Bernini, quoted on pp. 187 to 190. When arranging a subject which included figures and landscape, he often made the mistake of concentrating the interest upon small figures which did not at all fill the space, so that the attention is divided between the two to the disadvantage of both. The picture of him (quoted from "Bonaventure d'Argonne") carrying home stones, moss, and flowers from the banks of the Tiber, or the Campagna, to paint them from Nature is pretty, and one is scarcely prepared after Mr. Ruskin's sarcastic description of his brother-in-law Gaspar Dughet's pictures, to hear that *he* also was a great student of Nature, and even anticipated the "plein-air" school, by painting out of doors for several days at a time.

While possessed of great feeling for style, and considerable invention, Poussin lacked the passion for colour, though he acknowledged that, like verses in poetry, it was a "charm which the art employed to persuade," and the authoress's remark that one may form a just, complete, and definite idea of his talent by examining the best engravings of his creations, shows a just appreciation of his qualities and his defects. At the same time it is certain that Poussin spared no effort to attain perfection, and that his views on art matters would prove a much-needed tonic to many painters of the present day, both at home and abroad, if they could be induced to accept them. "Consider what I am doing," he writes to M. de Chantelou, "and that this is not a thing one can make in a whiff, like the pieces which Parisian artists finish in twenty-four hours. I beg of you, therefore, to put aside French impatience; if I have to hurry I shall do nothing well."

The abstract of the painter's qualities on pp. 197 and 198 is very good on the whole, and it is a pity that so interesting a book should be marred by insufficient revision, as shown by the measurements given on pp. 84 and 96—"two feet, 97 inches," "3 feet, 33 inches," and other similar oversights. The illustrations are well reproduced, but one is rather inclined to question the selection of subject in some cases, both on the side of omission and inclusion.

A. W.

* "Nicolas Poussin: His Life and Work." By Elizabeth H. Denio, Ph.D. London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co. Limited, 1899.



THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM FROM AN ARCHITECTURAL POINT OF VIEW: WRITTEN BY T. R. SPENCE.

A JOURNEY to Jerusalem in September was necessary to gather certain notes of the external artistic aspect. It was an extension of a visit to several of the northern cities of Italy. Of course, these cities were teeming with examples of religious art, illustrating Bible history, painted by men who never travelled beyond the narrow limits of their vine-clad valleys, the material of their illustrations of our Lord's life being such as lay close at hand. Afterwards it was a matter of deep interest to compare their details with those which exist unchanged since Christ's earthly life in Palestine. Whatever may be their shortcomings archaeologically, there is no doubt of the tender fervour displayed on their conception and execution. The vineyards, hills, costumes, and architecture were of Italy, differing from Palestine in possessing greater wealth of detail, consequently yielding more interest to such artists and architects as delight in interlacing thought as expressed in the jewellery of redundant accessories.

Space forbids me lingering over the beautiful journey through Southern Umbria on to Terni, and thence through the wonderful valleys and mountains of Abruzzi to Aquilla, Solmona, and Pescara. From the latter city, skirting the Adriatic shore to S. Seveno, from which the road deviates across the tongue of land that stretches out eastward to the mountains of Gargano, and emerges again at the river Ofanto. To the east of this crow-flight part of the journey are magnificent glimpses of long, level lagoons, vineyard plains, white-walled towns, and distant mountains (restful walls of radiant

purple). Never leaving again the side of the sea on the borders of the province of Bari, you reach Brindisi.

It would be a great omission if no mention was made of the voyage from Brindisi to Port Said, where, sailing over the "wine-deep" sea bounding the kingdom and isles of Greece, are seen the contours of their mountains clothed in rich mantles of divinely harmonious colour, overshadowed by huge and magnificent cloud forms—amber, purple, and fleecy white in colour—resting against background areas of clearest blue. But why linger on this vain description when the magic of Homer's redundant pen has, in incomparable words, painted this lovely land and its girdle of sea.

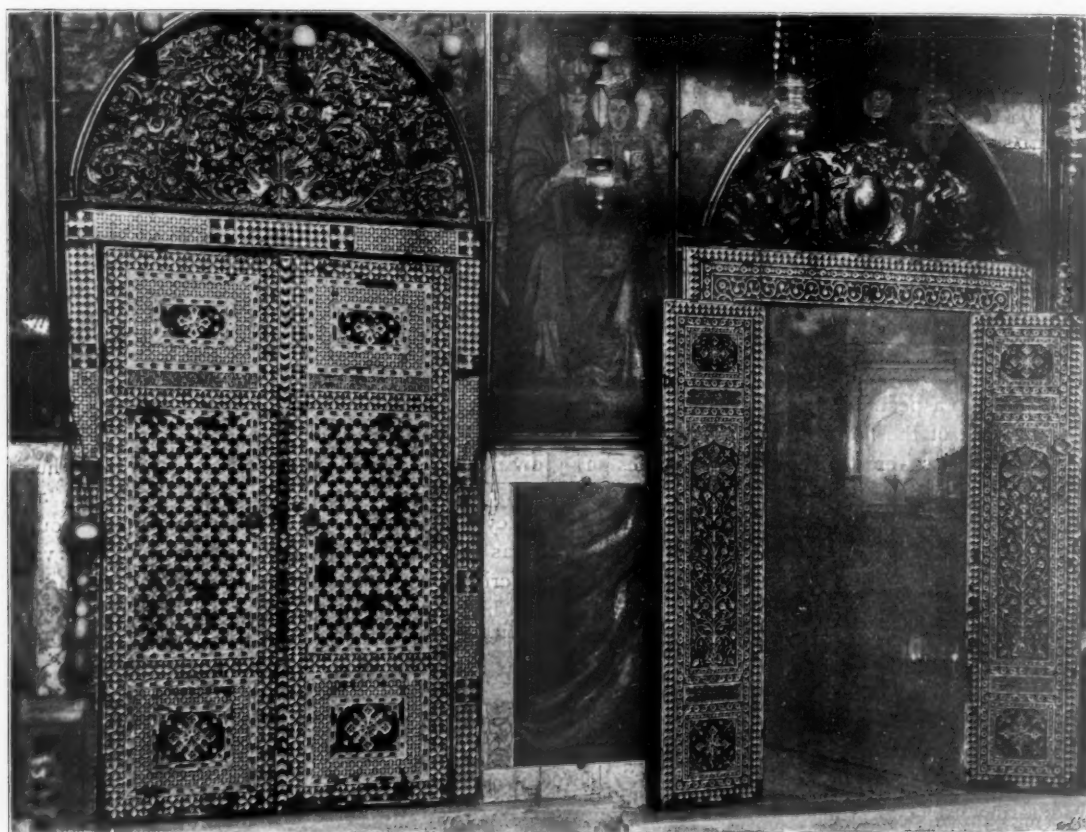
At Port Said we got the first real touch of the east on seeing and hearing the barges laden with a shouting and gesticulating crew of Arabs and Egyptians, as they approach the steamer to take off the Indian mails. They form a weird and picturesque sight, throwing up the mail bags from the hold, yelling, shouting, and, with dramatic gestures, almost fighting over each stage of their task. A day is spent at Port Said, waiting for the Austrian Lloyd's steamer for Jaffa. From an architectural point of view it is entirely devoid of interest, but the variety and pictureque costumes compensate somewhat for the lack of any other charm.

The after-deck of the boat from Port Said to Jaffa is generally crowded with a motley assemblage of Arabs, Turks, Jews, Syrians, etc., who sleep on the deck, and form many pictures of colour and unconscious grace. As the morning dawns devout Moslems may be seen on the poop murmuring their prayers to the rising sun. The landing at Jaffa has been many times described. The racing of the boats from the shore through the narrow

gateway of the rocks is very exciting, and the bronzed boatmen in the magnificent actions of their strenuous endeavours to head the race across the shining sea is very impressive. The best and picked crew is in the employ of a well-known tourist agency, and their boatswain as he stands on the prow is a model of dusky colour and athletic grace. The assemblage of Eastern races on the quay, and the narrow streets and bazaars of Jaffa for movement, colour, and grace of unfettering costume, defy description. The crudest primaries under the brilliant illumination of the Eastern sun

shaped marble shields, with beautiful low relief Crusader quarterings, should be noted. Bronze utensils that might have been made in Pompeii, Busts, fragments of torsos and Corinthian capitals. Most of the latter fragments indicate clearly that the Greeks were the real art workers of Palestine, not the Romans.

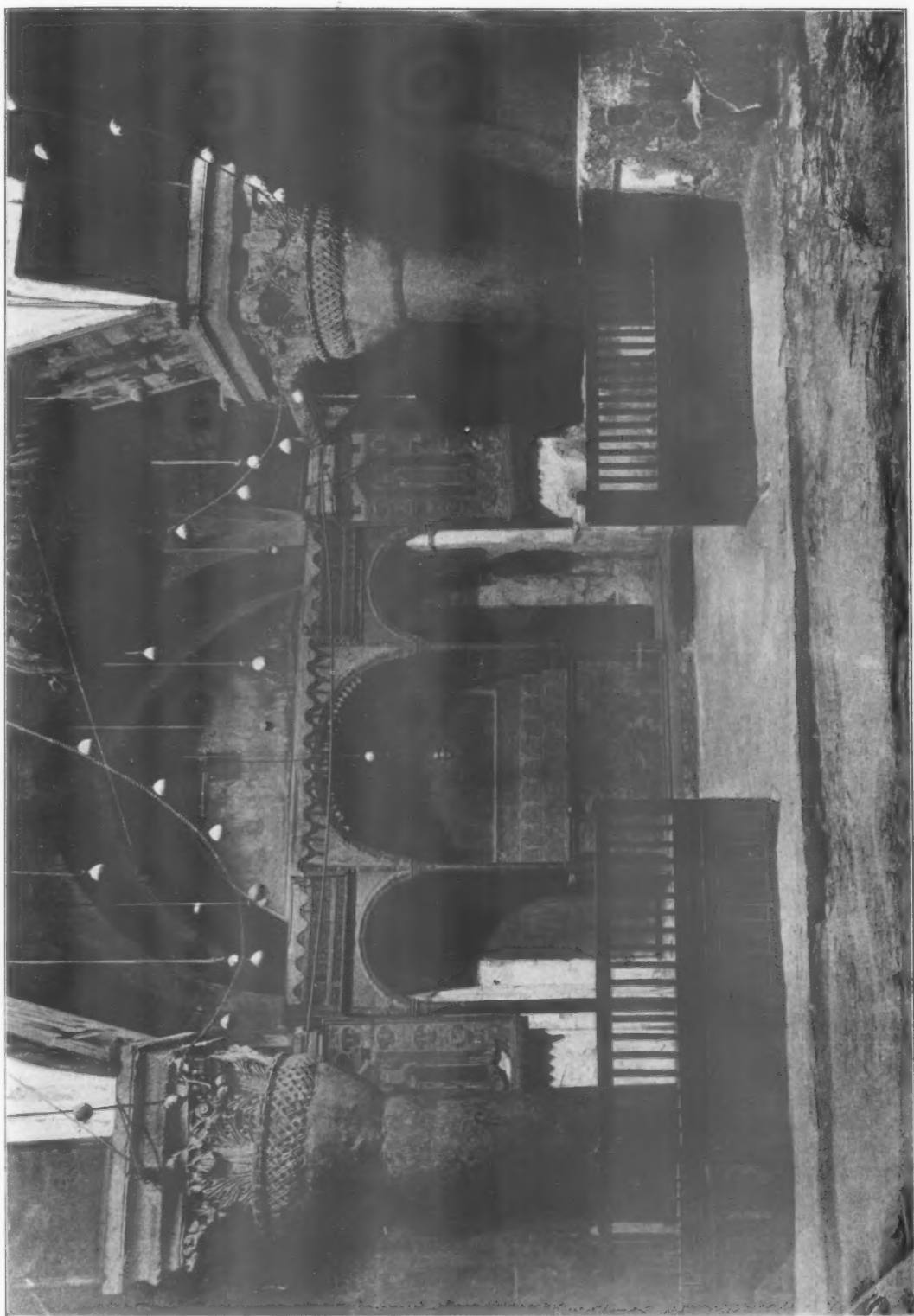
Leaving Jaffa, we cross (at this season) the arid plains of Sharon, and mount and descend the grey stony hills of Judea. Near the highest point of these desolate valleys may be seen in the rock scarp the eyries of hundreds of vultures, with the



SANCTUARY IN THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

make no harsh note in the broidery of the shifting harmony. Jaffa is famed for its orange groves; and in the higher parts of the town, where the deep russet green tones, the grey of their stems and branching, and the scattered gold of their fruit are backed by distant planes of the blue Mediterranean, and its sandy boundaries form one of Nature's delightful decorative arrangements. No one interested in the archaeology of Palestine should miss the collection of antiquities to be seen at the Hotel du Parc, mostly found at Askelon, consisting of Greek, Roman, Crusaders' work, and rare Hebrew inscriptions. Some white coulters

evidence of centuries of occupation on the whole faces of the cliffs. At the mouths of the caves they may be seen blinking in the sun, while others are sailing in wide circles around the hill tops. On nearing Jerusalem the valleys show signs of cultivation; olive groves and vineyards appear, in which are set the cube-like grey dwellings forming the villages of the people. As distance lessens between the goal of the journey, so increases the emotion of expectancy. What shall be the visual aspect of that city of which all Hebrews and Christians have dreamed and yearned to see? Whatever the wealth or the limitations of their



THE CHAPEL OF ST. HELENA.

imagery, such is the mental fabric of their Jerusalem. No distant glimpse is granted you of this city of unnumbered pilgrimages. On the way to Florence, after passing through the Appenines and descending the Tuscan slopes, Pistoria is revealed to you with its rich compass of flowing campagna as a foretaste of the greater glory of the city of the Medici. But here, even when reaching the station, the reward of your pilgrimage remains unrevealed, and only the commonplace buildings of the German Mission appear. With much struggling your carriage is reached, and, starting off in a cloud of dust, you soon turn into the Bethlehem-road, and are driven at a breakneck pace over a stony jolting road towards the valley of Hinnon and across the Roman bridge spanning the lower pool of Gihon. As you climb the slope of the fringe of Mount Zion enveloped in a cloud of dust, dodging long strings of camels, donkeys, and mounted Bedouins, you see the grey walls of Jerusalem on the crest of Mount Zion sparsely clothed in sad-toned olive trees, made sadder still by the thick coating of grey white dust. The walls, the slopes, the trees, and road are all united in one grey mantle. You reach the Jaffa Gate, and pass through a wonderful crowd in every variety of costume going in and out of the city. The effect is remarkably strange and varied, and in the excitement of this revelation your dreams are dissipated by the novelty of the whole moving mass of vari-costumed humanity. Later on in the evening, under a brilliant moon, a walk through the streets and out by St. Stephen's Gate, across the valley of Jehoshaphat, up the stony road of the Mount of Olives, and along the crest of Mount Scopus is revealed the outward aspect of Jerusalem laid below and set within the compass of its hazy and shadowy hills, they again being backed by the long unbroken outline of the mountains of Moab. Notwithstanding the great beauty of the scene the stony desolation is accentuated into peculiar distinctness. All the hard details of the rocky valley of Jehoshaphat, and the course of the waterless Kedron, the rough gravestones of countless Jews (mute evidences of the ending of pilgrimages, and the fulfilment of cherished desires to lie by the city of David), the neglected Moslem cemeteries, the rocky scarps of Ophel, the hard cube-shaped houses of the Moslem village on the hill of Evil Counsel, and the white roads leading from the Damascus Gate, are strongly defined by the black shadows of the ghostly cavities and the green black of groups of olives. The city, with its varied and picturesque outline of domes and roofs, is more softly and suggestively defined against dimmer hills beyond, and bound in and together by the long horizontal lines of its walls, and forms a weirdly decorative picture. Dim and suggestive

away to the right may be seen the road to Bethlehem, as far as the crest of the hill on which stands the convent of Mar Elias, where it is asserted Elijah rested on his journey to Beersheba.

The night in Jerusalem is not blessed by the balm of silence, as the thousands of ownerless dogs, both in the city and outside its walls, carry on a howling chorus from sunset to sunrise. Yet custom and the knowledge that they are the great scavengers soon brings conviction that they are a blessing in disguise. Walking round the city next day, I came across the dead bodies of camels, horses, and donkeys left on and by the roadside. Two days later, following the same road, were the skeletons only of these animals, picked clean by the dogs, vultures, and jackals. It was then I had proof of the value of the noisy dogs.

Entering Jerusalem by any of the gates, you find, with a few exceptions, the streets roughly paved, very narrow, dirty, and crowded with Arabs, Turks, Jews, Moslems, priests of numerous nationalities and creeds, Abyssinians, Egyptians, Bedouins, Europeans, etc., together with strings of donkeys and mules, the whole pushing and elbowing each other with scant courtesy. The shops, except for a few near the Jaffa and New Gates, are mere boxes, in which the sellers have little more than sitting room amongst their goods. The two main streets, David and Christian Streets, are at right angles to each other, dividing the city into four quarters. From these lead narrower, filthy, crowded lanes. Across the streets are hung tattered canvas screens against the sun. Looking up or down these streets, the mixture of races and their varying costumes, in a moving and seething mass, here and there gilded with bars of brilliant sunlight, intensified by the lower yet rich masses of shadowy colour, make remarkable picture subjects. Many fine Moresque oriels may be noted, details of Saracenic architecture and remains of Crusaders' work. The vistas of some streets are formed by glimpses of the Haram, and at midday by the bleached hills beyond. The difficulties of sketching in these narrow and crowded thoroughfares are by no means small. The tropical heat, the odours, the necessity of keeping one eye on one's working tools, the curiosity of the crowds, the donkeys laden with bags on their way to the Dung Gate, passing within a few inches of your face, and the never ending cry for backsheesh, make the hours of your labour a thing to remember.

The streets, on the whole, whatever they may be to the pious, are not of paramount interest to the architect.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has a picturesque Romanesque façade, facing a courtyard on the north side, with some fine incisive sculptured string courses, the remnants of a campanile,



MOSQUE OF OMAR: JERUSALEM.

pointed windows, a small, rich porch surmounted by a cupola, and some fragments of Crusaders' work. As this church has been so frequently described, I will only add that the interior of the rotunda, containing the Holy Sepulchre, would be a fine, impressive piece of architecture, if shorn of much of its tawdry trappings. It is 67ft. in diameter, encircled with massive piers supporting a clerestory, and surmounted by a dome. Much of the old marble inlay in parts of altars and on the floors, with the wear and rubbing of ages, is very good in tone and colour. The altar in the Chapel of St. Helena is also fine in colour with age.

The roof and dome of the Sepulchre are impressive seen from the walls of the city near the Damascus Gate, with the buildings on Mount Zion and hills behind.

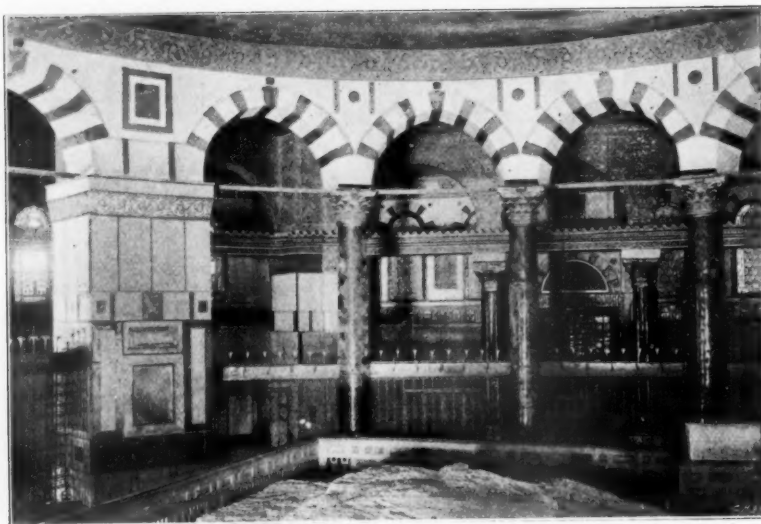
In great contrast to this Christian shrine I may mention the interior of the small mosque on the hill of Neby Samuel (the birthplace of Samuel)—a very simple interior, whitewashed, whose only decoration is about half a dozen beautiful pendant lamps in silver, of three varieties of design. The effect is a very satisfactory example of setting ornate jewels in an undisturbed and simple field. In many modern houses outside the city walls may be seen large stone-vaulted reception-rooms, having whitewashed walls, on which are hung with great reserve and decorative success choice stuffs and metal work from the looms and workshops of Damascus.

Little can be said in praise of the very common-

place tower of the new German church, built on the site of that of the Templars, and containing no evidence of the fine intuition the Crusaders had for good architecture. It may be seen from almost any elevated point, and its aggressive mass is a very unpleasant note amongst the domes and roofs of the city. In the space in front of the east door of the Russian church, outside the city walls, may be seen, in one stone, the shaft of an immense column in red limestone, about 50ft. long by about 7ft. in diameter. Only half of its circumference is hewn into column form, the other half remains in rough, square block. I believe there is a tradition that it was intended for Solomon's Temple.

In the Via Dolorosa, at the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, a new chapel has been built in the Romanesque style, which shows a very successful interior treatment. Behind the altar is preserved a Roman arch, discovered during the excavation of the site.

One of the most interesting and beautiful interiors in Jerusalem is that of the Chapel of the Armenian Monastery. It is like a choice museum of the arts and crafts—rich in beautiful brass and silver lamps, knockers, inlays, tiles, and carvings in cedar and other woods. The chapel walls are lined with lovely Persian tiles to a height of 9ft. or 10ft. On the walls over this deep dado are painted subjects not of a very high order of art, but age has given them a rich, subdued tone. Especially beautiful are the doors leading into the small side chapels, one of which is supposed to contain the



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR: THE ROCK.

head of John the Baptist. They are covered with tortoiseshell, on which is inlaid a rich design in mother-of-pearl, and the handles and backplates beautifully wrought, chased, and pierced, in silver. The circular heads above are richly carved and perforated, and have been gilded solid; but age and rubbing has given to this gold a delightful quality. These doors, being flanked with the wonderful dado of blue tiles, form a picture of sumptuous and harmonious colour. The floor of the church is generally covered with matting, on which are scattered many of the choicest of old Persian rugs.

The chancel is rich in exquisitely carved woodwork, in cedar, mother-of-pearl, and silver; and the floor is inlaid with the choicest and richest of marble inlay. Each piece of the inevitable colour has evidently been selected by an artistic instinct, not merely used indiscriminately because they were rare and precious. In many other parts of the church are to be found combinations of marble, not of quite the same degree of rarity, yet the wear and tear of time has had in their combinations a broadening and uniting effect. A little of modern tawdriness has crept into this church, but it is quite insignificant, and only serves to heighten the charm of the really great craftsmen who, at various times, have set their seal on its adornments. This interior is indeed a haven from the fierce white heat of the Palestine sun.

When leaving this church the custodian has a pleasant custom of sprinkling visitors with rose-water from a finely-embossed silver vessel.

The space or courtyard in front of the monastery is enclosed on one side by Herod's Garden, and the overhanging pines and cedars throw welcome shadows across the hot space of the pavement. In

a small box-like shop within this wall works the picturesque old metal-worker of the monastery, on the repairs necessary to sacred vessels of gold, silver, brass, and copper.

Jerusalem contains in the Mosque, or, rather, the Shrine of Omar, set within the Temple area and on its undeniable site, the most beautiful of its buildings, not only of this city, but probably of any other.

The interior, in the dim reflected and diffused light, is a dream of luscious colour in mosaic, gold, iron, and marble. The vast dome rising from a bold and simply

profiled cornice, is covered with mosaic, kept low in tone, yet bristling with delicate scintillations from the setting of its tesserae. A half flowing and half geometrical design runs through the whole scheme, and is all subordinate to the whole broad effect, and is, in disposition of colour spaces, equal to the best and quietest of Eastern carpets, yet possessing the additional radiance of the little flickering waves of light that should be inseparable from the jewellery of vitreous mosaic. One particularly good feature is the broad curve of the top moulding of the cornice at the springing, which is covered with an intricate yet harmonious semi-geometrical design. The whole expanse of mosaic is in gradations of red, blue, green, gold, and silver; very charming is the golden sheen of the bar of light on the prominent face of this moulding, girdling the base of the dome like a nimbus.

The dome is carried on arcading, the soffits of which are covered with rich, delicately modelled arabesques in blue and gold, and supported by twelve antique Corinthian columns. It may be inferred that these belonged to the colonnade of Herod's or some Pagan temple.

The same may be said of the Corinthian columns which surround the outer corridor of the central dome.

The ceiling of this outer corridor is in richly modelled arabesques, and coloured in a scheme of blue and gold. The diameter of the whole interior is 149ft., that of the inner dome 66ft.; the corridor adjoining the dome is 13ft. wide; the date of its erection, 686. I must not forget to mention the fine wrought-iron screen encircling the spaces between the bases of the columns of the inner dome, and much of the woodwork in other parts added by the Crusaders.

Standing in this shrine, a conviction arises that it is the creation of one supreme artistic mind. The general simplicity of its plan, the proportion of its parts, the right placing of earlier architectural creations, and the unity of its scheme of colour, is strikingly patent. In this it differs from St. Mark's at Venice, which is a conglomeration of the fashions of many periods, which have influenced the minds of its builders or designers. The simple semi-geometrical forms used throughout on the Shrine of Omar are so satisfactory in effect, that a doubt arises whether figure subjects as used in St. Mark's lend themselves to the supremest triumphs in the decorative use of mosaic. But the unravelling of this complex matter does not come within the purpose of this article.

A tradition exists that, after the completion of the mosque, the architect was beheaded to effectually prevent him being the creator of any other fabric that should rival or supersede this. Such a summary process may have its advantages to minds that blossom fully only under one supreme effort.

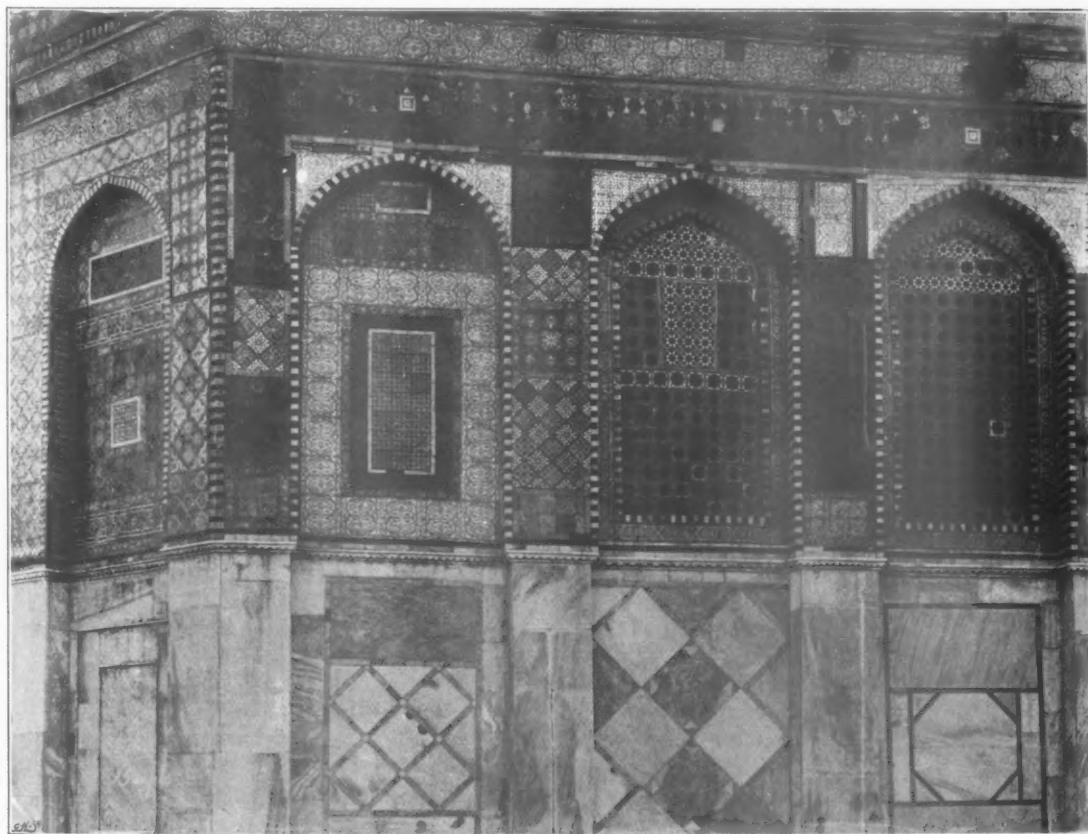
The facing of the exterior, although not the work of the same hand, is equally good in result.

The dome is covered with lead, surmounted by a

gilded finial bearing a crescent. Each side of the vertical portion supporting the dome is covered with exquisitely coloured Kâshâni tiles carried over both the flat surfaces and what may be called the frame faces of the windows, which are of stone and pierced with polygonal openings. The combination of the shadowed forms of these incisions, combined with the brilliant covering of the face of the framework, is a decorative triumph. Under the cornice of the dome runs a striking decorative tile frieze of quotations from the Koran. An interesting detail relating to the windows and the position of the coloured glass is that it is set in a separate frame several inches behind the perforated stone frame. The diffused shadows from this screen, with many closely spaced openings, gives a softening and varied tone to the coloured glass set within. The effect obtained by what I may term natural atmospheric conditions can never be equalled by mechanical "matting," and has a softening, broadening radiance on the interior colours.

There are fifty-six of such windows round the building.

The face of the lower building forming the outer corridor, and set against the central pile, has its



MOSAICS: EXTERNAL DETAILS OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.



ARCH OF THE "ECCE HOMO," JERUSALEM.

vertical part faced with various coloured marbles, each piece of marble being of liberal area, light, and rather grey in scale of colour, thus acting as a foil to the luscious brilliancy of the tiles on the face of the walls supporting the central dome. The tiles deserve special note. The forms of ornament in them are clearly defined, yet, owing to the slight "run" of the glaze, are soft and melting at the edges. In many cases the delicate waves of colour have spread into the background. This technical imperfection makes them perfect in a decorative sense. The well defined grey mortar joints also tend to increase their value. The whole of the mosque stands on a platform 10ft. high, and is approached by three flights of marble steps. On the many smaller buildings, and in the Temple area, may be seen several beautiful examples of facing in coloured marbles, age and exposure giving them interesting harmonies.

The great Mosque of Aksa, adjoining the Shrine of Omar, is 270ft. in length and 200ft. in width, and is interesting as being built over Solomon's stables; but, as its archaeology is too extensive and complex for this paper, I will only mention the magnificent carved and inlaid cedar pulpit and the

numerous examples of vari-coloured marble wall facing to be seen in the nave.

The walls and gates of Jerusalem, seen from outside, are in combination extremely picturesque, mostly of Saracenic architecture, and erected in 1542, and largely formed of the materials of the walls of the Middle Ages. The gates are the Jaffa or the Gate of Hebron, the New Gate, the Damascus Gate, the St. Stephen's Gate, the Dung Gate, the Zion Gate, besides Herod's Gate and the Golden Gate, which are both walled up. For description of the old walls see "Conder's tent work."

Some remarkable rock-cut tombs are to be seen in the Valley of the Kedron, the first of which is generally known as that of Absalom, total height 54ft. At the base is a heap of stones, thrown there by the Jews to express their contempt for the memory of Absalom. The next is that of Jehoshaphat. Further south may be seen the tombs of St. James and Zechariah. In the Valley of Hinnon are many rock-cut tombs of a ruder kind, and some interesting rock-cut dwellings. The rock bounding this valley is the home

of numerous ravens, who share with the dogs the numerous dead carcasses at most times scattered over the olive grove at the base.

The people of Bethlehem rank with the best types of the dwellers in and near Jerusalem, and the men especially are strong and handsome. They are largely employed in the building trade, as masons, carpenters, &c. They walk in from Bethlehem to Jerusalem every morning and back in the evening, six miles each way, and work long hours on the many extensions outside the city walls. It is surprising to see the large stones these men carry on their backs with comparative ease from the ground up ladders to the top of three and four storied buildings. The buildings are built overhand from the inside. The stone generally used is soft when quarried, but hardens with exposure. No sand is available for mortar, and on the sides of the waterless Pool of Gihon it is a depressing sight to see the labourers, from daylight to dark, crushing fragments of rock (which they gather from the hillside) by pounding them into coarse powder with a roughly-shaped spherical stone on a flat rock, to be used in the place of sand for mortar. More frequently mud is used for this purpose. It is quite pathetic to see the wretchedly

clothed workers in garments grey and colourless as the hillside on which they work in the blazing tropical sun ; except for movement they might be mistaken for fragments of stone. Scattered over the Judean hills at night, far apart from each other, may be seen the lights of the lime kilns. Seldom is a kiln made twice on one spot. Of limestone there is abundance, but fuel is scarce, and gathered near the burning. This may be one of the reasons for the shorn aspect of these desolate regions. One of the greatest factors in building operations is the camel. He is the universal porter, and may be

evening, through an olive grove, he knocked his head against the feet of a man who had been hanged for some offence ; and again the same thing occurred in one of the streets of the city, where the owner of a shop had been treated in a similar manner above his own door, and his feet were only 5ft. from the ground.

Often through the twilight of the hills may be seen homeward-bound peasants, clad in the simplest and poorest of garments, winding in small, serpentine processions, over the stony pathways, repeating pictures of two thousand years



BETHANY.

seen carrying on each side stones of half a ton in weight, or of timber the quantity of an English waggon load. One day I saw a house removal. The camel was the furniture van, and he walked with great comfort and all his quiet dignity, having on his back a wardrobe, two chests of drawers, a few iron bedsteads, and various other household goods hung about. In conversation with a well-known German professor (who has resided in Palestine for over fifty years, and who built the first modern house outside the city wall) on the subject of the disputed site of Calvary ; he mentioned examples of the summary justice of the earlier period of his residence. In a street of the city he saw a man beheaded and laid in the gutter, with the dis severed member carefully placed in his arms. At another time, in walking home in the

ago. Their contours silhouetted against the gold of the sky, and anon sinking into the enfolding valley—joyless and songless as the waterless brooks terminating its slope—branded unmistakably by the marks of toil, sparse food, and many other evidences of the pathos of extreme poverty in the struggle for existence in a land no longer flowing with milk and honey.

It seems to me that a guardian angel should conduct you over Jerusalem and its surrounding hills and valleys shedding on you a happy forgetfulness of its poverty, its dirt, cruelty and diseases, its bigotry, its feuds and scrambles for holy sites, its carrion, its squalor, and the sun-baked desolation of its noontide. With him either in the rose of dawn or the gold, amber and purple of early twilight, to wind through the grey green

trees and down the stony slopes of the Mount of Olives; then Jerusalem is divinely beautiful, its grey mass set in a sea of iridescent air against the glowing hills of its environment.

Again in the evening to stand on the walls of Bethlehem and look over the valley containing the Angels' Field to the Frank mountains, the Dead Sea, and its enclosing wall of Moabite hills, is an experience that will hold in memory a permanence unshared by recollections of the unpleasant things of the Holy Land.

A CATALOGUE OF THE SCULPTURED AND INSCRIBED STONES IN THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, DURHAM.*

SOME time ago we described in these columns the catalogue of the Roman stones in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. The catalogue before us obviously invites comparison with the earlier work. It is issued on a much less sumptuous scale, the illustrations being all ordinary blocks, although some of them are dignified with the name of "plate"; and many of those illustrating the Roman stones are the old blocks made for Bruce's "Lapidarium Septentrionale." We are given a prefatory warning that in some cases a re-examination of the inscriptions has led to the adoption of a text different from that shown by the block. But for this fact, it must be admitted that the "getting up" of the book is quite sufficiently good for the subject. We must not admit that we have been spoilt by the lavishness of Glasgow.

The Roman stones are described by Mr F. J. Haverfield, the Anglian ones by the Rev. W. Greenwell, who also adds an appendix, full of interest, on St. Cuthbert's coffin, with several illustrations. There is a curious difference between the two parts of the volume. Mr. Greenwell, to put it brutally, has taken pains over his task, while his colleague has not. It is true that nearly all the work on the Roman stones had already been done for the Corpus of Latin inscriptions, not to mention the Lapidarium, and that all that was wanted was a little distillation and popularisation. Nevertheless, even these base operations can be conducted in a scholarly way and with a pleasing result. Now, the scholar who looks at Mr. Haverfield's part of this volume will occasionally find himself brought up rather suddenly. Old-fashioned antiquaries still use the word *praefericulum* for the ewer which was employed at sacrifices, and which

is often represented in relief on altars. Whatever the *praefericulum* was, it was, at any rate, not an ewer. In avoiding this error, Mr. Haverfield has fallen into a worse—Mr. Haverfield, of whom it is often whispered that he is the only Briton who has a scientific knowledge of Roman antiquities! He calls this unfortunate jug by the name of *simpulum* at least four times. Now even the old-fashioned antiquary knew that the *simpulum* was a kind of ladle; but it is much to be feared that, bewildered by Mr. Haverfield's new discovery, he will go on to call the sacrificial knife a *patera*, and the ladle a *securis*. But let us put this strange nomenclature down to the sort of momentary aberration of which the best scholars are susceptible; then what are we to say to the misaccentuation of the solitary Greek inscription from Lanchester? "Greek inscriptions are naturally very rare in Britain," and ought not to be insulted when they do visit our shores. Sometimes we do not know which is wrong, Mr. Haverfield's text or that of the block; but, presumably *Aufidius* for *Auffidius*, on p. 13 *tr(i)b(uni)* for *trib(uni)*, where *ib* is expressed by a ligature, and *c(o)s(ularis)*, on p. 27, are due to oversights. On pp. 10 and 31 the blocks give the form *cho(rtis)*, which Mr. Haverfield corrects into *c(o)ho(rtis)*. Surely, one of the most interesting points in late Latin inscriptions is the way they illustrate the genesis of Low Latin forms; not to dwell on the possibility that *chors* is an aspirated form of *cors*, and not *cohors* with an *o* dropped out. These instances of Mr. Haverfield's method of editing may be wearisome to our readers; but we beg him to understand that we only give them to show our disappointment in not having got a better piece of work from what we know to be capable hands. Unfortunately, carried away by our feelings, we have not left ourselves enough room to properly appreciate Mr. Greenwell's share in the book. That it is carefully done we have already said; we may add that it is full of good matter. We may suggest that the "egg-shaped" figures in the curious baptismal scenes on the Chapter House crosses are merely ordinary figures abbreviated by the circular frame. We may also confess to a doubt as to one point in the interpretation of the monk Reginald's crabbed description of St. Cuthbert's coffin; would not *ostiola* very well describe arcading such as occurs on the fragments recently found in the grave, rather than the ends of the coffin, as suggested? If so, these fragments may belong to the coffin which Reginald describes, and not to the new coffin made when the translation took place in 1104. The inscriptions on the coffin are particularly interesting, and we wish we could identify the archangel of whose name only VMIA remains.

H

* "A Catalogue of the Sculptured and Inscribed Stones in the Cathedral Library, Durham." Durham: Thomas Caldcleugh, 1899. Price, 5s.



GESSO PANEL: BY A. J. GASKIN.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION. SECOND NOTICE.

MR. HEYWOOD SUMNER is seen to best advantage in the bold cartoons for sgraffito work, a field which he has made peculiarly his own, and within the severe limitations of which he moves with masterly ease. His scheme for the decoration of the chapel of St. Edmund's School, also the four figure panels of Saints, and the Adam and Eve are admirably designed. There is beautiful drawing in his wallpapers, particularly "The Woodlanders" (squirrels in oak-tree), but the colour does not seem quite satisfactory.

Mr. Selwyn Image's sole contribution this year is to be found in the beautiful painted decoration of the grand piano made by Mr. Dolmetsch, for which the inlays have been made by Mr. C. Bessant from designs by Mr. H. P. Horne.

Messrs. John Wilson's successors show the damask tablecloth, "The Senses," after the admirable design of Mr. Walter Crane, which was seen at the last exhibition.

A design for damask, by Mr. Anning Bell, with "Midsummer Night's Dream" as motive, is very charming in conception and, from the technical side, well adapted for the material in view. An able design for damask is also sent by Mr. Lewis F. Day. His embossed leather paper is rich, but it is questionable if this form of wall hanging is ever quite satisfactory.

Among the wallpapers, "The Mallow," carried out by Messrs. Jeffrey and Co., after a design of Mr. A. F. Vigers, seems especially fresh and charming. Mr. Anning Bell's cartoons for windows at Hambledon Church are amongst the most exquisitely beautiful things that he has yet given us. Mr. Sumner has a large cartoon for glass in the Central Hall, "Christ as the True Vine," in conception very fine indeed.

A water-colour sketch for windows at Wemyss Castle, by Mr. Louis Davis, hung at the end of the balcony, is full of character. Near it is a cartoon



WINDOW BY R. ANNING BELL.



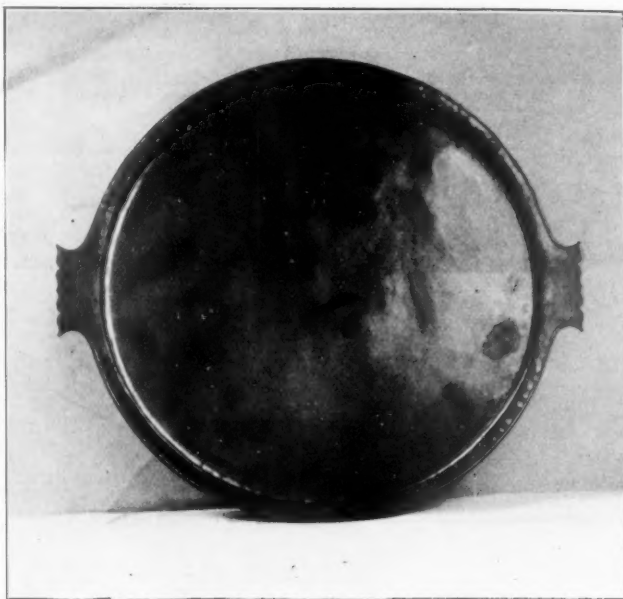
DECORATION OF ROOF: BY
REGINALD. HALLWARD.



BANNER FOR WORCESTER CATHEDRAL:
DESIGNED BY C. M. GERE, EXECUTED BY
THE MISSES MUNN.

for glass by Mr. C. M. Gere, illustrative of one of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" ("I happy am, Joy is my Name"), which shows very tender feeling. It is a thousand pities that for want of a suitable light, stained glass, in which so much interesting work is now being done, cannot be shown at the New Gallery.

Mr. R. Ll. B. Rathbone is represented by several pieces of metal-work, the most notable being the beautiful casket in silver and jade illustrated last month. In the central hall are to be seen the lamps of various metals used in the Masque of the Art Workers' Guild. Other exhibits from his workshop are a brass fender, some copper candlesticks, and various utensils in wrought metal. Not the least striking are the fittings in hammered copper for door furniture. These hinges, handles and



SALVER: BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.

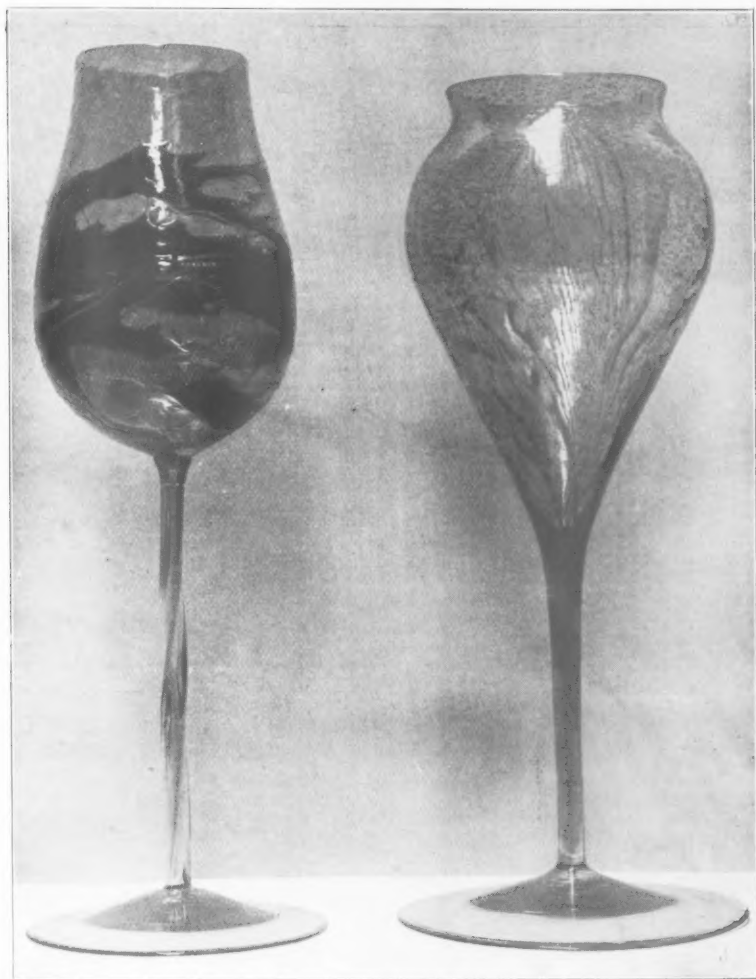


BLOWN GLASS: DESIGNED BY HARRY POWELL, EXECUTED BY JAMES POWELL AND SONS.

scutcheons are beautiful in colour and admirably adapted for their purpose. They are almost devoid of ornamentation, so called, but by reason of their sound construction and fine proportion, they admirably satisfy the demands of beauty. A little oval brass box is particularly nice. Many pieces of excellent craftsmanship in silver and other metals are sent by the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft. The designs, which are mainly by A. S. Dixon, are generally on a high level, though occasionally a little obvious. Noticeable among these are some tea and coffee-pots, a salver, some small bowls, and a casket, in silver. Some silver clasps, made by Mr. T. Birkett, from Mr. A. Fowler's designs, are extremely good. Other exhibits of the Guild are coal-vases and fenders, in brass and copper, and hanging lamps of various patterns. Some very able pieces of silver-work, some of them enamelled, are also shown by Messrs. Liberty and Co., from the designs of Messrs. A. H. Jones and Oliver Baker.

A very pleasant garden gate, by Mr. Lethaby, is to be found in the hall. It is formed of six framed-up cast-iron panels of lattice work, and refreshingly painted white. A gas pendant, from the same hand, also in the hall, should be noted for the freshness which the designer has contrived to throw into an apparently hackneyed object.

A door-knocker in bronze by Miss Adèle Hay shows excellent modelling, but does not seem specially well designed for the purpose it is to fulfil. Some copper bowls, designed by Harold Stabler, are exhibited by the Keswick School of Industrial Art. The ornament seems somewhat out of scale, but the execution has been well handled.



BLOWN GLASS: BY MESSRS. POWELL.



COPPER BOWL: BY HAROLD STABLER.



COPPER VASE, WITH BRASS MOUNTS: BY
THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.



PLASTER CEILING : BY G. P. BANKART.



SGRAFFITO DECORATION : BY HEYWOOD SUMNER.



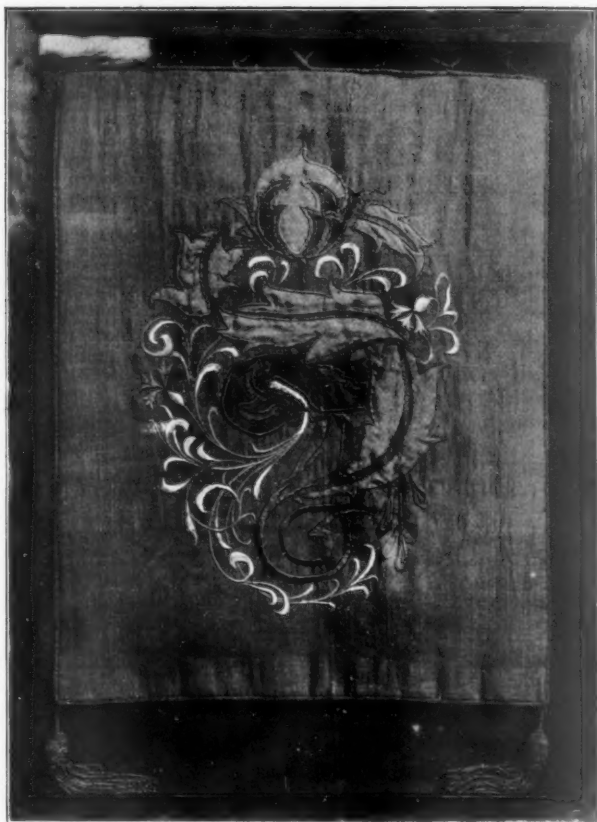
SGRAFFITO PANELS: BY HEYWOOD SUMNER.



SCREEN BY R. MORTON NANCE.



BOOKPLATE FROM THE "ELF":
BY J. J. GUTHRIE.



BANNER SCREEN: DESIGNED BY
C. F. A. VOYSEY, EXECUTED BY
MRS. W. REYNOLDS-STEPHENS.



PLASTERWORK BY G. P. BANKART.



TAPESTRY PANEL: BY LEONARD FAIRFAX MUCKLEY.

Mr. Clement Heaton has a large copper bowl, with cloison-enamelled border, and a vase in copper *repoussé* and enamelled, also of monumental size.

There are several interesting lead-work exhibits, chief among them being the sun-dial by Mr. F. W. Troup and Mr. W. Dodds. The ornament upon the stem has been cast in a flat band, afterwards wound round and joined up spirally. The soft modelling is eminently suitable for the material employed. Very characteristic are also the lead tub and hexagonal cistern by Mr. Dodds, each decorated with a simple diaper cast in a sand mould.

In a corner of the West Gallery is hung a very fine embroidered banner, executed for Worcester Cathedral from a design by Mr. C. M. Gere. It is impossible in an illustration to do anything like justice to the rich colouring which has been put into this work with most happy effect.

In the same room is a small banner fire screen, designed by Mr. Voysey, and very delicately worked in appliqué embroidery by Mrs. Reynolds-Stephens.

The Misses A. and M. Lucas show several pieces of needlework, admirable both in colour and in design. An embroidered hanging, "The Enchanted Sea," designed by Mr. H. A. Payne, of the

Birmingham School, and executed by Miss Mark, shows extremely clever management of the simple convention followed.

In a different method the portière in appliqué work ("Peasant Tapestry"), by Godfrey Blount, also shows most commendable adaptation of material to effect aimed at. A table centre by the same designer, woven at Haslemere, though slight, is extremely well treated.

A set of d'oyleys, by Mrs. Burt, are very pleasing by reason of their simplicity of design and frankness of colour. An embroidered bag, by Miss Grace Chadburn, is good in colour, and there is much freshness in the design.

The design for the workshops of the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, by Mr. Arthur S. Dixon, appears to be ably planned, and the exterior view is decidedly picturesque. A very attractive model of a small country house, by Mr. Lionel Crane, is placed in the central hall. The planning of the interior seems to have been very thoroughly considered, and the designer is to be congratulated on the result of his efforts.



PANEL IN DELLA ROBBIÀ WARE: BY H. RATHBONE.



CAST LEAD TUB: BY W. DODDS.



METAL POT: BY THE
BIRMINGHAM GUILD
OF HANDICRAFT.



CAST LEAD CISTERN: BY W. DODDS.

Several interesting photographs are shown of plaster ceilings and friezes designed by Mr. G. Bankart, and carried out by him with the assistance of Mr. Thos. Phelps. These are altogether admirable specimens of what such work should be—quiet in modelling, but fresh and interesting in their suggestion of natural forms.

Among the specimens of woodblock printing in colours, of which there are fewer than



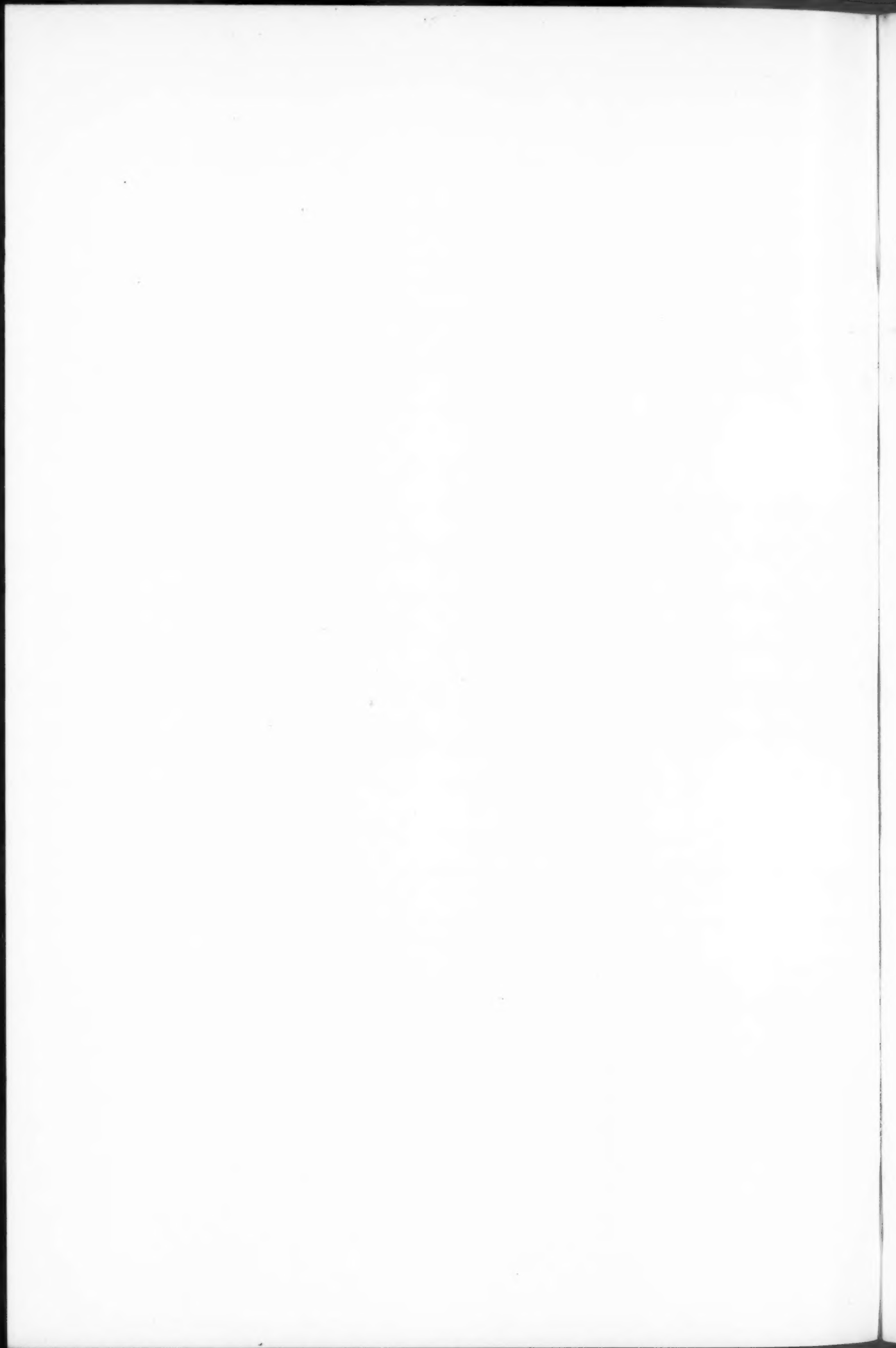
LECTERN: BY GEORGE JACK.

might have been expected, Mr. Batten's "Tiger" holds unmistakeably the first place. The movement of the beast is most happily caught and the colour glows, "burning bright." Mr. Sydney Lee shows two admirable prints of Cornish coast studies, and the line or key-block of one of them, which is quite an interesting thing in itself, so deftly has it been cut. Some prints of Mr. Pissarro's should also be noted.

Supplement to "THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW."
December, 1899.



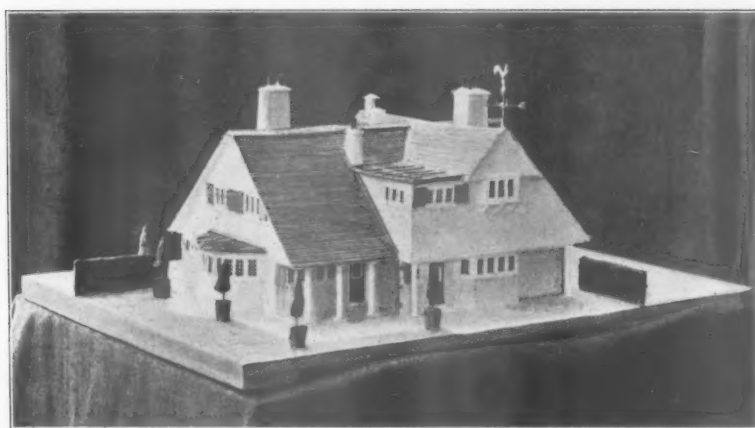
A SPANISH GARDEN.
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING
BY A. T. GRIFFITH.



One of the best things in the exhibition is "A Child's A B C," by Mr. Louis Davis, hung in the balcony. These tiny drawings will go straight to the heart of all children and lovers of children. The effect is obtained by the very simplest of means, and they charm by the delicate drawing and exquisite colour. It is evidently a volume which no nursery should be without. There is much humour and charm also in the colour drawings for children's books by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin.



PLASTERWORK BY G. P. BANKART.



MODEL OF A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE :
BY LIONEL P. CRANE.

There are two or three charming pen and ink drawings by J. J. Guthrie, together with an admirable design for a book plate, which we reproduce. The woodcuts by Mr. Sturge Moore in the West Gallery have been already referred to. There are others in the balcony, which should on no account be overlooked. Mr. E. H. New sends two very characteristic portraits in pen and ink, and the admirable drawings of Kelmscott Manor, done for the "Life of William Morris."

A drawing in line by Mr. G. Woolliscroft Rhead, an illustration to the "Decameron," will doubtless gain

VOL. VI.—C C

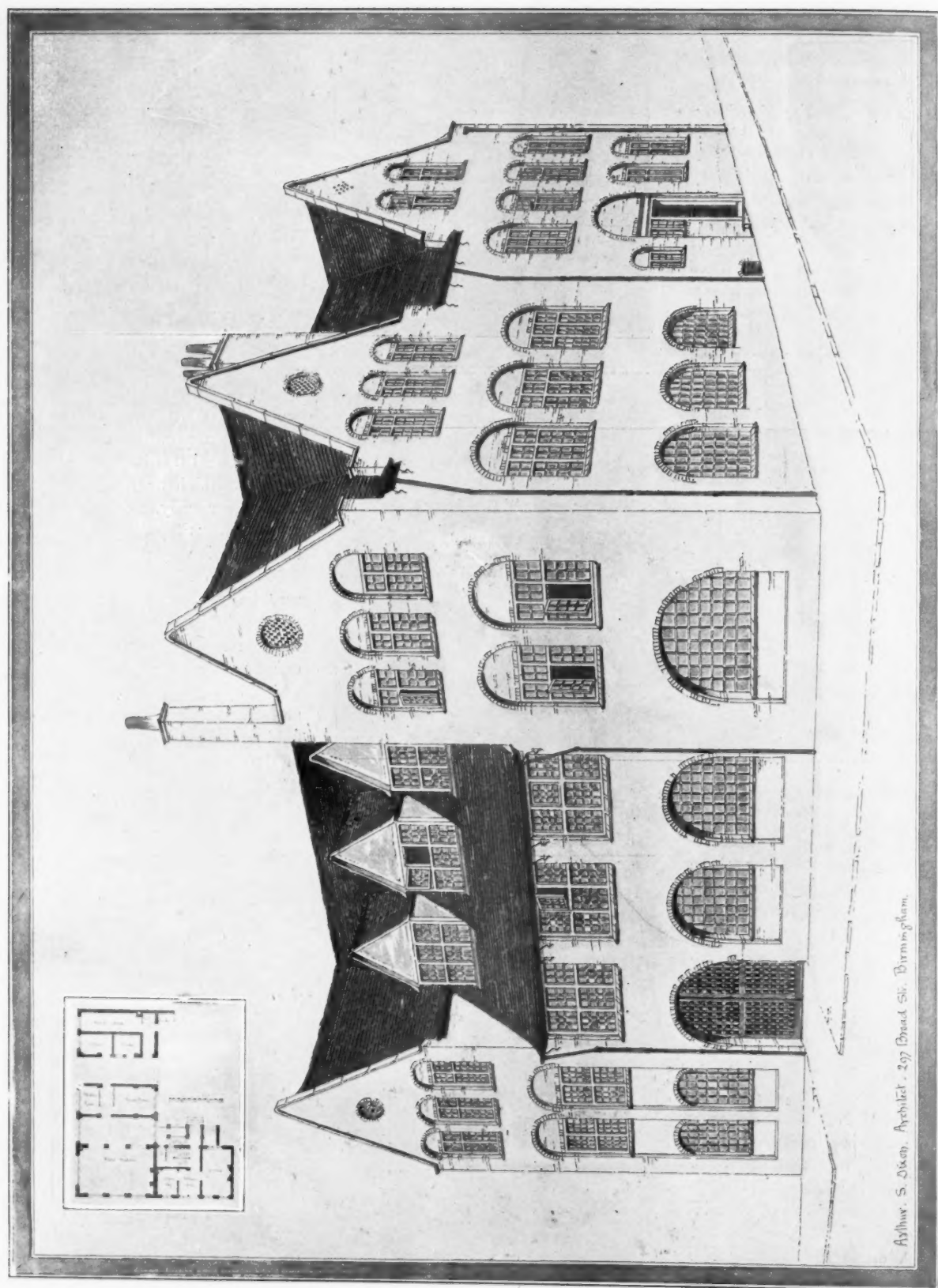
much in reduction, but the subject is a painful one, and the treatment less happy than in work which he has exhibited previously. A little drawing of "Ships" by A. K. Nicholson is very pleasant.

No new exhibitors of pottery have come forward at this exhibition. Mr. W. De Morgan sends several specimens of the lustre ware for which he is so justly famed, and one or two tile-panels, bold in colour and vigorous in drawing.

Several vases and panels of glazed pottery attest to the



PORTIERE IN PEASANT TAPESTRY :
DESIGNED BY GODFREY BLOUNT.



Arthur S. Dixon, Architect, 297 Broad St., Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM GUILD OF HANDICRAFT WORK-SHOPS: ARTHUR S. DIXON, ARCHITECT.



LEAD SUNDIAL: BY F. W. TROUP:
MADE BY W. DODDS.

energy of Mr. Harold Rathbone. The colour cannot, however, be said to be uniformly happy. The wall fountain in the West Room, and a headstone panel, modelled by Mr. C. Dressler, in the hall, show skilful modelling. The Misses Lucas, as heretofore, show several pieces of painted pottery, extremely simple and effective in design. Mr. Léon V. Solon has, in the West Room, two panels in pottery, exceedingly fine in colour, though architecturally somewhat unrelated.

In the North Room, an oak dresser designed by Mr. C. Spooner, and made by Mr. W. Hall, is well made and has much character. A small mahogany folding table, by the same designer, has some nice inlay, which it is not easy to see, upon the end supports.

There is a very entertaining little work-table close at hand, the construction of which seems somewhat frail even for feminine use, but one can forgive that, since it is painted in the gayest fashion imaginable. It is by Mr. George Jack. A wardrobe in mahogany with pewter inlay, exhibited by Messrs. Heal and Son, deserves praise for its unobtrusive colour and well-considered planning. An oak armchair, with leather seat and back, made by Messrs. Balding and Hedges from a design by Mr. W. H. Ansell, is very inviting in its generous plan and careful construction.

There are a few frames exhibited of wood, simply carved and gilt, by Miss Margaret Hussey, Miss Agnes Talbot, Miss Ada Ridley, Miss Mary Bott, and others. Considering the depths to which frame-making has sunk, it would seem that here is a field in which there must be much good work to be done.

Some beautiful examples of MS. illumination have been already noticed in the West Gallery. There are also in the balcony some frames which will repay careful study. Mrs. Traquair shows several pages of illuminated script carried out with much feeling. The writing of the text, perhaps, leaves something to be desired, but the purity of colouring and the delicate fancy displayed in the pictures are quite remarkable.

In a different manner, quite his own, are some pages of "The Blessed Damosel" by Mr. Alan F. Vigers. The convention followed in the forms of the letters, though ingenious and consistent, seems needlessly difficult, but there can be no question as to the beauty of the page as a whole. The borders are filled with striking ornamentation, the evident outcome of loving nature study, adapted to the matter in hand with that apparent simplicity which betokens consummate art.

A page of St. John's Gospel by Miss Edith Underwood shows good colouring, though departing little from the received tradition.

The association of craftsmen into guilds goes on

apace, which is quite as it should be. Five such societies are represented in the present catalogue. The exhibition gives one the final impression that a greater number of persons are doing sound and conscientious work, in face of the difficulties presented by modern commercial conditions. There is a marked advance in sanity over preceding exhibitions, and what must be characterised as the morbid in design is almost entirely absent. The note struck by the society in its sixth exhibition is still one of hope and encouragement.

ART AND RELIGION: BY H. WILSON.

ART might be defined as the colour of life: Religion as the tone of it. Each is a manifestation in a different sphere of the same vital energy. Art is the expression of divine thought in terms of beauty: Religion the expression of that thought in terms of conduct. Religion seeks to penetrate the mystery of existence: Art to perpetuate the beauty of it. Art expresses the hidden by the seen: Religion explains the seen by the unseen. Each is a kind of spiritual fourth dimension which is the development of the unknown from the known. Each has two phases; the unconscious with its roots in feeling, and the conscious which is the voluntary acceptance of the unconscious. One cannot be without the other, for consciousness itself is but a floating speck of organised thought on an ocean of surging sense impressions. To understand either Art or Religion one must attempt to get down to origins, to the root facts of being, to primal elements of psychology. We then see that many of the functions of Religion and Art, commonly insisted on as primary, are not even secondary. The first aim of Art is not to procure pleasure through beauty any more than the first aim of Religion is to procure a comfortable belief for the soul. The primary purpose of each is the complete evolution of the individual soul. The function of each is to provide the medium and the means for perfect self-expression, which, in other words, is the realisation of the Divine will. The two are thus intimately allied and bound up with life. Each attempts this realisation by providing an outlet for spiritual activities, or by furnishing new territory in which the organism may expand. Without these outlets man must remain in a state of arrested development.

Arts and Religions are thus the records of the spiritual evolution of men and nations. Art acts through the worship of beauty, Religion through the beauty of worship, and it is impossible to say where one begins or the other ends. They interfuse, and neither may be separated from the other without injury to both.

If we define man as the apex of a pyramid, or rather a cone of causes whose base is infinity, we realise that beneath him is the past of evolution, spiritual, physical, social. Above him is the infinite future: another cone, formed by a continuation of the sides of the first. The meeting point of the two is the present. Conceive now that point, that bright spark of consciousness, as in a state of progression to the future, and you have man as a Divine thought personified on its way through the ether back to the bosom of God. A living star sent from and taken back into the central sun. Man's Art becomes then the transmutation of the Divine thought into visible beauty. His religion is seen as the sum of his spiritual tendencies towards the Divine. Neither reaches its highest development unaided by the other.

If we enquire for a moment into the early history of each, we shall find, I think, that Art found expression first, because it has its germs in physical needs, in the tool-making faculty. It had its origin, in fact, in the humbler crafts of life, and not till man had reached a comparatively high degree of skill does he seem to have attempted to symbolise his thought. Once that was done, imagination grew, Art became conscious, the sense of beauty of expression was born.

These two rudimentary expressions of beauty and worship acted and reacted on each other in an ascending scale of completeness, influencing environment, and reacted on by it, until the highest pitch of development was reached of which the individual or nation was capable. Thenceforward the development of Art synchronised generally with that of Religion, and in studying their historic remains we see how humanity has risen in the scale of being, its horizon widened by every ascent from the dawn of life to the present day. We see how Religion has fired the artist, and how the latter has enriched Religion by some new aspect of humanity, some newly-discovered beauty, some before unimagined harmony. It does not matter whether we look at savage Art or at that of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, or Roman, the Art is the gauge of the spiritual capabilities of the race, the measure of its penetration into the unseen, and the individual works are milestones of progress. This way came men out of brutishness, led by the lodestar of beauty, and, though it is impossible to define beauty, a definition at best is but a cross section of a truth, I would call beauty the result of the immediate correspondence between life and environment. Thus the beauty of a flower is the manifestation of harmony between the forces of growth and the various activities in the ether around it. Its surfaces are the utmost bounds for human eyes of the conquest of life over the not living. They show the extreme limit, for our

visions, of the power of the chymic forces of growth in the seed to overcome adverse forces of its environment.

Thus the balanced conflict of two sets of invisible forces produces in us the feeling of visible beauty. Our sense of beauty is the recognition of that harmony; it is the correspondence between our minds and their source, and Art is the evidence of the correspondence between the sense of beauty and the power to use it in the mind of the artist. That is to say, the greatest artist is the person in whose spiritual life there is the least discord between will and can—between thought and act. Who is, in fact, in a state of practical harmony with his surroundings, with Creation and the Creator. I do not know the difference, or where we may draw the line, between this and practical Religion.

But there is another aspect of the question. In the pursuit of beauty man naturally follows his own bent, and thus his work is the absolute revelation of himself; completest where most unconscious. In fact, the artist does not precisely hold the mirror up to Nature, his view of nature is the mirror of his mind, and we see in that view exactly the nature of his mind, with all its excellencies, all its deficiencies, all its beauties. His art is a recreation, without creation, it is the best of himself. Its production has resulted from conscious and arduous training, through severe struggles and sacrifice of self. It is the highest he has to offer, and the dedication of his labour to the service of religion has always seemed to me the duty of the artist, and the privilege of the clergy, to receive. It would seem, indeed, as it is the duty of the artist to devote his best work to the highest cause, to be as much the duty of the priest to secure the best work of his day.

This because each gains. The artist is stimulated by lofty subjects, his work becomes more serious and Religion is enriched by its own action on him. It would be interesting to enquire—if indeed this enquiry were possible—how much Religion owes to Art and Art to Religion. In the case of our own Christianity, I do not know whether all the writings of all the Fathers could have brought home to our hearts the purifying sweetness of those visions of the Virgin and Child, which issued in such bewildering profusion from the minds of the mediæval painters, nor whether the necessity of sacrifice has ever, by tongue or pen, been so mordantly expressed as in the pathos radiating from uncounted Crucifixions. None can estimate the value of those pictured prayers with which the churches once were full, nor tell of the help received from them by many thousand souls. I am not claiming this as praise for the artist. He is but the mouth-piece of his people—chance has made him the spokesman of his race. His

mind becomes the whispering gallery wherein are gathered the aspirations of many; or, if you prefer it, the nerve centre for the diffusion of new activities. His strength is often in his extreme dependence on others. Through his mind the dumb desires, the unconscious tendencies, the aimless strivings, of his fellows are filtered and pressed out into beautiful creations, given form, order, and direction. What others vaguely dream of he does, for his life consists in the living out of the visions of his mind, and they are the reverberations of the mental life of his people. Put in another way, the artist is a man in whom the dream life and waking life are united, whose conscious and sub-conscious activities act in concert. By the completeness of his work, itself the expression of more or less complete accord between self and not self, he figures forth that time spoken of in the words of Christ, quoted by St. Clement. The passage runs in the Lord Himself being asked by a certain person when His Kingdom should come, answered: "When two shall be one, when that which is without shall be as that within, and male with female neither male nor female."

I have insisted on this idea of the individual as the expression of the general because it would seem that at the present time there is a whole world of Art out of touch with the Church. In the past, every social activity was pressed into her service. Now we see a whole generation of artists going on their way neglected by the Church. For some ineluctable reason the Church and her representative has been captured by commercialism, and daily immense sums of money are poured from her coffers, not into the lap of the artist, not even into the lap of the workman, but into the lap of the commercial middleman. All is undertaken by the omnipresent omnivorous contractor. Yet the Church has only to hold out her hand on every side; artists are waiting for the opportunity of dedication, an opportunity which never comes, because the companies stand in the way. We cannot move; we must wait, for no man hath hired us. How different it might be is borne in upon us in other countries. A little while since, I was passing through a market-place very early in the morning; the whole square was full of grey light, through which gleamed dimly the multi-coloured wares and the gay dresses of their vendors. The morning hush stilled even the sound of chaffer, and only a subdued murmur rose into the air. On one side of the square was a Church. Outside it was weather-worn and travel-stained in its journey through time. Inside it was a cave of deep mysterious shade, shot through with gold and colour. From the floor great picture-covered pillars rose through censer-made mists to the roof, their edges just gilded by the light from scattered

candles, their bases shrouded by blackrobed kneeling figures. The candle-lighted altar, the rood dimly seen against the gloom like a half comprehended dream, the frail screen stretched across the sanctuary like a veil of giant woven lace, made a most wonderful picture. The church was crowded with market women—some attending the mass, others disburdening their souls of their weight of ills; others again sat dreamily deciphering some legend on the wall, or with upturned faces in mute communion with downward-looking saints. Through all came the chant of the penitents and the choir. The music, the painting, the colour, and the architecture, the Religion as the heart of it all, made one realise, as nothing else could, the Art of Religion and the Religion of Art.

THE "REVUE DE L'ART."

IF the June, July, and August numbers of *La Revue de l'Art* have had to wait until now for our accustomed *résumé*, the season of the year must take a fair share of the blame. Two of the three numbers are largely occupied with the Salons of 1899. With no intention of complaining of the quality of these criticisms, we may hint that reviews of this sort are of very small interest except to those whose works are mentioned. *La Revue* could do good service, on the other hand, if it gave more reproductions of the more important works of the year, and left criticism to more ephemeral journals and to future ages. For the rest, M. Henri Bouchot writes an interesting, if rather inconclusive, account of a Memling known as the Sibylla Sambeth. He is not, it would seem, quite content with the reproduction, but to us, who have not seen the picture for a long time, it certainly seems a fine piece of work. In M. Jean Guiffrey's article on certain designs for tapestry (recently acquired by the Louvre) dealing with the Trojan War, there are reproductions of, among others, two South Kensington tapestries with similar subjects. M. Paul Lafond continues to deal with Goya in two articles mainly biographical. That there is something to be done with the chronology of the subject would appear from the statements that Goya was born in 1756 (Vol. V. p. 491), was scarcely twelve in 1760 (p. 492), and was twenty-nine in 1775 (Vol. VI. p. 45). Perhaps in the continuation the enigmatic misprint is explained. Ancient art is represented by the Bardo Museum at Tunis, from the pen of M. Perrot. The distinguished colleague of M. Chipiez is bound to be interesting, especially when he deals with Oriental art. Nevertheless the ordinary reader will find most to attract him in the good Greek

sculptures—not, as is usual in this part of the world, of rough provincial style—which the latest excavations have revealed. Judging from the illustrations, we are inclined to place the Cane-phoros far above the rest, and to assign to it a Polyclitan rather than a Praxitelean original; the modelling of the cheeks and expression given to the eyes by the treatment of the lower lids are especially characteristic of the former school. Architecture fills but a small space in these three parts, but there are notes on the architectural exhibits in the Salons, on the Chapelle Expiatoire, and—of more picturesque value—on the buildings of Damietta and Mansourah of the Crusaders' epoch. The other articles, such as those on Granié and Van Dyck, will be found interesting, and that on Gustave Moreau and Burne Jones even amusing; for what can be imagined more quaint than a French (or "Frenchified") counterpart of Burne Jones? The general average of the illustrations remains high. H.

HAWKSHEAD: ITS HISTORY, ARCHÆ- OLOGY, ETC.*

THIS is a delightful book, and we could wish that more were written on the same lines. True, the writer is at an advantage in having to treat of a district of very varied interest, as the sub-title implies; but he has done his work well, and the book may be read with pleasure from end to end. From the parish church to "cakes and wigs" every feature receives full justice, and even school-girl humour finds a place. The book is illustrated by numerous pleasing photographs, as well as reproductions of drawings and old engravings.

Hawkshead, it may be mentioned for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the Lake District, is the northernmost parish of Lancashire, comprising about one-third of the district known as Furness, and contained between the Lakes of Coniston on the west and Windermere on the east, its northern and southern boundaries being formed by the rivers Brathay and Leven respectively. Like most of the old Lancashire parishes, its area is considerable (36,700 acres, or about 57 square miles). In pre-Reformation times it was regarded as a chapelry to Furness Abbey, and it became a separate parish in 1578. The first sub-division was made in 1676, when the chapelry of Colton assumed an independent existence (the church dates from pre-Reformation days). Subsequently a quadruple division was made of each portion, so that it now contains eight townships, served by seven churches.

Of the eleven chapters, amounting to more than 500 pages, the first is devoted to a description of the parish, its physical and architectural features; the two following treat of its history and archaeology; Chapters IV.-VI. of the inhabitants, their occupations, and folk-lore. The next four are devoted to philology, biography, parish accounts, and the local grammar school, with an *olla podrida*, mainly of scientific facts, in conclusion.

Lakeland architecture is not as a rule remarkable, and the churches of Hawkshead and Colton are no exception: the others are, of course, modern. Mr. Cowper utters some justly deserved strictures on the modern domestic architecture of the district, especially the "outrageously feudal" Wray Castle, and the "enormity" erected on Belle Isle; but there still remain some picturesque old halls, such as Hawkshead and Graythwaite, the former of which has work of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, and a delightful gate-house. In the chapter on archaeology, there is an interesting discussion of the typical varieties of farmhouse. The two most notable features are, firstly, the general use of rough-cast; secondly, the practice of building the house facing the fell-side, without regard to a "view"; in either case the object sought is of course protection from the weather. A curious method employed in farm buildings is to make the principal beams of the roof spring, not from the wall-plate, but from a footing in the wall, two or three feet from the ground. This seems to be a survival from a primitive method of construction.

There is an interesting monument in Hawkshead Church erected by Archbishop Sandys in 1578 to his father and mother, with a long inscription in hexameter, said to be that prelate's own composition. There is also a parish chest of the beginning of the seventeenth century, and at the Vicarage are preserved three curious official staves, one surmounted by the figure of a pikeman.

Colton possesses an Elizabethan chalice and paten, and a pre-Reformation bell, inscribed "*Campana beati Johannes Appli*" (Apostoli). In regard to the latter, Mr. Cowper is inclined to think that the bell was not originally made for Colton Church, which is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, not to St. John the Evangelist; as a matter of fact, we can assure him that it is quite exceptional for a mediaeval bell to be dedicated to the patron saint of the church, and the parallel that he quotes from Dacre as another unusual example is really a normal one. The bells of Hawkshead have interesting inscriptions, but are not earlier than 1765; Mr. Cowper gives some items relating to them from the parish accounts, which, by the bye, are very entertaining reading. They include 3*d.* for a

* Hawkshead: Its History, Archæology, Industries, Folk-Lore, Dialect, etc. By Henry Swainson Cowper, F.S.A. London: Bemrose and Son. 1899. 30s.

worm plaister, fees to a dog-whipper, and numerous disbursements for foxes and cubs and ravens' heads. These animals were presumably killed as vermin; the regular charge is 5s. for a fox, and 4d. for a raven's head.

The chapter on Superstitions is a little disappointing. Mr. Cowper gives a curious explanation of their scarcity in a district so free from railways and populous towns, namely that the dalesman, naturally intelligent, has absorbed new ideas and ways from newspapers and education more rapidly than the poor in crowded towns. We agree with him that the operative is more of a savage than the shepherd or clod-breaker, but is he more superstitious?

The chapter on Dialect and Place-names is accompanied by a map, in which all the place-names in the parish and adjacent to it appear converted into their original Scandinavian form. If correct, they are a remarkable testimony to the extent of the Norse occupation of this part of England; but some, such as Kolltun, Grasmyrr, and Konungstun (Coniston), are not convincing to the ordinary observer, perhaps blinded by Anglo-Saxon prejudices. We make the acquaintance of many interesting local terms, such as "bloomeries" for heaps of smelted slag, "ground" for a farm under monastic rule, "wigg" (mentioned above) for a tea-cake, and "taffle horn" for a thoughtless fellow (derived from the meaningless clatter of the *tafl* or dice-box).

The parish has produced its share of distinguished men, including Archbishop Sandys and Sir Henry Rawlinson, to say nothing of having educated William Wordsworth, whose association with Hawkshead and Esthwaite Lake is well known from his poems.

Space forbids to enlarge further on the treasures of things new and old contained in this volume; but we must not conclude without calling attention to the charming grate and fire-back illustrated at p. 180, and the very pertinent remarks on *bric-à-brac*, p. 176 ff. Lastly, we may be permitted to appeal against one blemish, the school-girl expression, "like we see," on p. 150, which mars what is otherwise the uninterrupted pleasure of perusal.

H. B. W.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE: BY HAROLD STEWARD RATHBONE.*

MR. RATHBONE'S poem was written because he could not help himself, he tells us in his prologue. As he sat at work on the moorland

above the woods that surround Dunvegan Castle, an impulse seized him to describe the place and its wonders in verse, and he did not dare to quell it. We think he would have been wiser to resist. Too much indifferent poetry is written and published nowadays, and Mr. Rathbone's muse is, at best, an untrained one. However, the fact that he was painting may have had something to do with the impulse, and the desire to have a poem his paintings might illustrate may have been responsible for his weakness. For, great as no doubt was his pleasure in writing his verses, the illustrations to most other people will be of more interest.

These are of two kinds—the decorations printed with the type, and the designs printed separately. The decorations by Mr. B. A. Waldram have the merit of simplicity. The excesses to which decorators of books have gone of late have made us turn in relief to the page that is not decorated at all, but has for its beauty good type, good printing, and harmonious spacing. Much as William Morris did to revive the art of printing, there is no question that he helped to encourage these excesses. The pages of the Kelmscott books are often overloaded and over-elaborated, and what is a blemish in them becomes positive disfigurement in the work of many of Morris's followers and imitators. But the decorations in Mr. Rathbone's book show some restraint, and almost throughout have a Celtic motive or feeling that is in character. The second title-page, however, and one or two other pages, seem just a little out of keeping, and we are not sure we should not have liked the book just as well if all the decorations had been omitted.

Mr. Rathbone and Mr. Lockhart Bogle contribute the separate illustrations. Mr. Rathbone's are chiefly views of the castle and the wild Hebridean coast, and they show careful study of the cliffs, and sea, and one of the most picturesque buildings in the islands. The "Lonely Isles" and the "Remains of Trinity Church" are also suggestive of that sad, lonely northern land, whose only romance to-day must be sought in the poverty and hopelessness of its people.

VOLUME SIX.—The Editors have decided to include the present issue in volume six, and thus commence a new century with a new volume. The present volume will therefore consist of seven numbers. The January ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW will contain many interesting features, including an article upon Boer Architecture, with illustrations made during an extended tour through the Transvaal, by Frank L. Emanuel, and an article by our Paris Correspondent upon the Buildings of the Paris Exhibition. In this volume will also be given articles upon the work of well-known architects, with illustrations typical of their work and style. Special arrangements have been made with the artist, so that the series of beautiful drawings of Disappearing London, given as special plates, will be continued.

* "Dunvegan Castle." By Harold Steward Rathbone. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1899.

Second Series.

Architecture and Crafts at the Royal Academy, 1899.

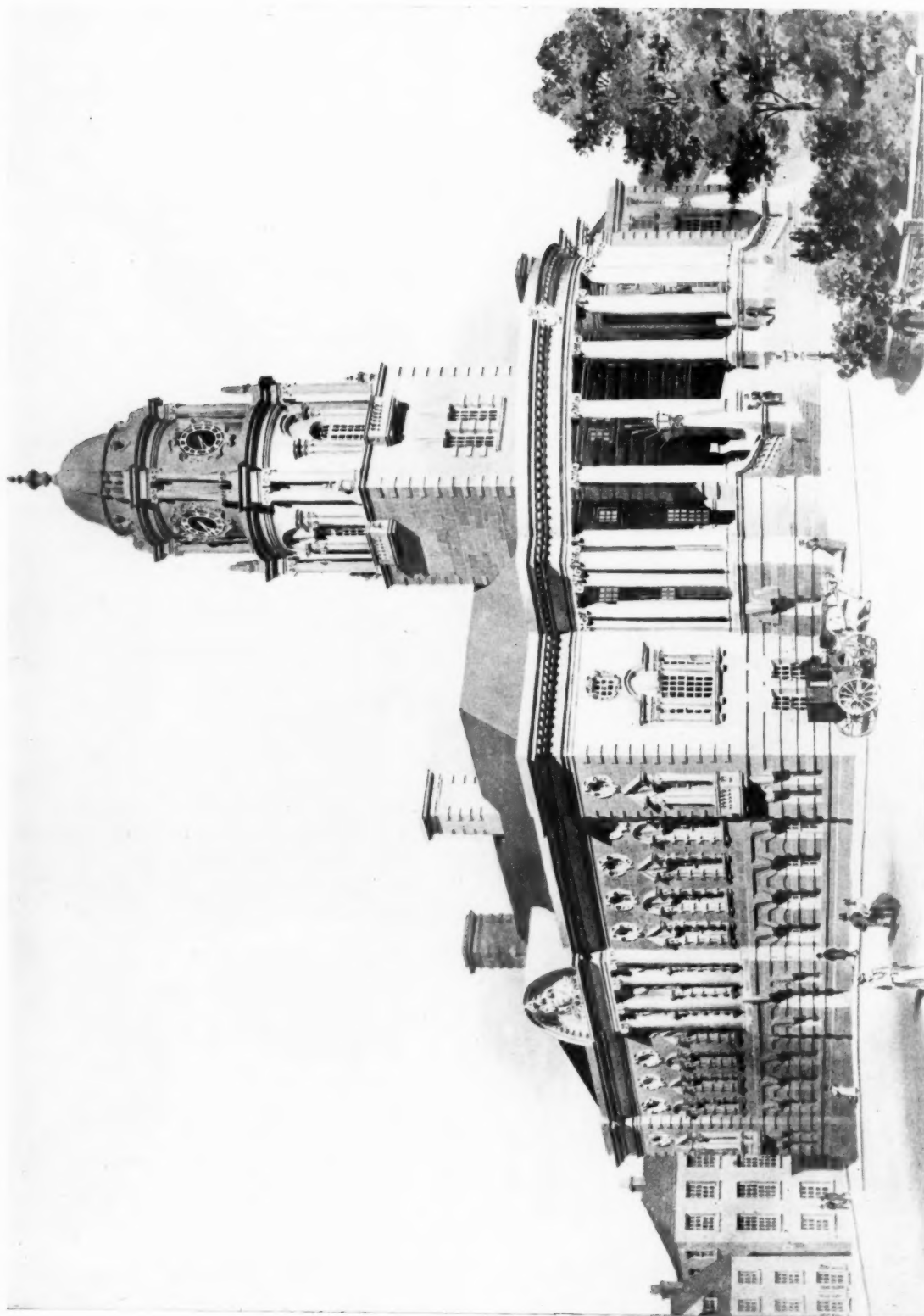
Special Supplement to The Architectural Review, JUNE.

The Editors beg to announce that, owing to the large number of Designs received, it is not possible to publish more than one by any individual artist in this issue.

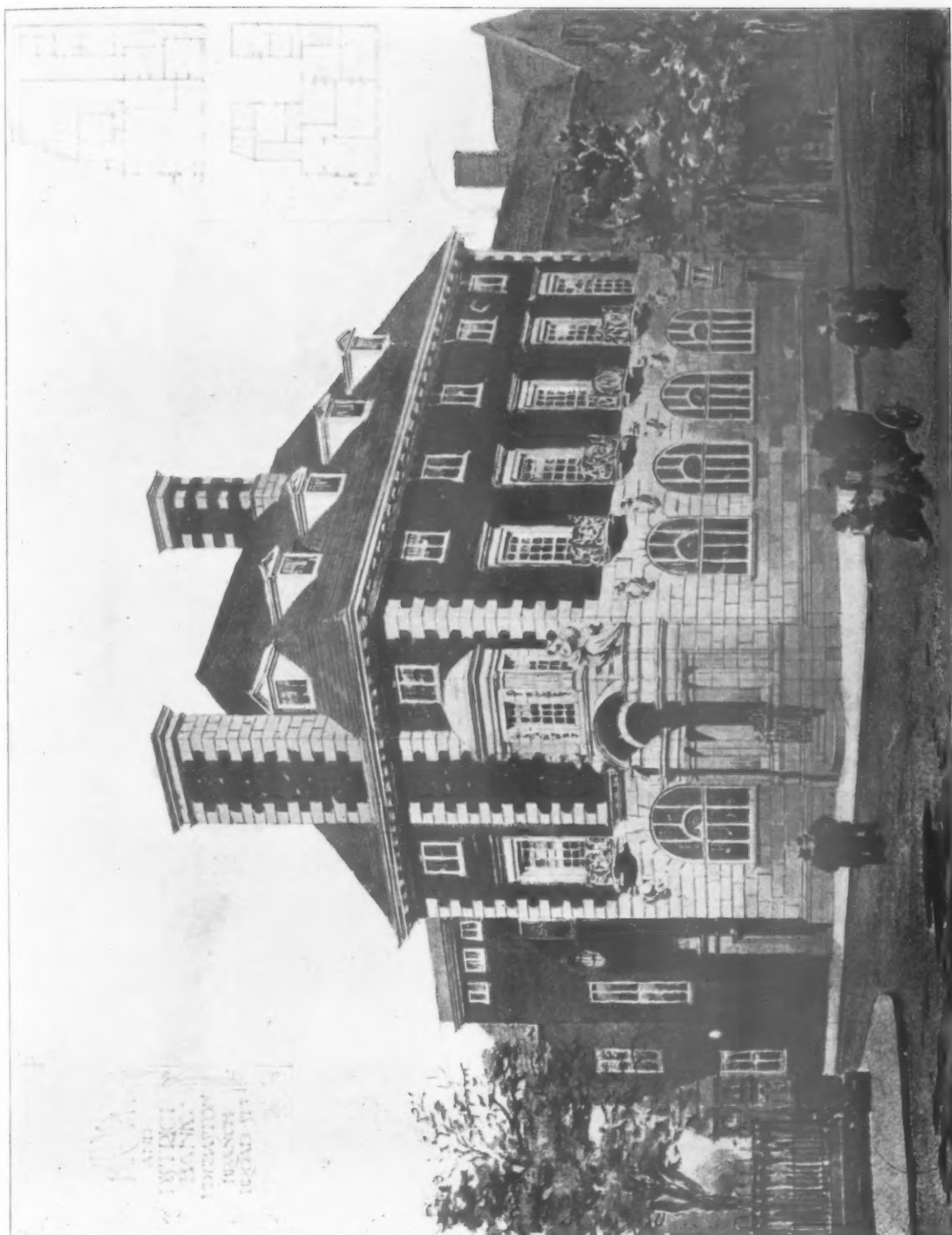
The Second Series includes Designs by:—

ATKINSON, R. F.	HORSLEY, G. C.
BATEMAN & BATEMAN.	MALLOWS & GROCOCK.
BEDFORD, F. W.	MERCER, E., MISS.
BEDFORD & KITSON.	NEWTON, ERNEST.
BELCHER, JOHN.	ORR, ARTHUR.
BRIGGS, R. A.	PITE, W. A.
BUCKLAND & BATEMAN.	PRENTICE, A. N.
COLTON, W. R.	REYNOLDS, E. F.
DRURY, ALFRED.	SETH-SMITH, W. H.
FORD, E. ONSLOW, R.A.	BAILLIE-SCOTT, M. H.
FRAMPTON, GEORGE J., A.R.A.	STOKES, LEONARD.
WILLIAMS, A.	

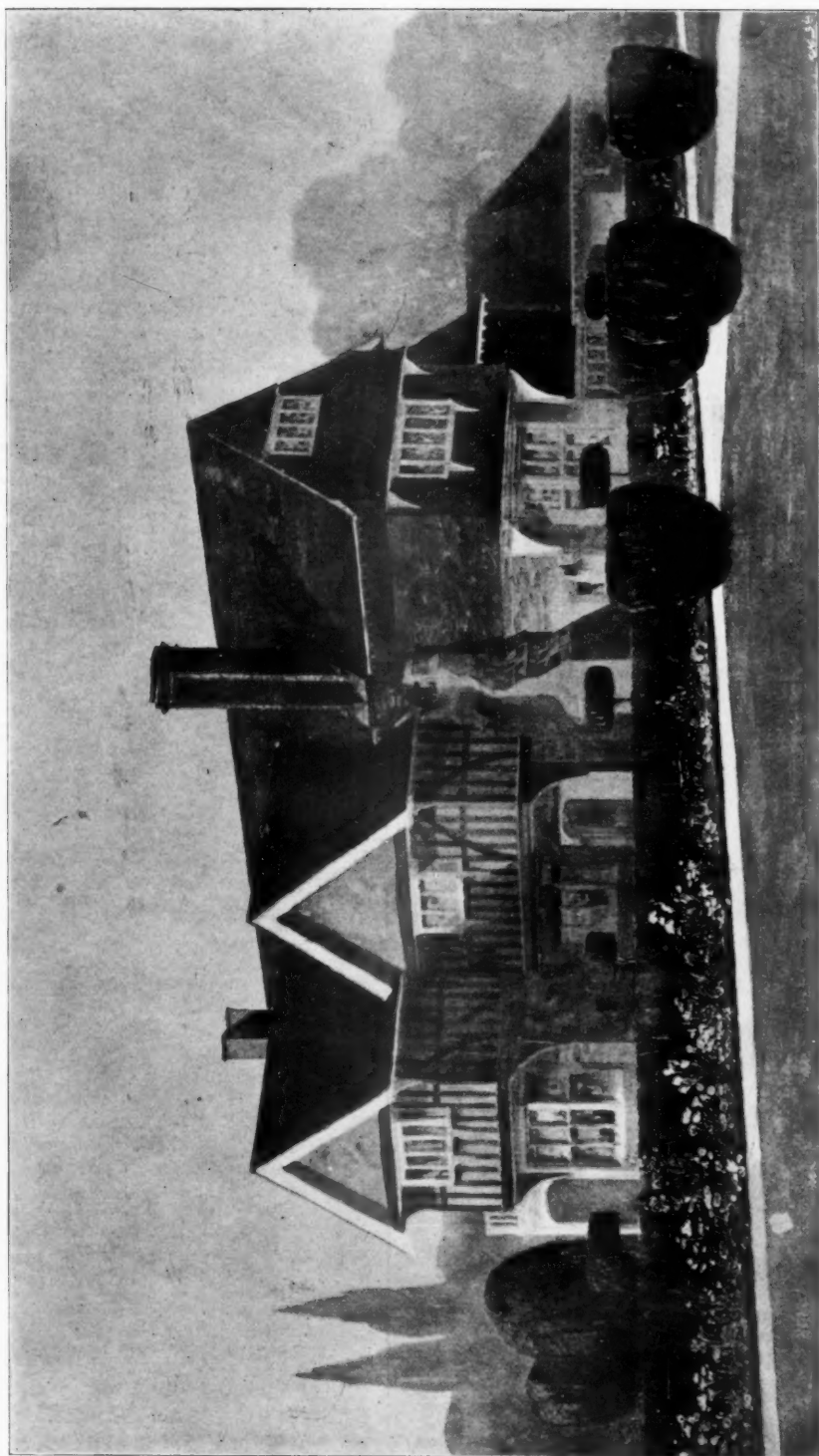
The Third Supplement will be published on July 1st, and will consist of further Illustrations of Designs by those named above, together with other Designs by leading Architects and Designers.



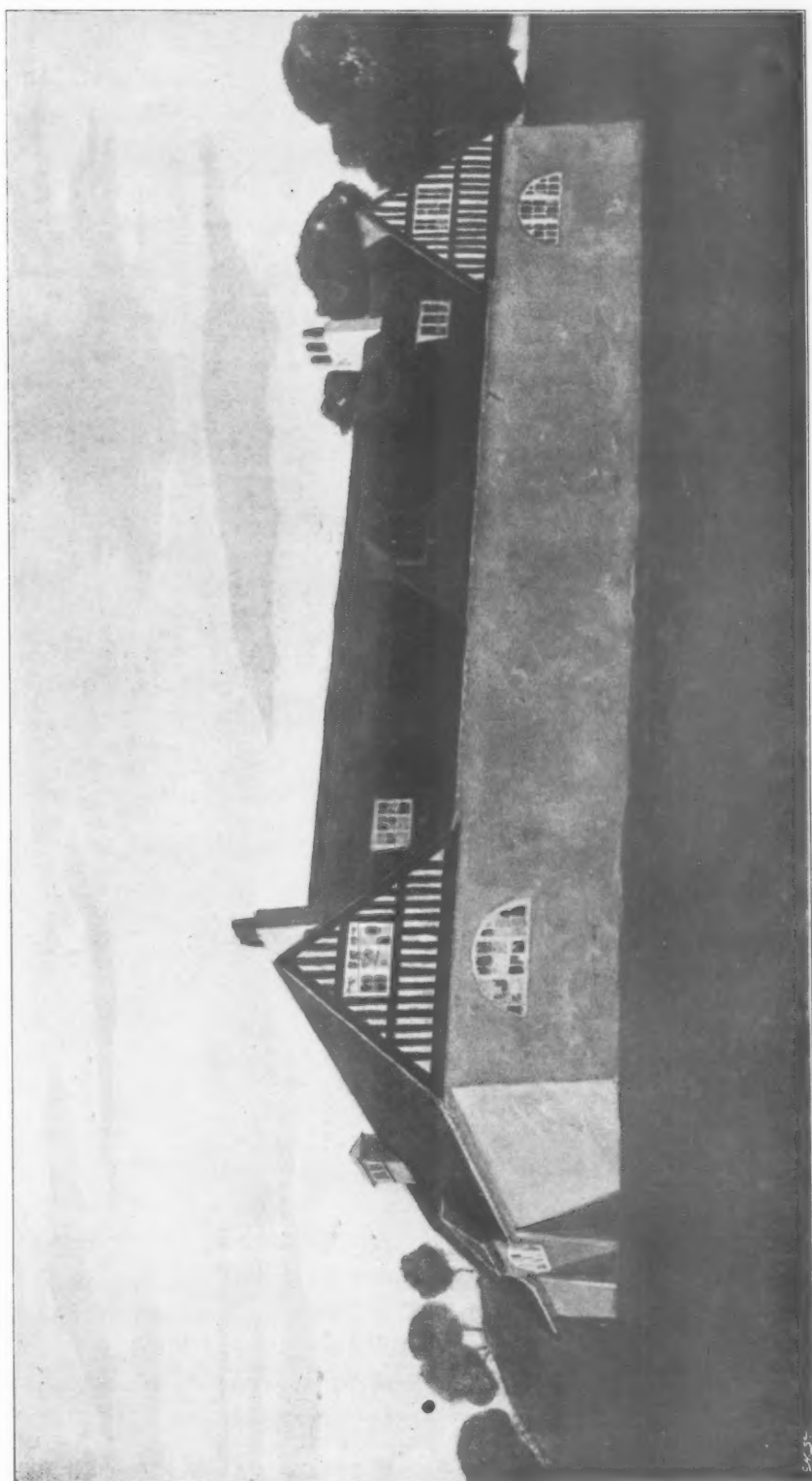
COMPETITIVE DESIGN : STATES
BUILDINGS, GUERNSEY : R. FRANK
ATKINSON, ARCHITECT.



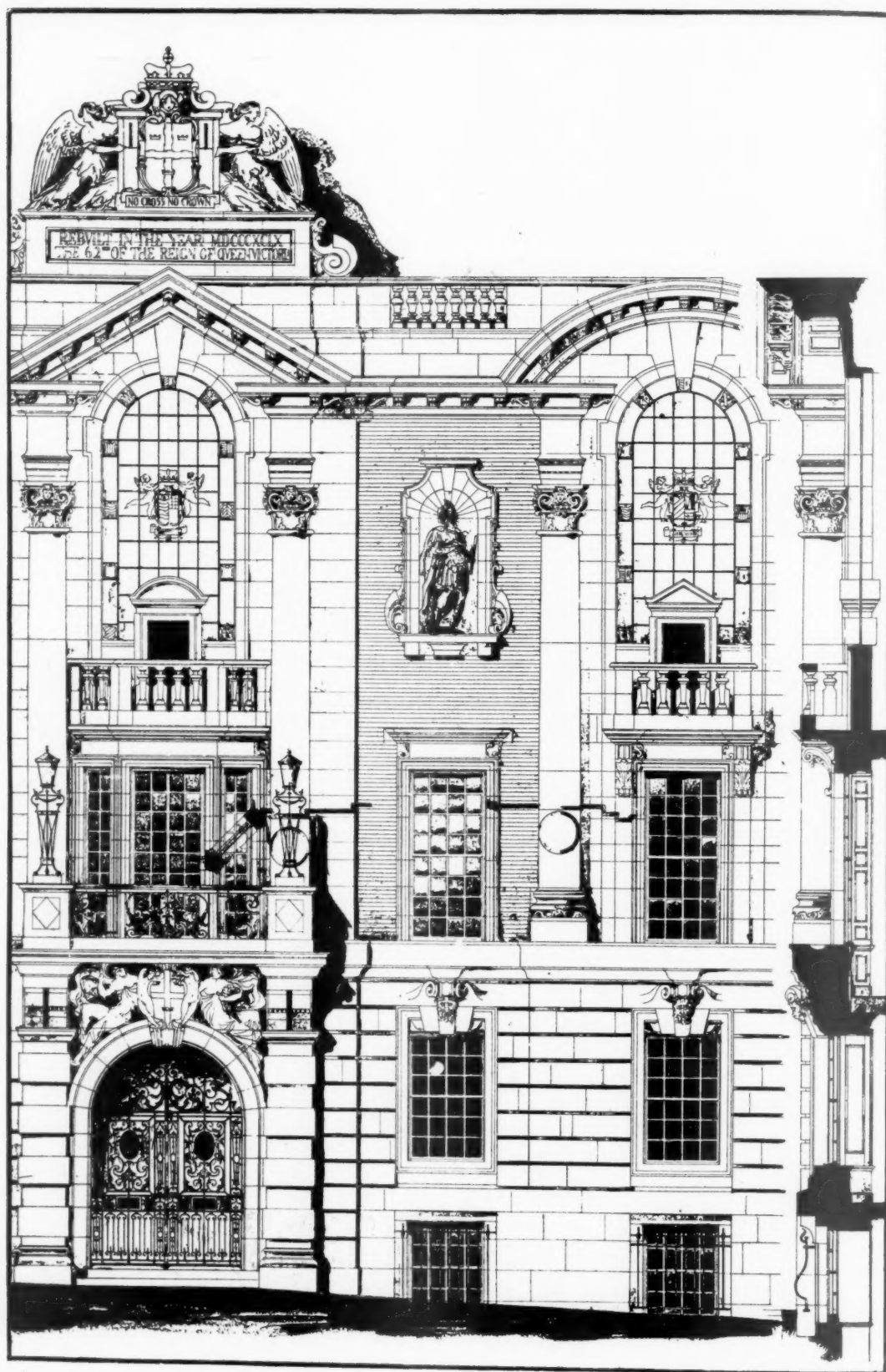
BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT
COUNTIES BANK, EDGBASTON:
BATEMAN AND BATEMAN,
ARCHITECTS.



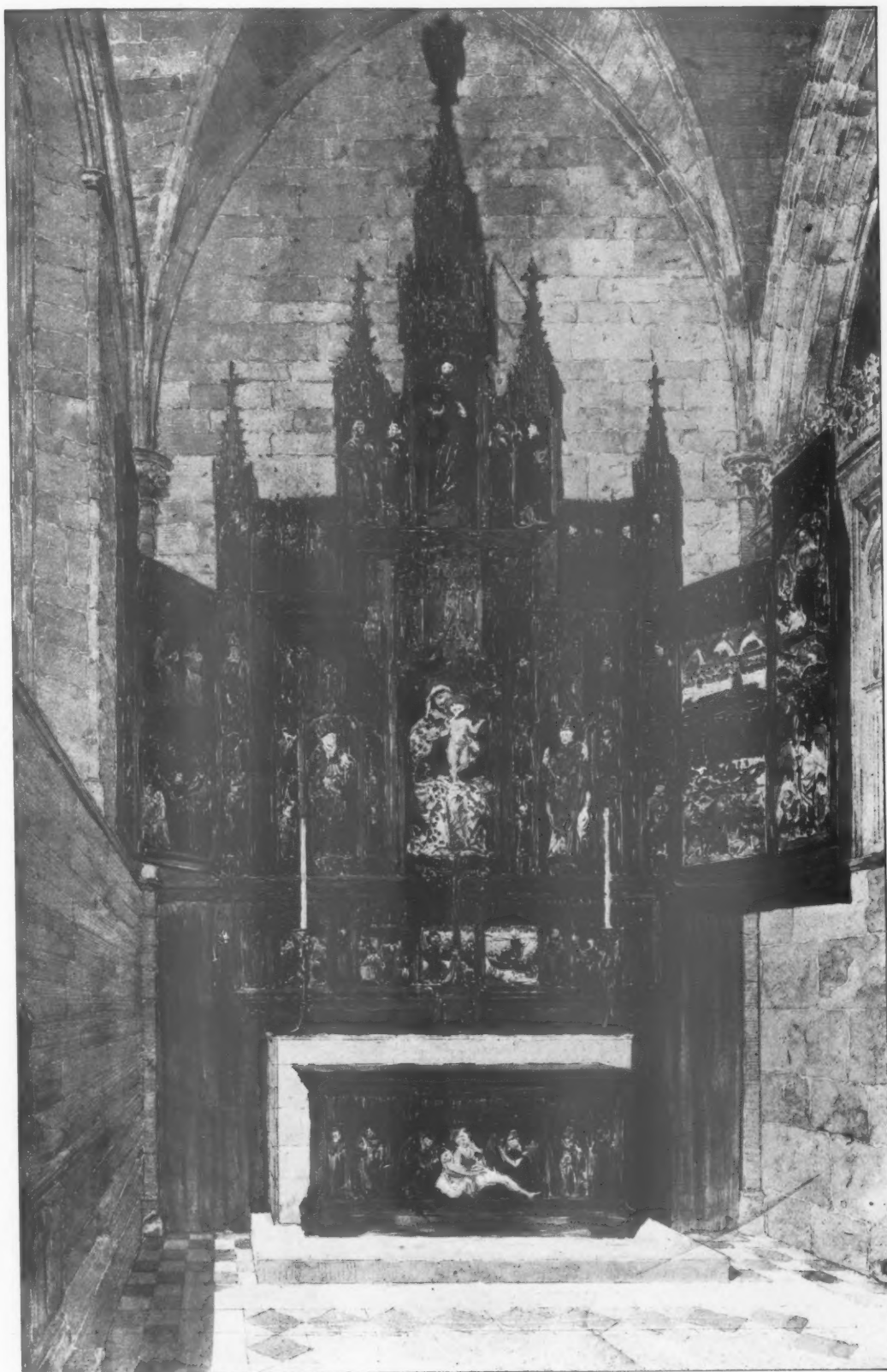
DALGUISE, HARROGATE:
FRANCIS W. BEDFORD,
ARCHITECT.



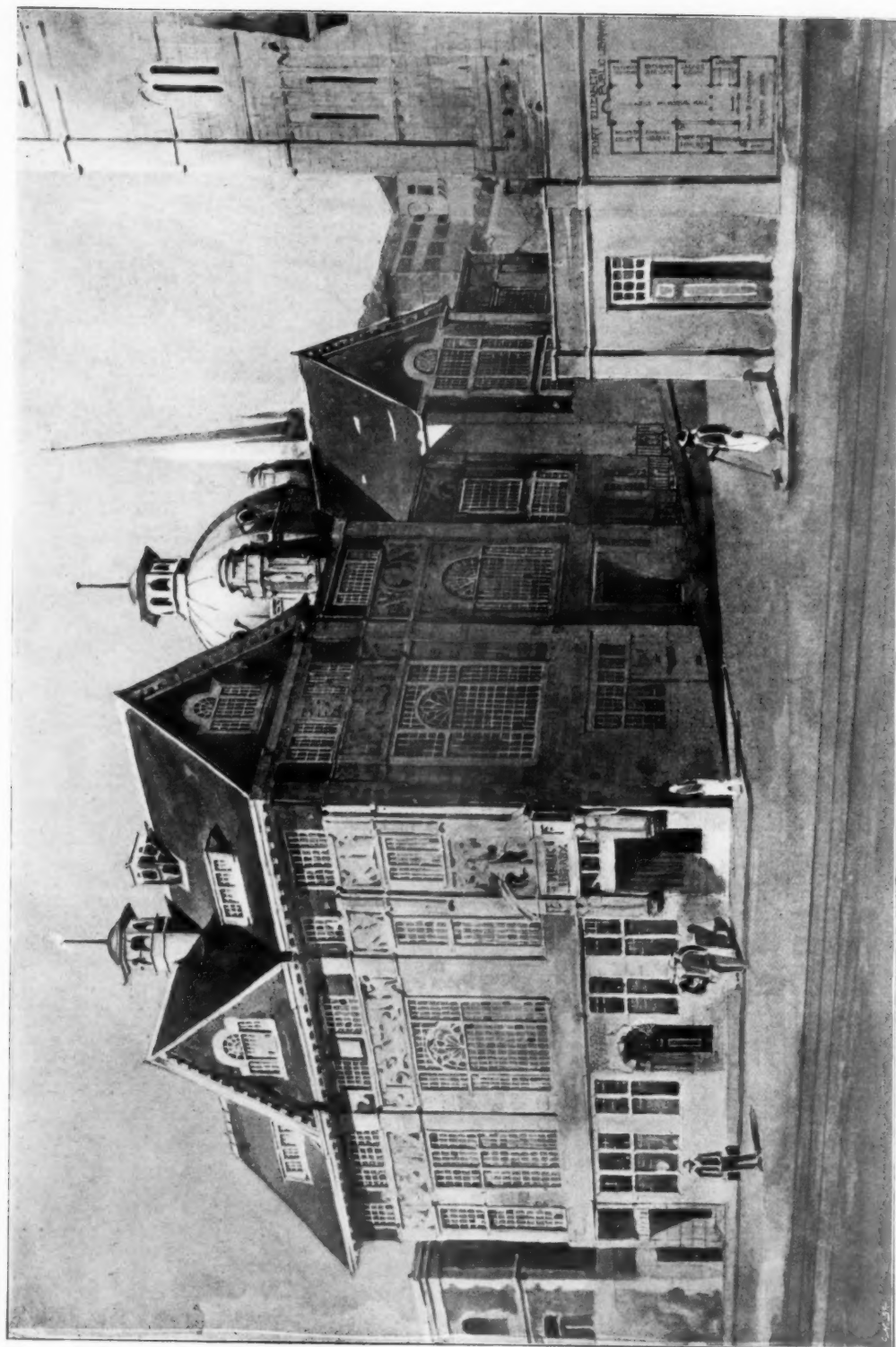
STABLES, BRAHAN, NEAR PERTH:
F. W. BEDFORD AND S. D. KITSON,
ARCHITECTS.



COLCHESTER TOWN HALL:
DETAIL OF MAIN FAÇADE:
JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.



A DESIGN FOR ALTAR AND
REREDOS, JESUS CHAPEL:
R. A. BRIGGS, ARCHITECT.

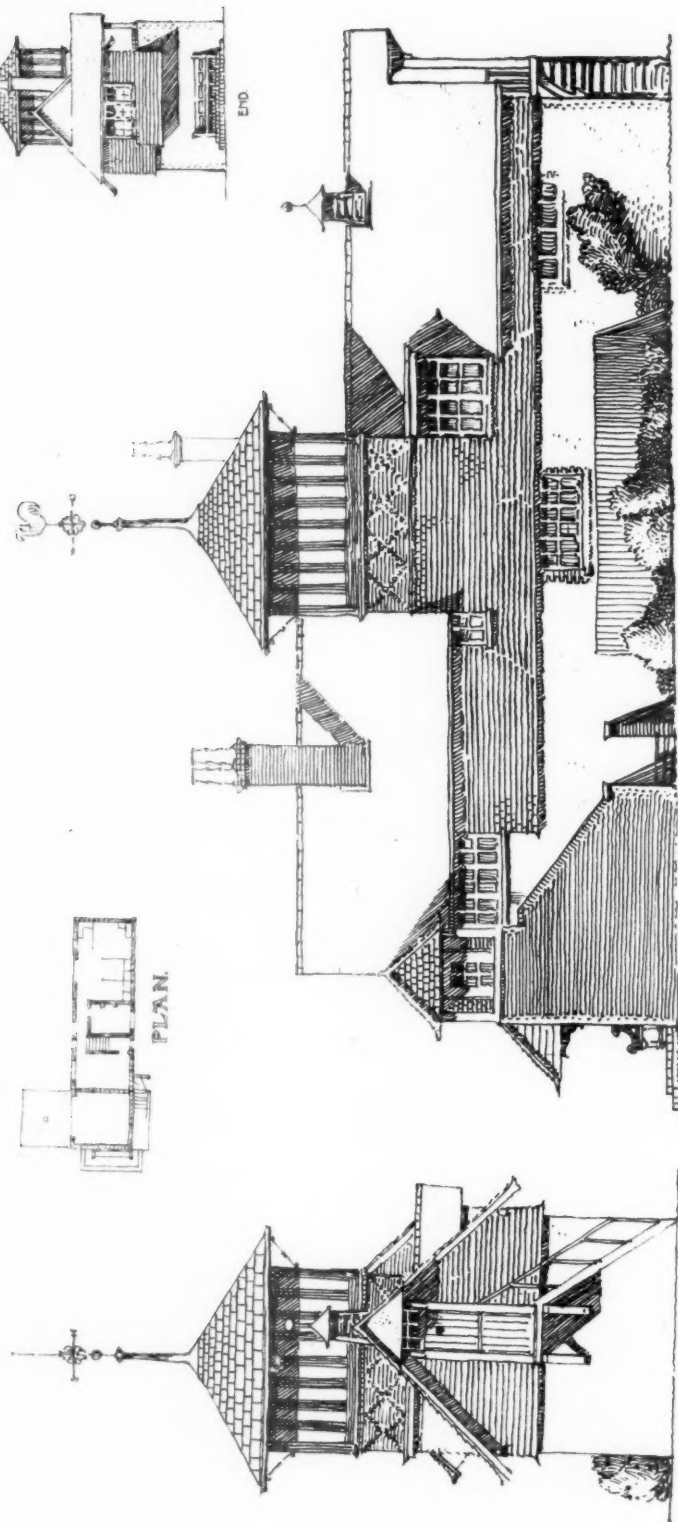


DESIGN FOR PORT ELIZABETH
PUBLIC LIBRARY: H. T. BUCKLAND
AND C. E. BATEMAN, ARCHITECTS.



GOOD SHEPHERD AND MADONNA:
TWO WINDOWS, PYECOMBE
PARISH CHURCH, NEAR BRIGHTON:
ARTHUR ORR.

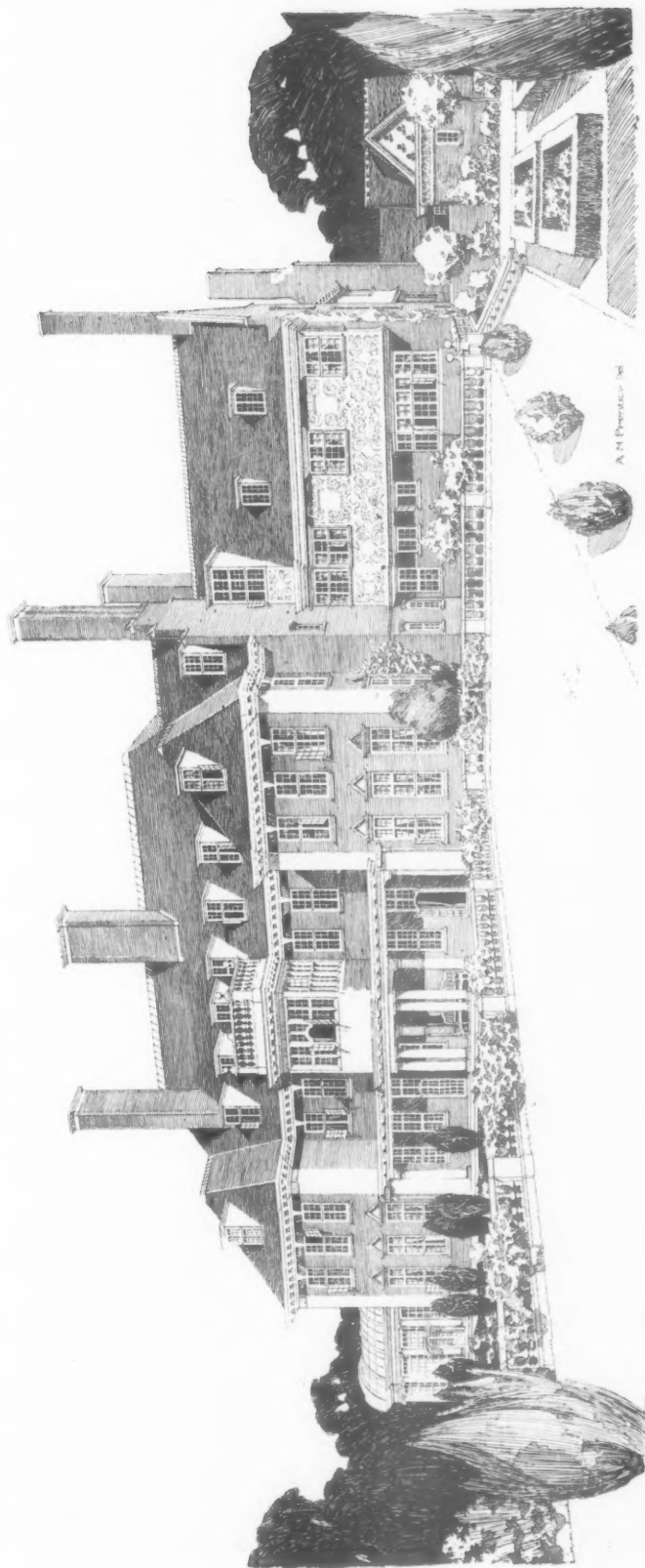
HIGHCOMBE·EDGE·HINDHEAD
STABLING·GARDEN·SIDE



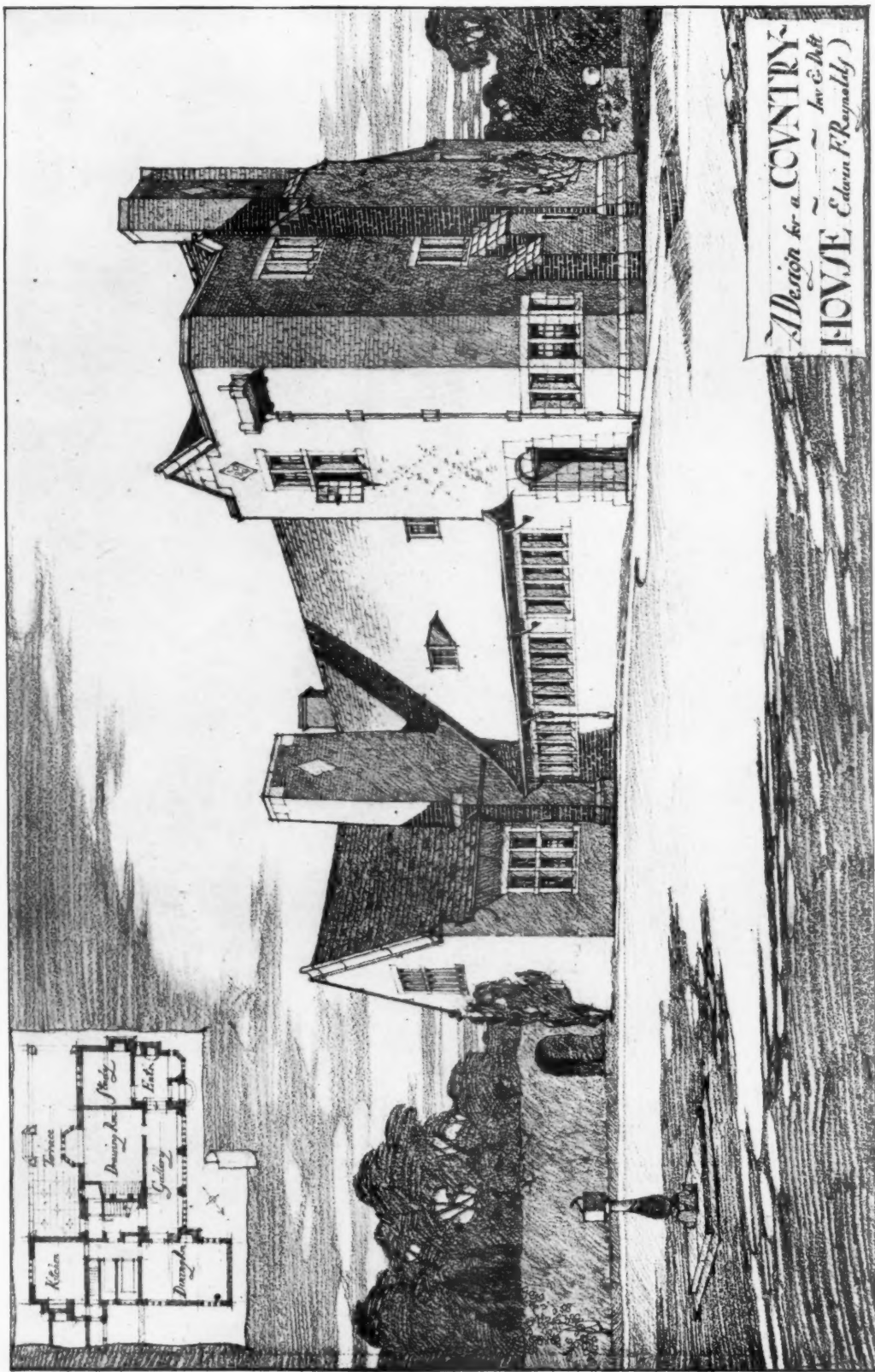
WILLIAM·A·PITE·ARCHITECT·
5·UPPER·MONTAGUE·STREET·W.C.

HIGHCOMBE·EDGE, HIND-
HEAD: STABLING: W. A.
PITE, ARCHITECT.

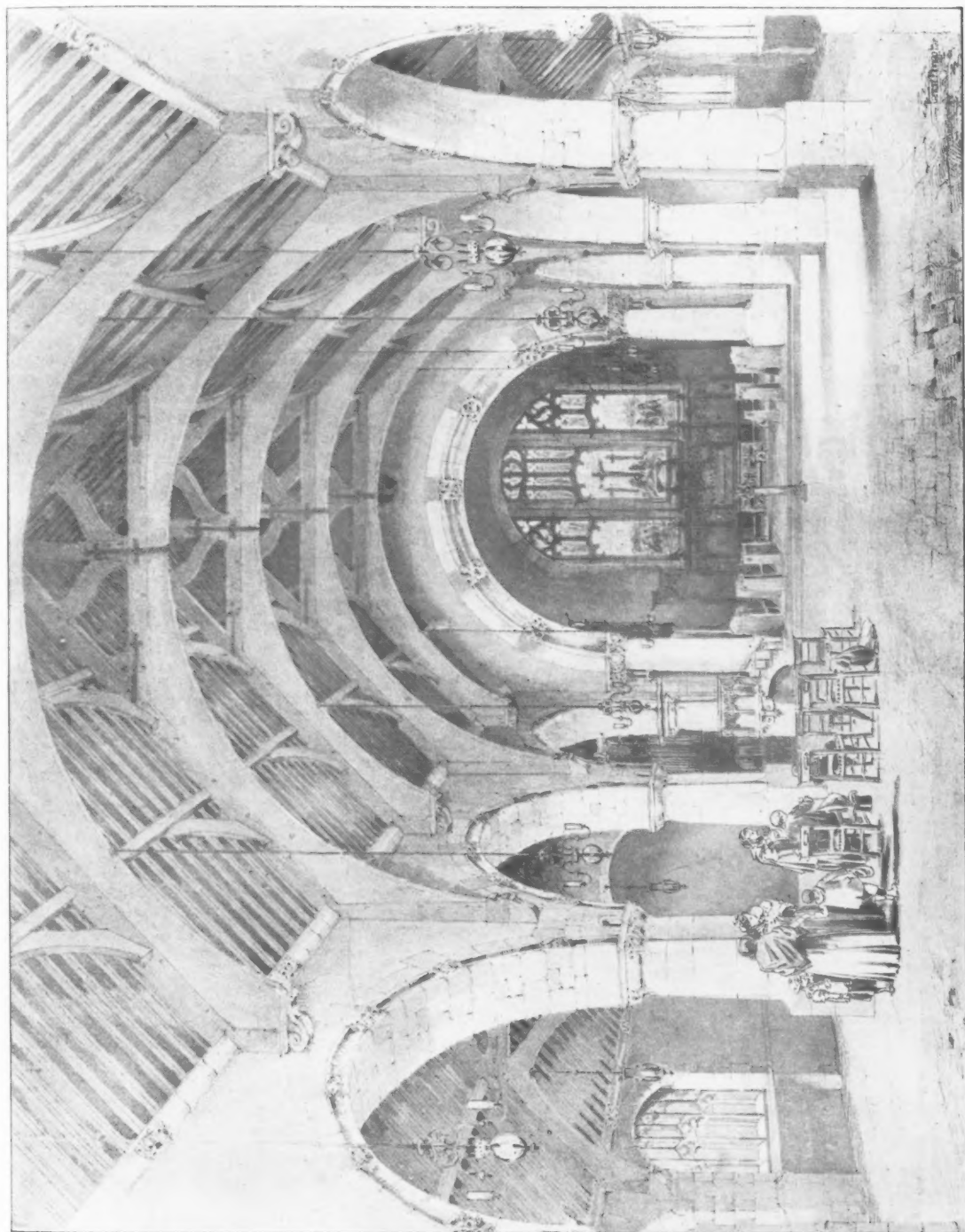
CAVENHAM HALL SUFFOLK
GARDEN FRONT
A. N. PRENTICE ARCHT.



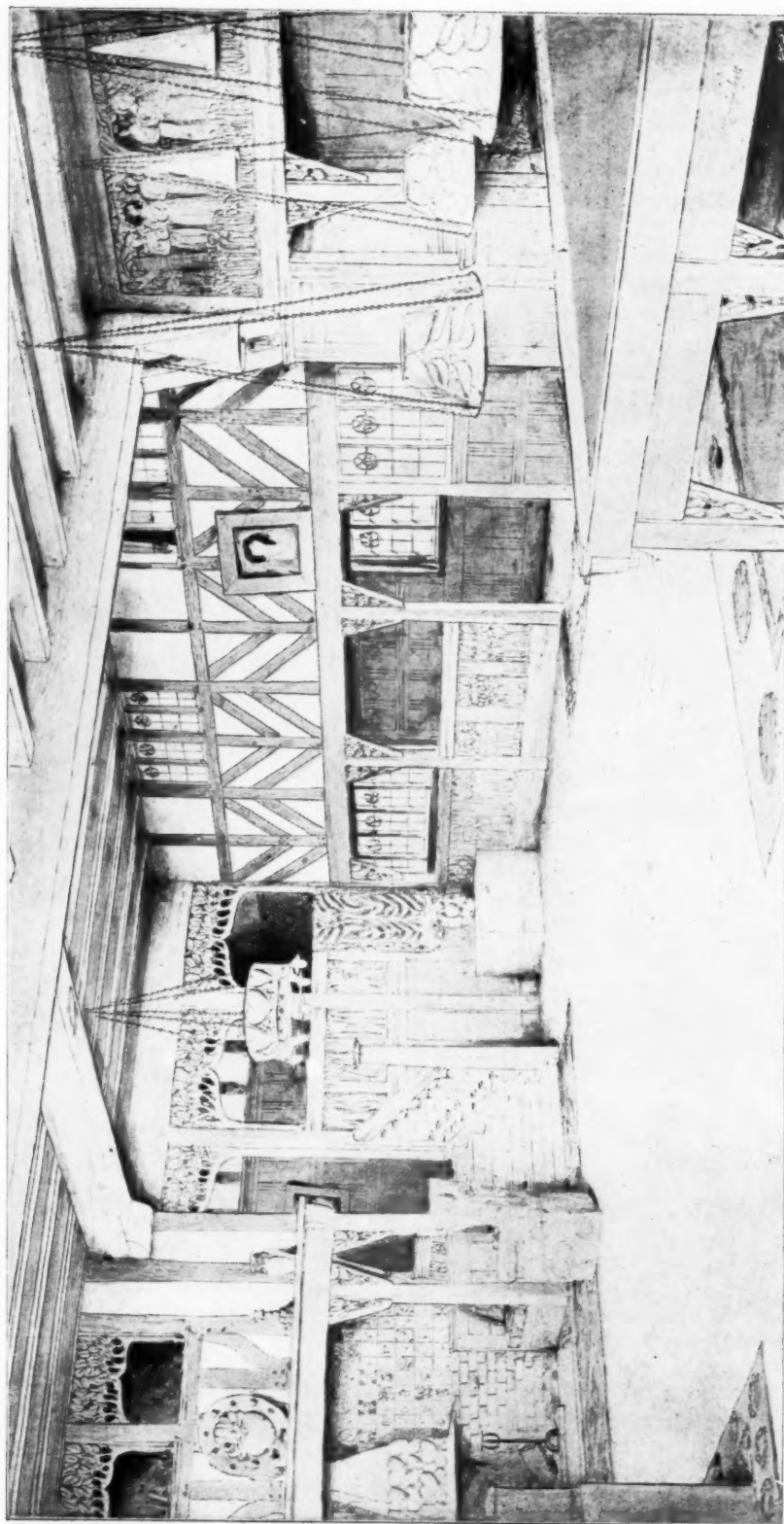
CAVENHAM HALL, SUFFOLK:
GARDEN FRONT: A. N.
PRENTICE, ARCHT.



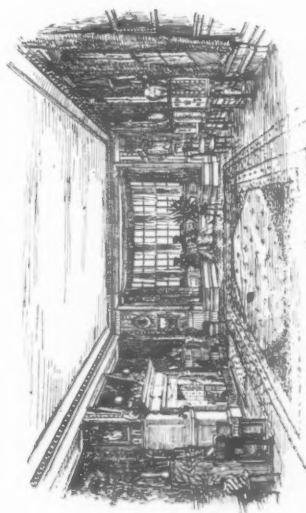
A DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY
HOUSE: E. F. REYNOLDS,
ARCHITECT.



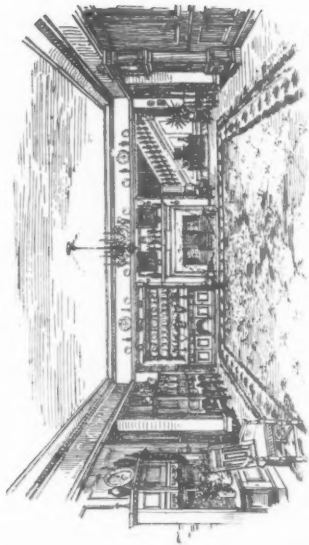
ST. LUKE'S NEW PARISH CHURCH,
MAIDSTONE: W. H. SETH-SMITH,
ARCHITECT.



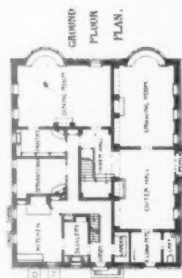
HOUSE AT WINDERMERE:
THE HALL: M. H. BAILLIE-
SCOTT, ARCHITECT.



DRAWING ROOM.



OUTER HALL.

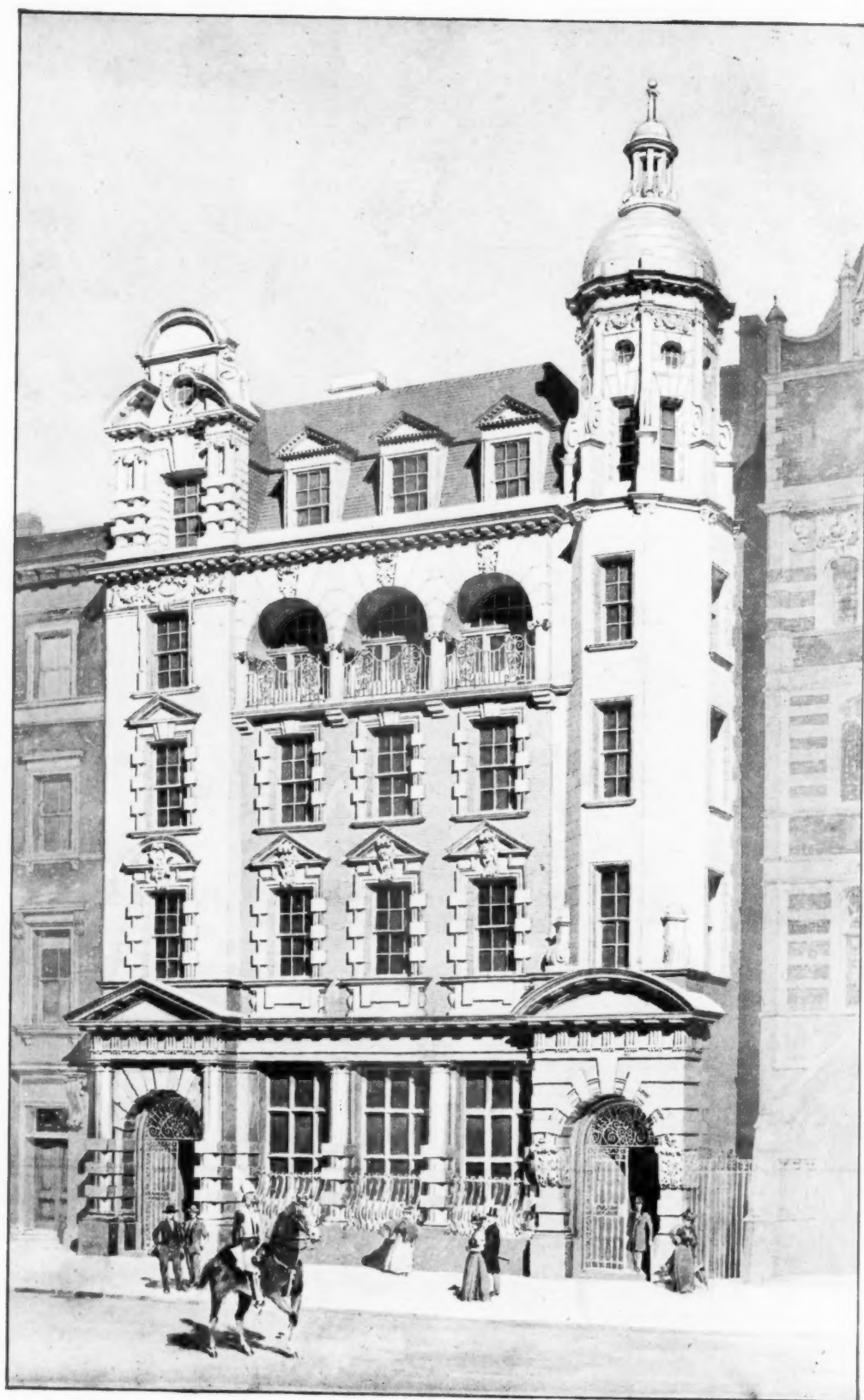


GROUND
FLOOR
PLAN.

Scale of Feet 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

NO. 2, WEST DRIVE,
STREATHAM PARK,
S.W.

LEONARD STOKES, ARCHITECT.



54. PARLIAMENT STREET, S.W.
ALFRED WILLIAMS, ARCHITECT.



THE IMAGE FINDER: STATUE,
BRONZE: WILLIAM R. COLTON.



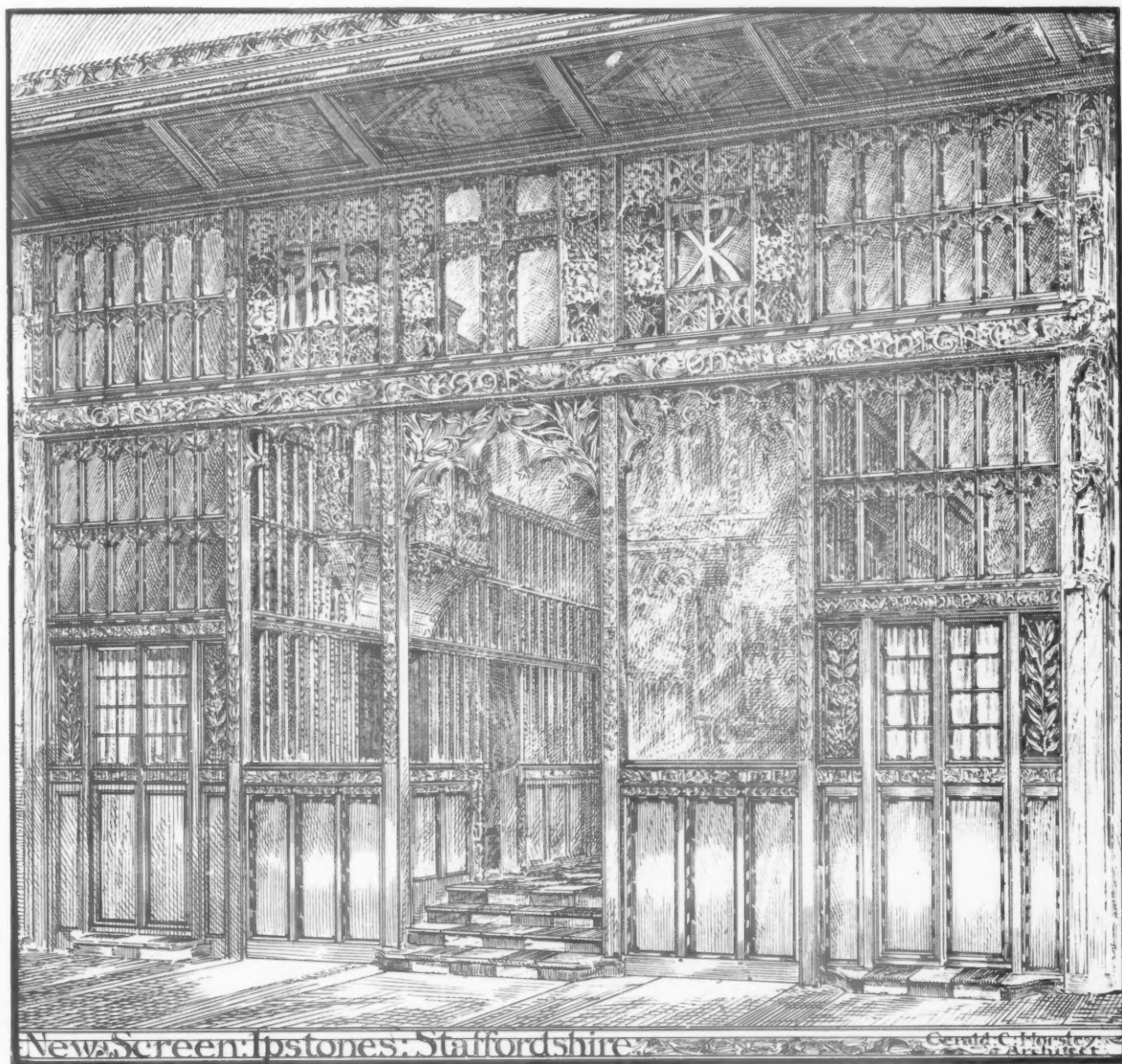
BRONZE COLUMN AND BASE OF
ELECTRIC LAMP FOR CITY SQUARE,
LEEDS: ALFRED DRURY, SCULPTOR.



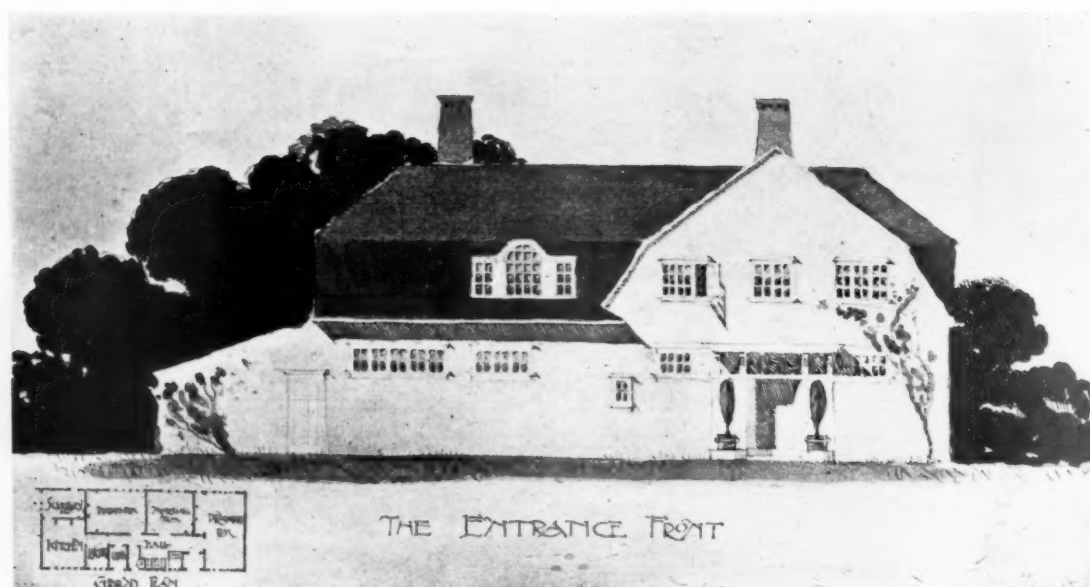
H.M. THE QUEEN: BUST
MARBLE: E. ONSLOW
FORD, R.A., SCULPTOR



ST. GEORGE: STATUETTE:
GEORGE J. FRAMPTON, A.R.A.



NEW SCREEN, IPSTONES,
STAFFORDSHIRE: GERALD
C. HORSLEY, ARCHITECT.



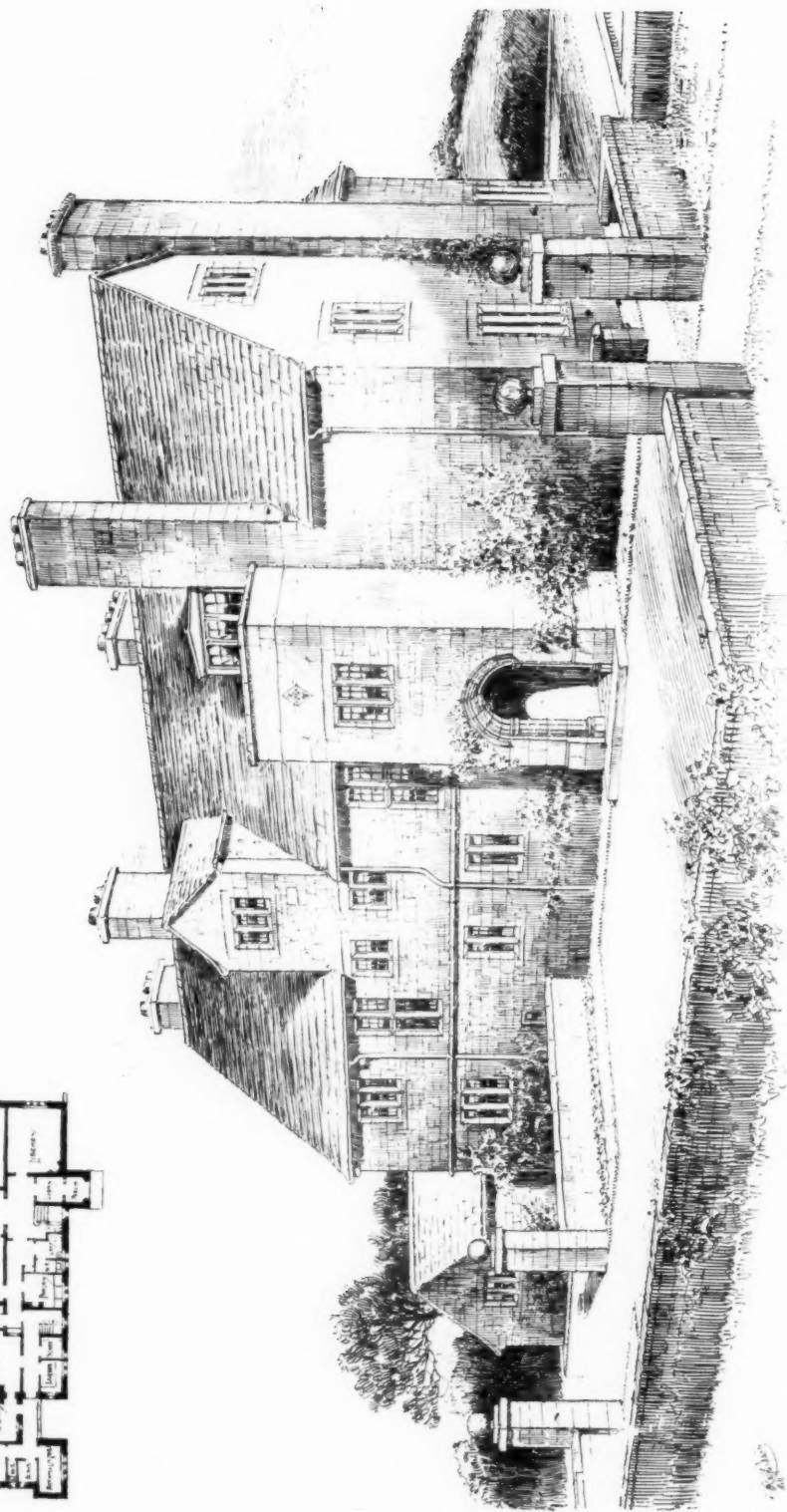
KING'S CORNER, BIDDENHAM:
C. E. MALLOWS AND GROCOCK,
ARCHITECTS.



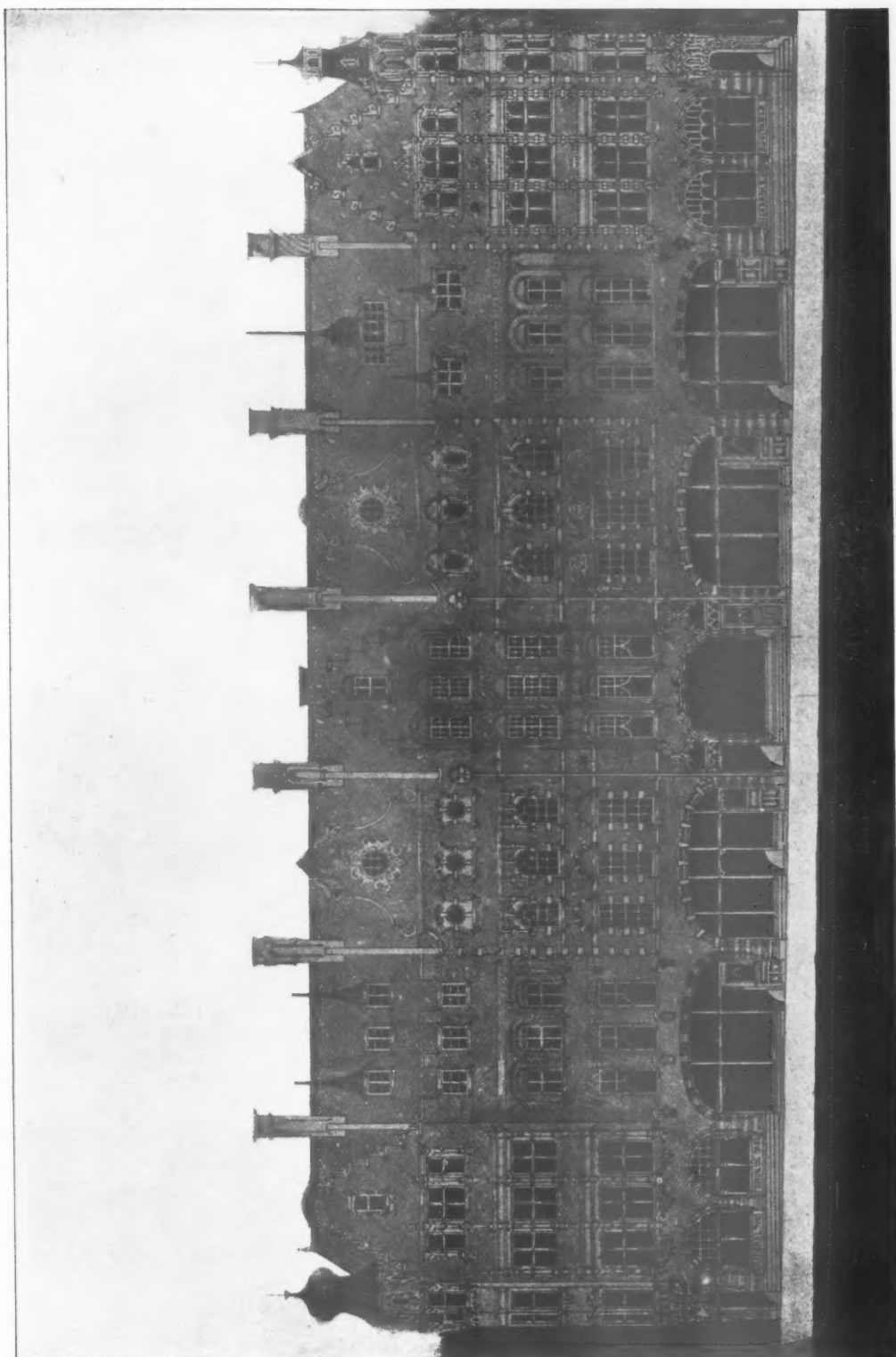
STATUETTE: MISS
ELEANOR MERCER.



BOWL: SILVER: MISS
ELEANOR MERCER.



HOUSE AT BARLEY-IN-WHARFEDALE:
ENTRANCE FRONT: ERNEST NEWTON,
ARCHITECT.



DOVER: CANNON STREET IMPROVEMENTS:
IVOR PRICE, ARCHITECT.



MODEL OF A HOUSE:
E. S. PRIOR, ARCHITECT.



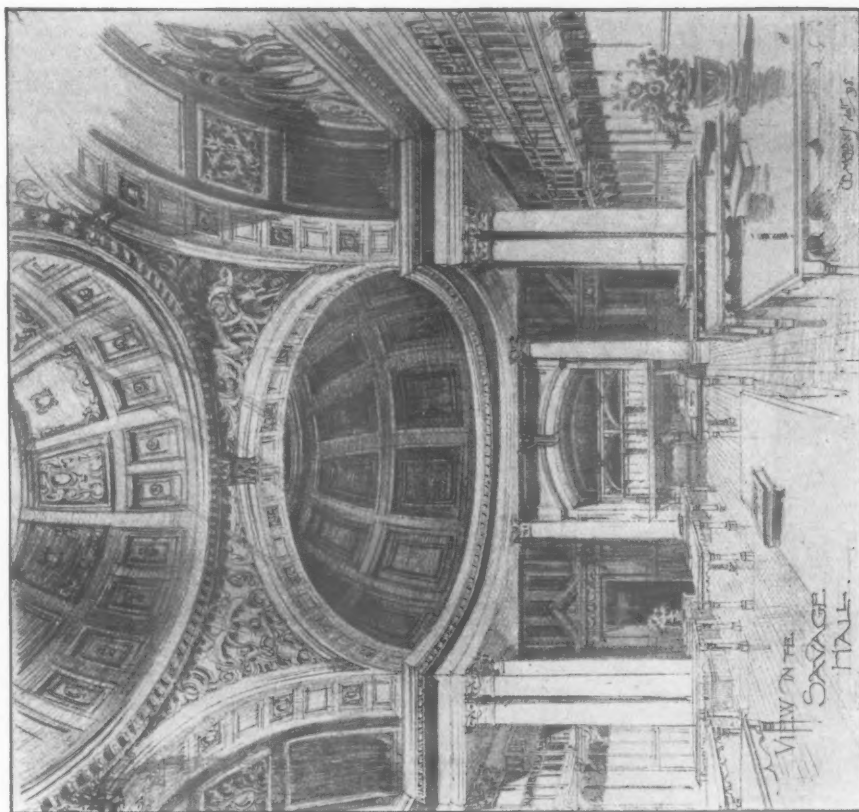
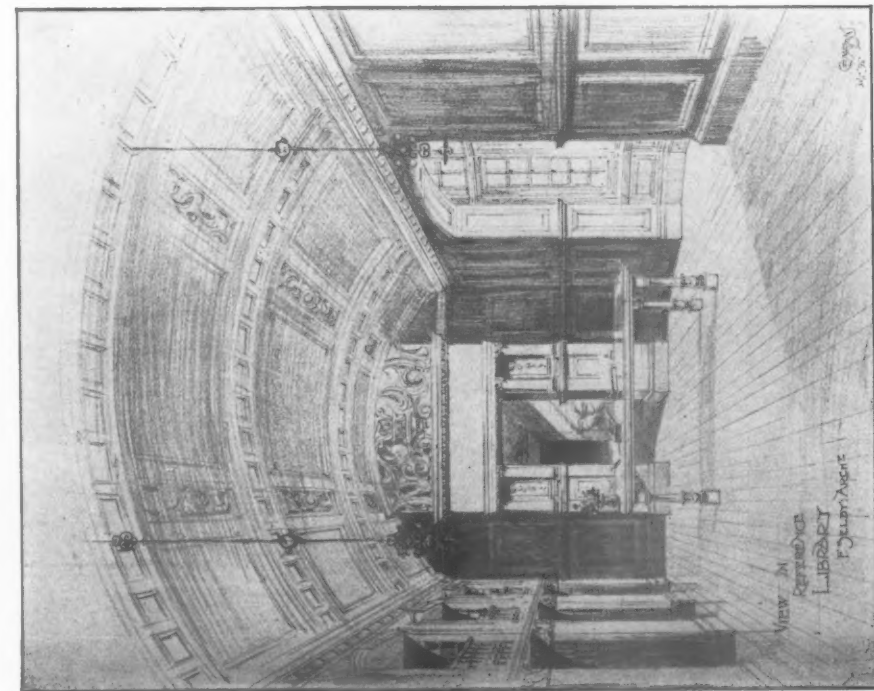
ENTRANCE TO HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD:
C. H. B. QUENNEL, ARCHITECT.



HOUSE IN THE NEW FOREST:
JAMES RANSOME, ARCHITECT.



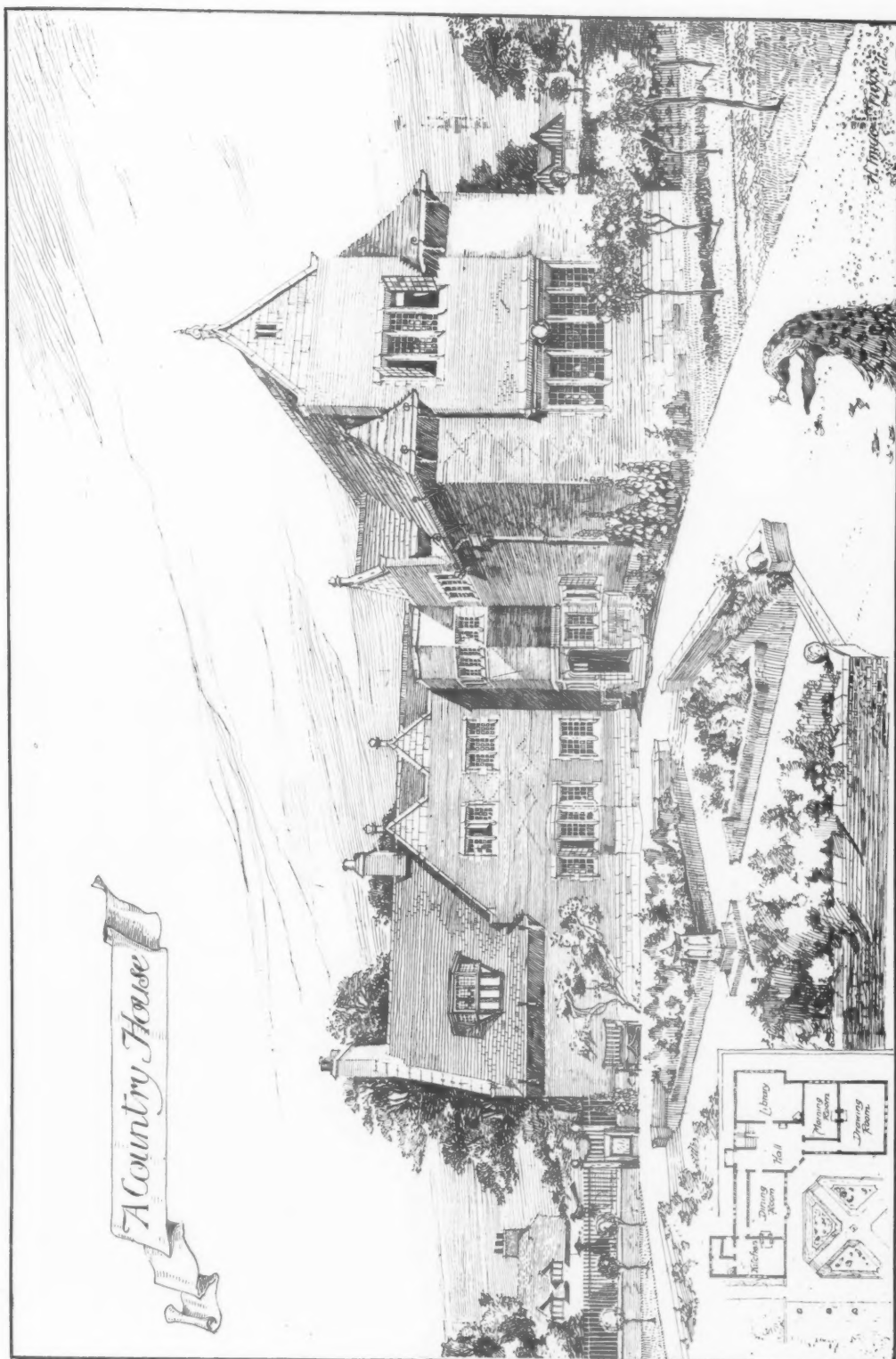
HOUSE AT KENLEY, SURREY:
W. H. ATKIN BERRY, ARCHITECT.



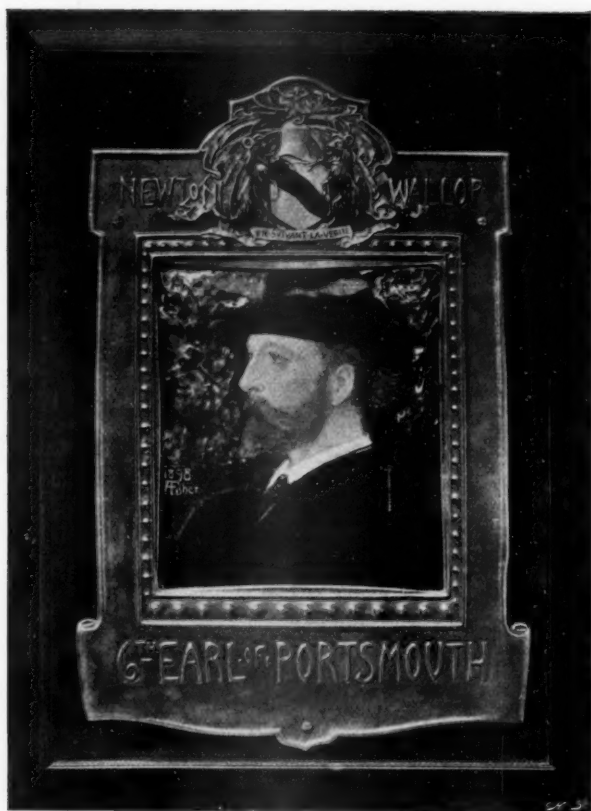
DESIGN FOR PORT ELIZABETH PUBLIC
LIBRARY: FRANK SELBY, ARCHITECT.



ALTAR AND RETABLE HANGINGS: ERECTED
IN THE LADY CHAPEL, ROCHESTER CATHE-
DRAL: A. H. SKIPWORTH, ARCHITECT.



A COUNTRY HOUSE: H. INIGO
TRIGGS, ARCHITECT.



MEDALLION—ENAMEL ON COPPER:
ALEX. FISHER.



FANTASY—RELIEF: ARTHUR
C. WHITE, SCULPTOR.

Third Series.

Architecture and Crafts
at the
Royal Academy, 1899.

Special Supplement to
The Architectural Review,
JULY.

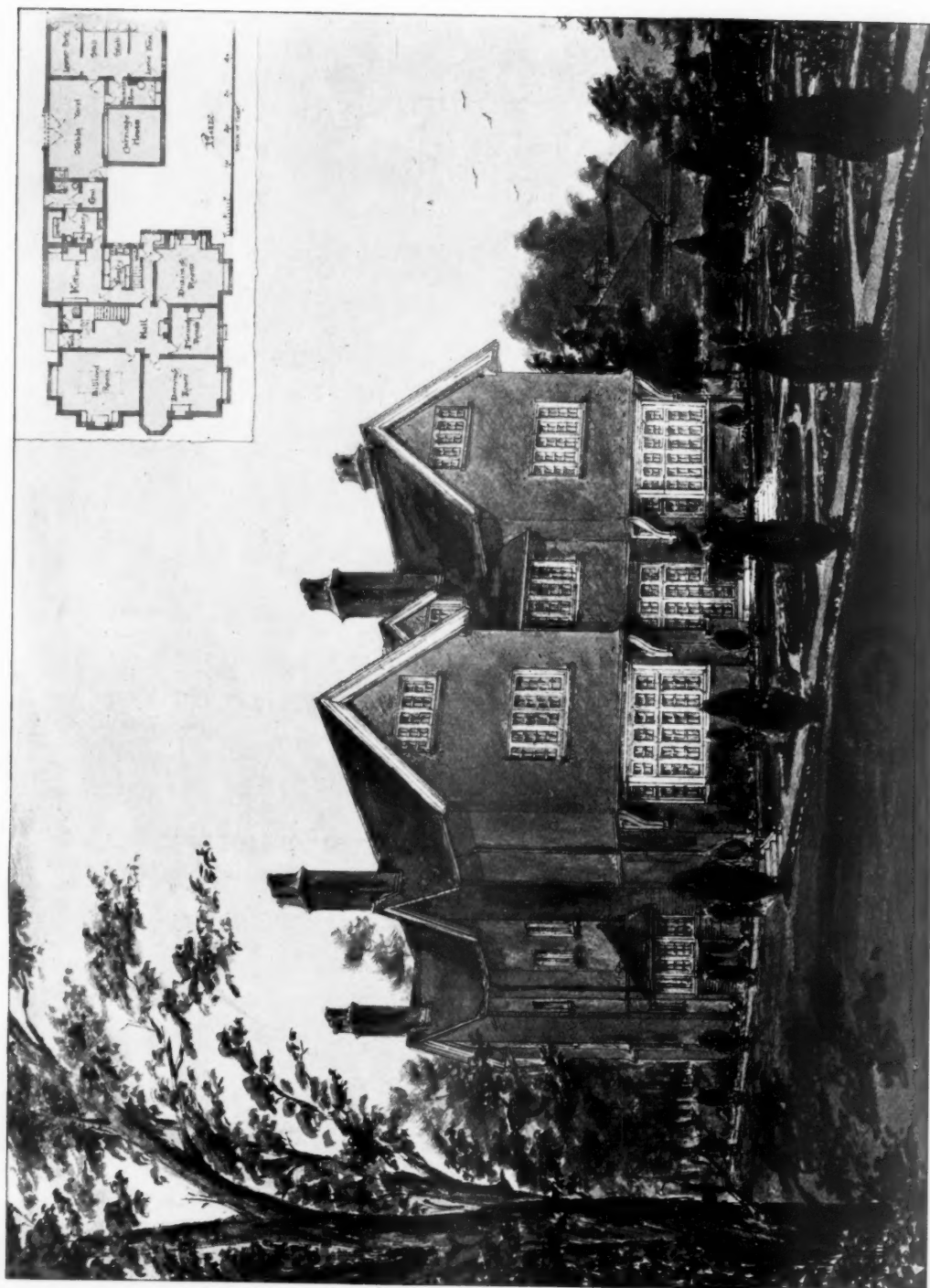
The Editors beg to announce that, owing to the large number of Designs received, it is not possible to publish more than one by any individual artist in this issue.

The Third Series includes Designs by:—

AMBLER, LOUIS.
AYRTON, MAXWELL.
BERRY, W. H. ATKIN.
BLOMFIELD, C. J.
BUCKLAND, H. T., and C. E.
BATEMAN.
DAVISON, THOMAS.
DIX, ARTHUR J.
FISHER, ALEXANDER.
GODDARD, R. W. K.
HACK, M. S.
HALL, COOPER & DAVIS.
HARRINGTON & LEY.

HERKOMER, HUBERT, R.A.
KNOTT, RALPH.
LEE, JOHN S.
NIVEN & WIGGLESWORTH.
POWER, CYRIL E.
PRICE, IVOR.
PRIOR, E. S.
QUENNELL, C. H. B.
RANSOME, J.
SELBY, FRANK.
SKIPWORTH, A. H.
TRIGGS, H. INIGO.
WHITE, ARTHUR C.

The Fourth Supplement will be published on August 1st, and will consist of further Illustrations of Designs by those named above, together with other Designs by leading Architects and Designers.



HOUSE AT BIDDENHAM, NEAR BEDFORD:
LOUIS AMBLER, ARCHITECT.



LIME, BRICK, AND CEMENT
WHARF, WEYBRIDGE: MAX-
WELL AYRTON, ARCHITECT.

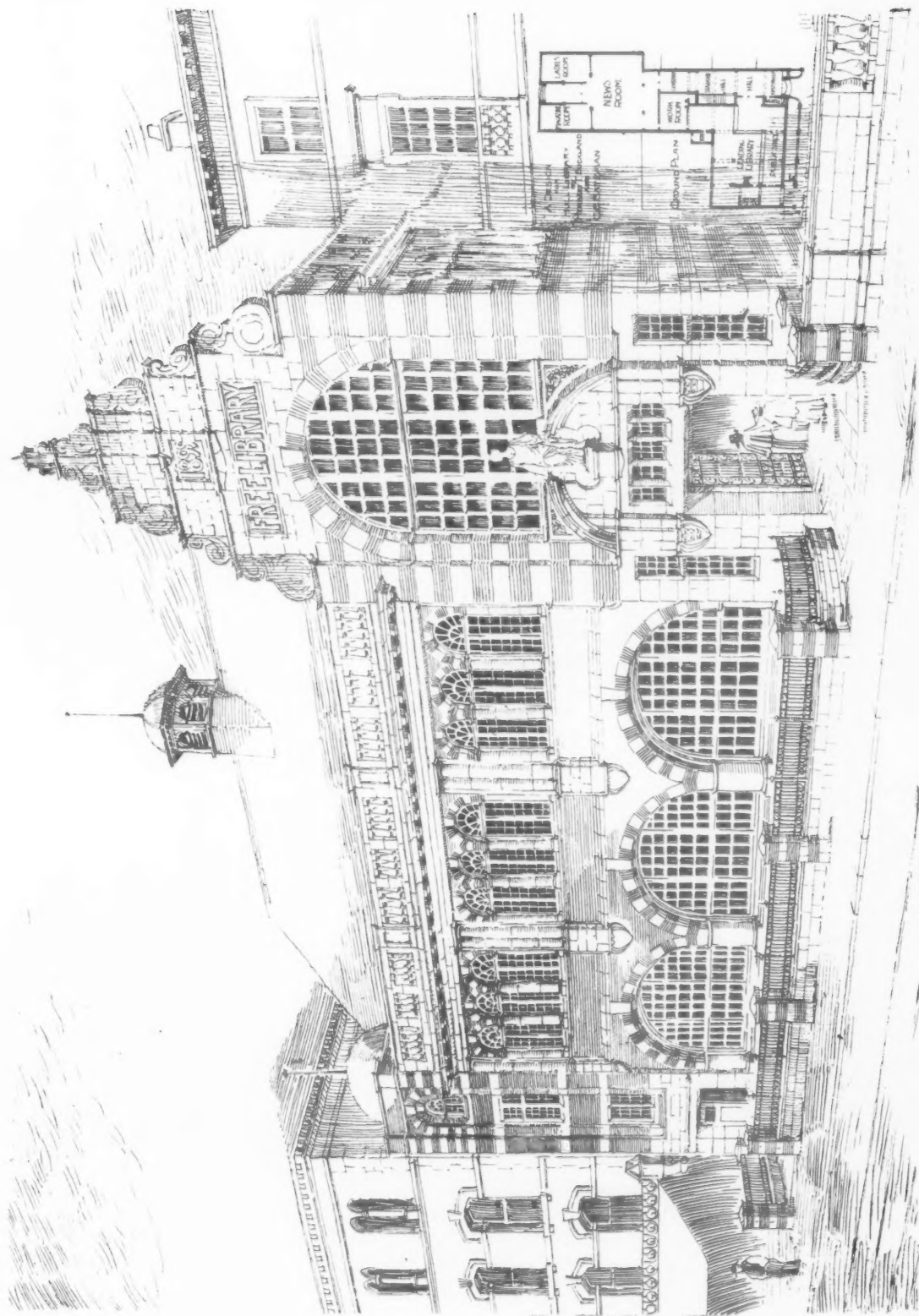


ENTRANCE FRONT.

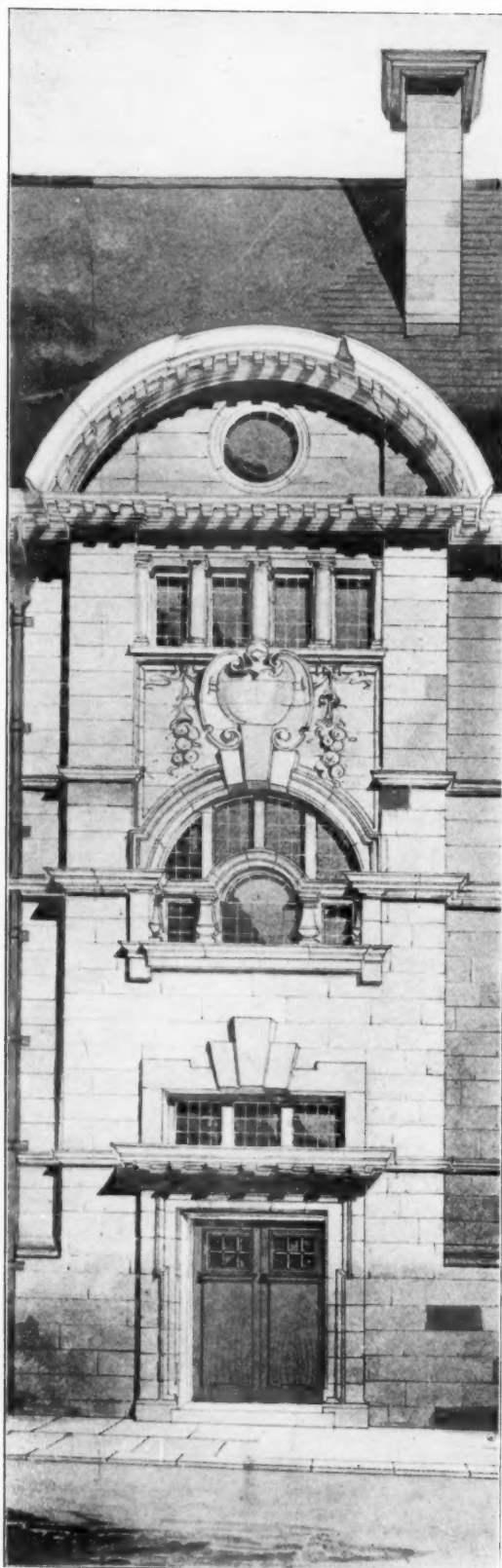


GARDEN FRONT.

HOUSE AT POULTON, FAIRFORD,
GLOUCESTER: C. J. BLOMFIELD,
ARCHITECT.



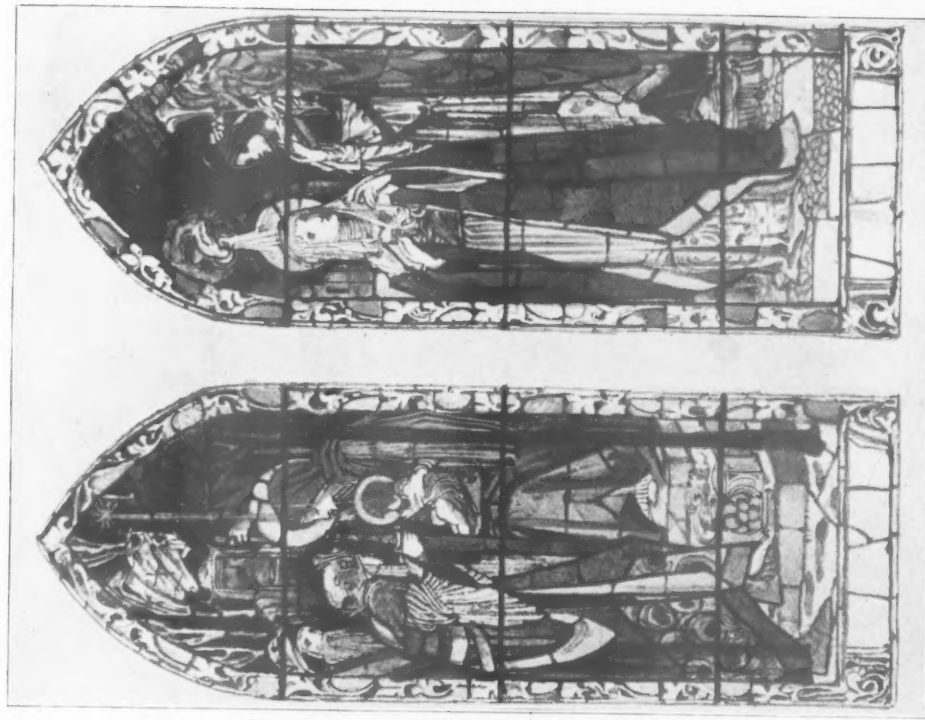
DESIGN FOR HULL PUBLIC LIBRARY;
H. T. BUCKLAND AND C. E. BATEMAN,
ARCHITECTS.



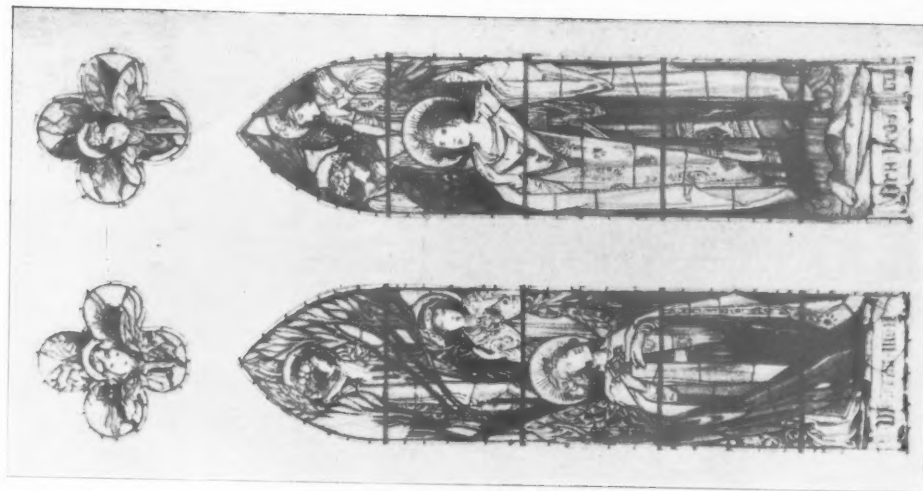
PART OF TROWBRIDGE TECHNICAL SCHOOL:
THOMAS DAVISON, ARCHITECT.



STAINED GLASS WINDOW,
ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH,
WILLENHALL.

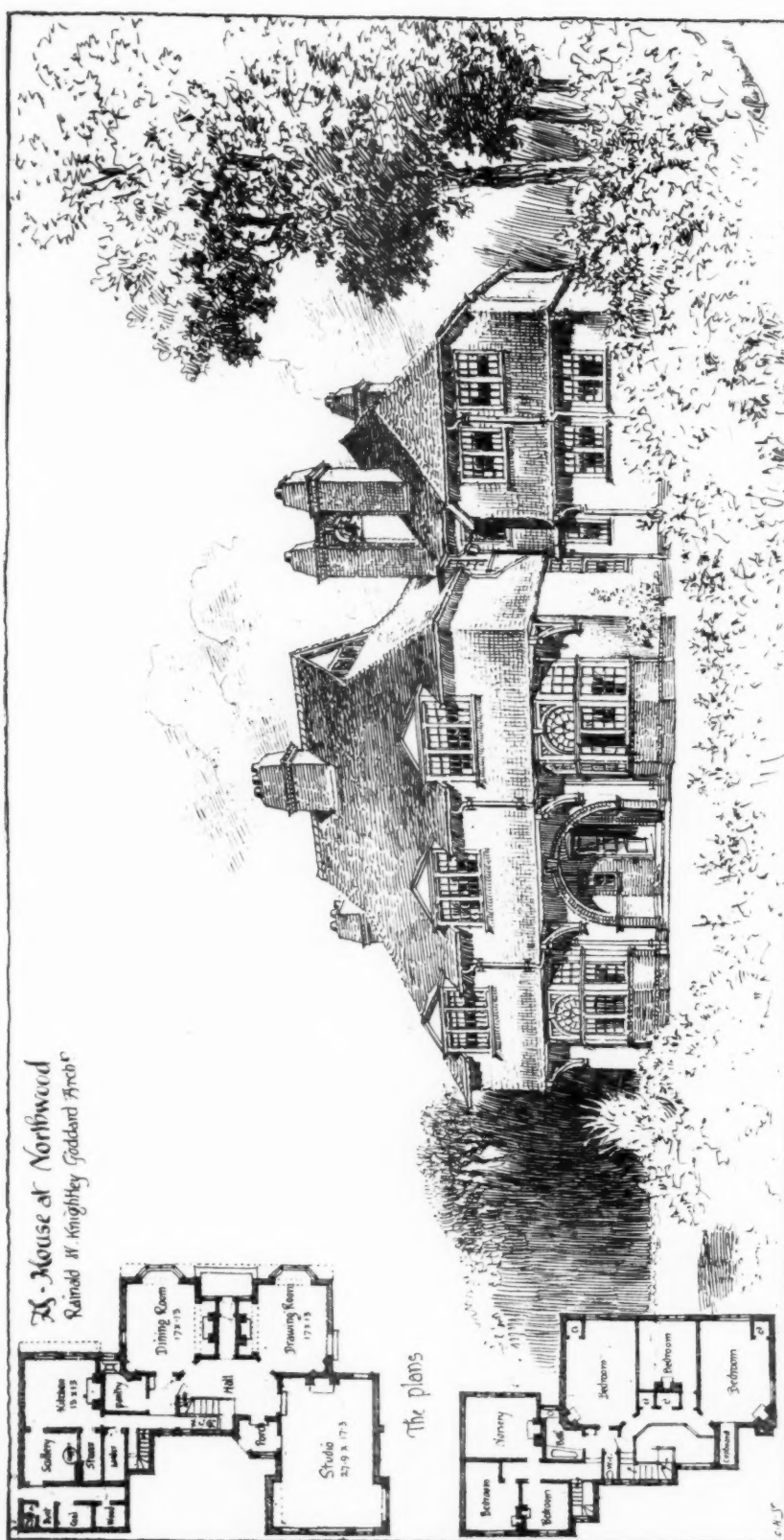


STAINED GLASS WINDOW,
ST. THOMAS' CHURCH,
SHEPHERD'S BUSH.



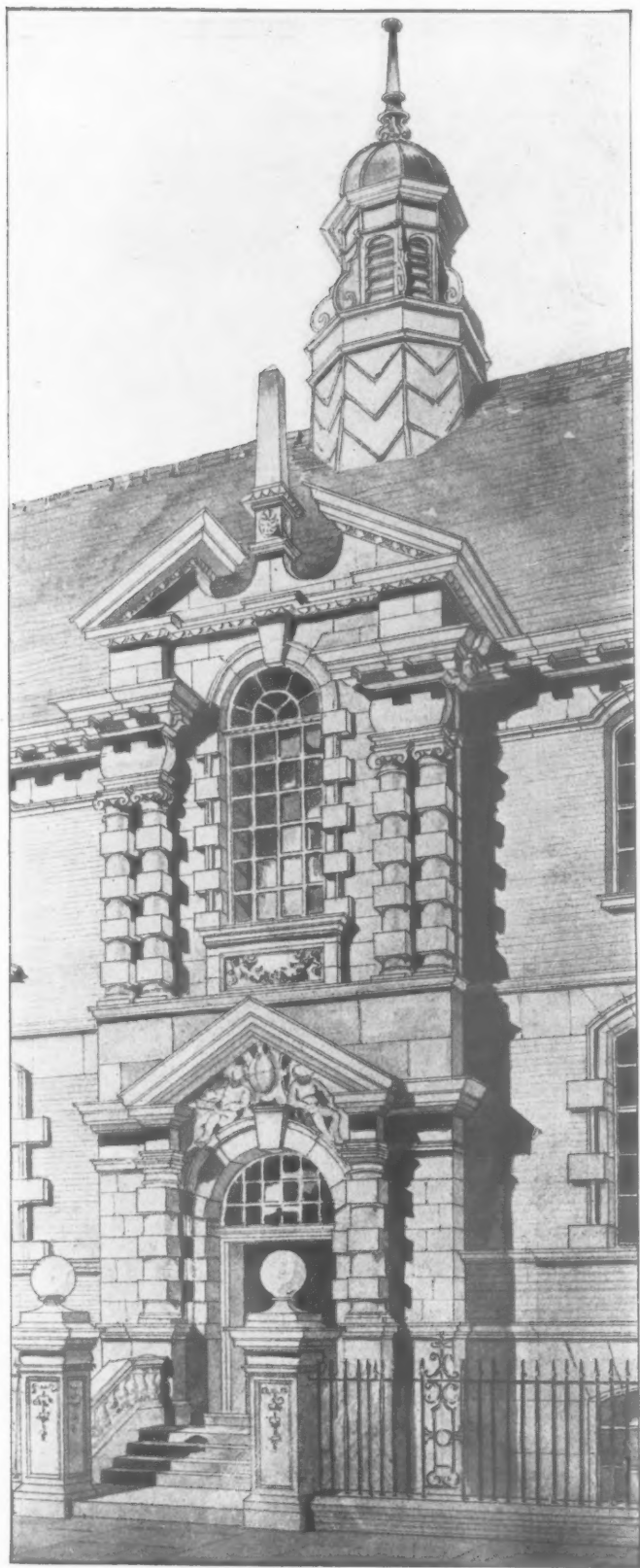
STAINED GLASS WINDOW,
ST. MARY'S CHURCH,
WINDERMERE.

ARTHUR J. DIX.

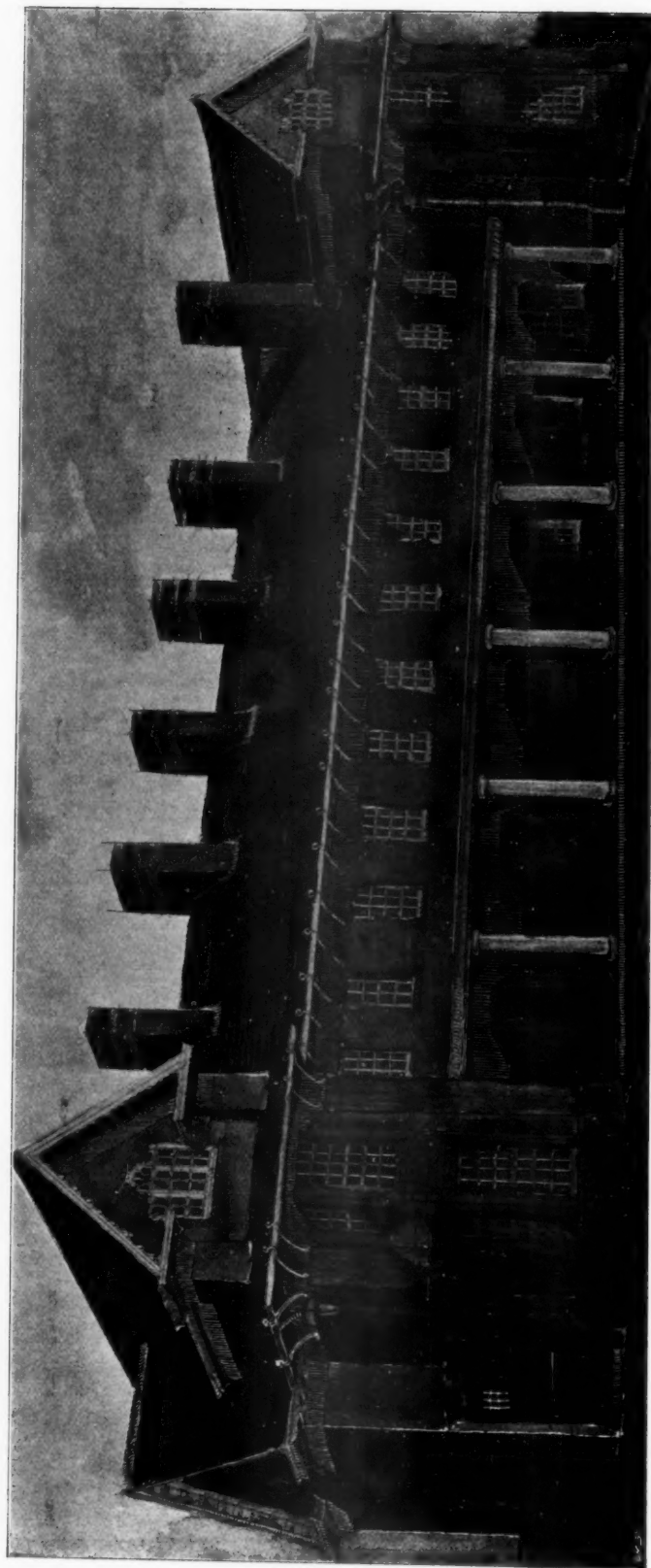


The House at Northwood
Ramald W. Knightley Goddard Architect

HOUSE AT NORTHWOOD:
 R. W. K. GODDARD,
 ARCHITECT.

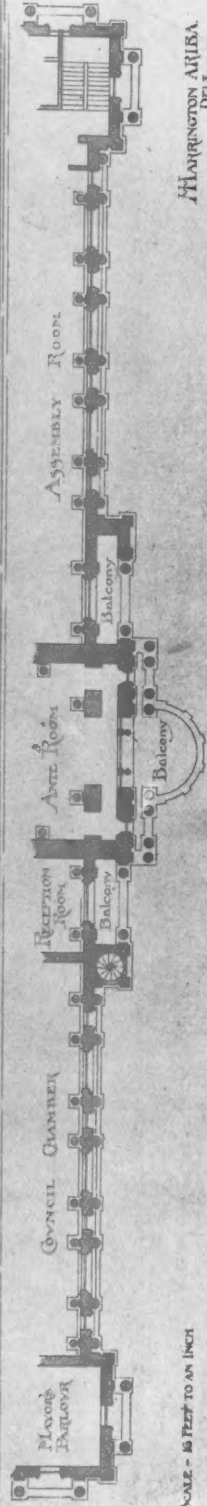
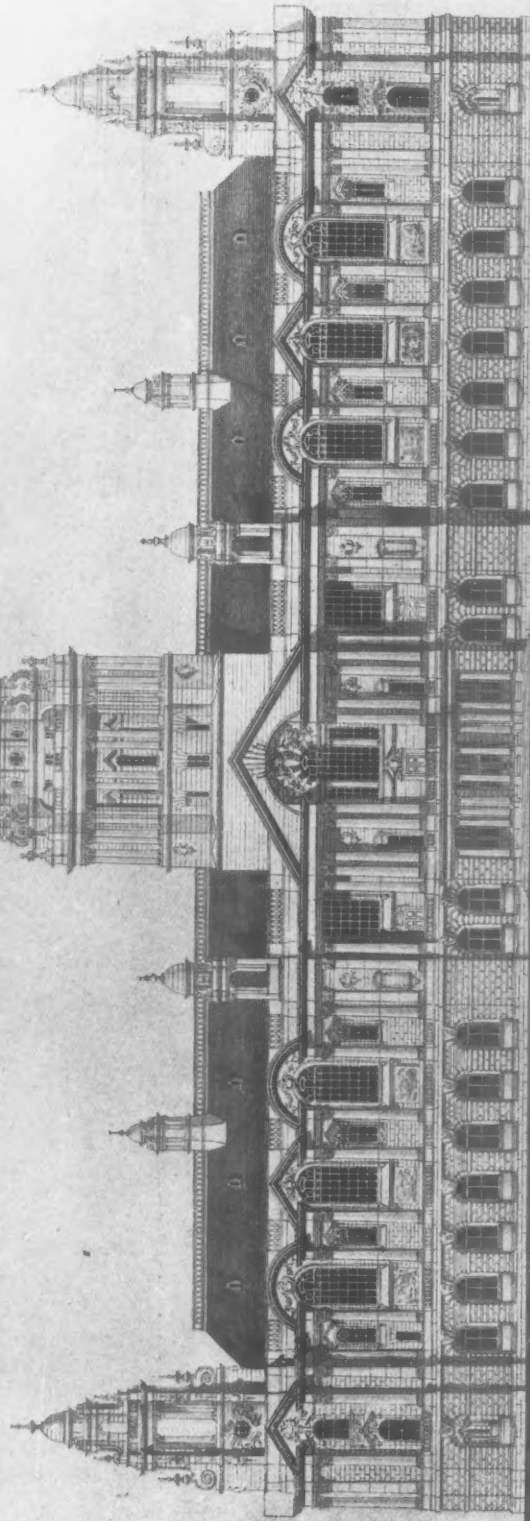


DESIGN FOR TECHNICAL SCHOOL,
SUNDERLAND: THE ENTRANCE:
M. S. HACK, ARCHITECT.



HOUSES FOR THE GAS COMPANY,
SCARBOROUGH: HALL, COOPER,
AND DAVIS, ARCHITECTS.

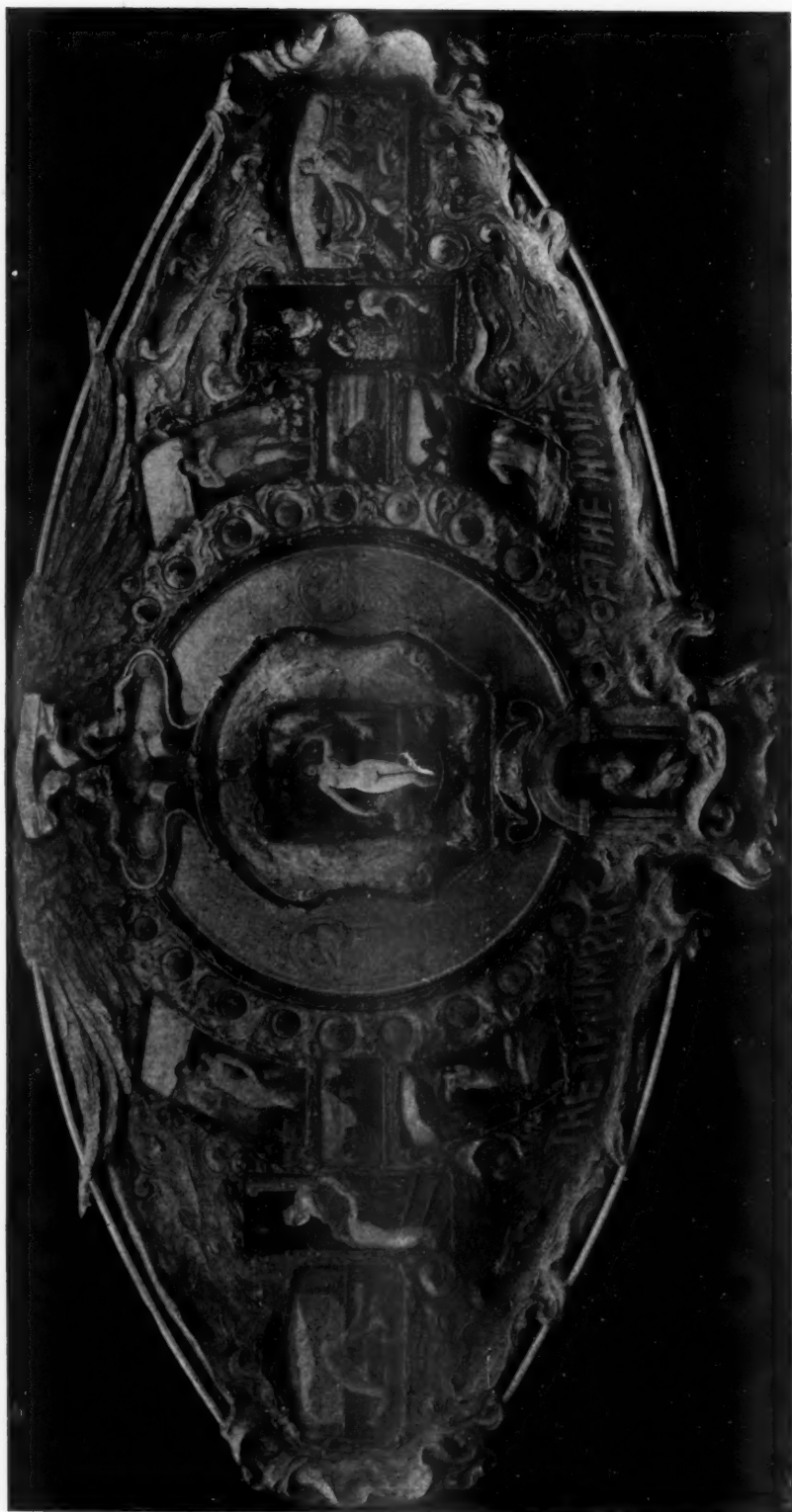
COMPETITION ELEVATION
SUBMITTED FOR
CARDIFF NEW TOWN HALL



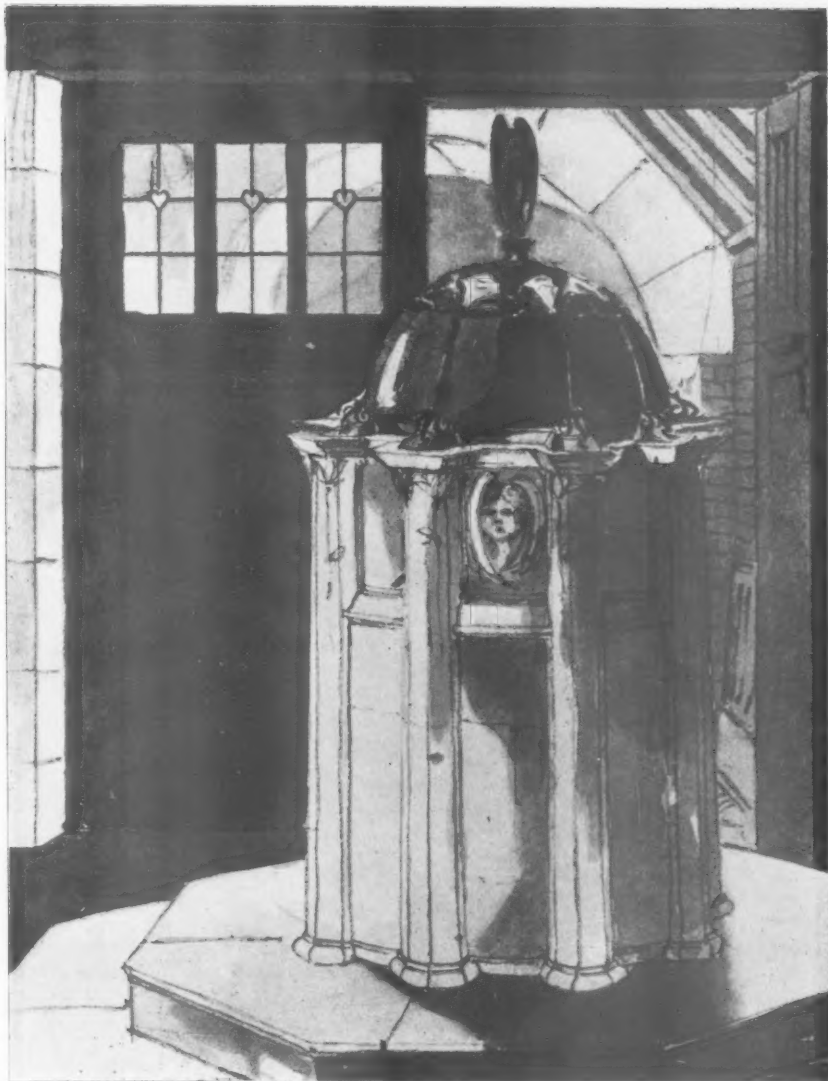
SCALE - 1/8" = 1' TO AN INCH

HARRINGTON ARIBA
Des.

COMPETITION DESIGN FOR CARDIFF
NEW TOWN HALL: HARRINGTON AND
LEY, ARCHITECTS.



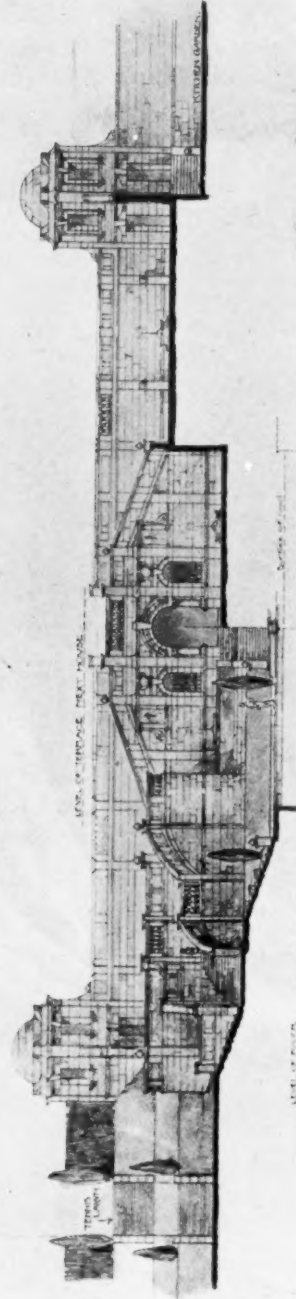
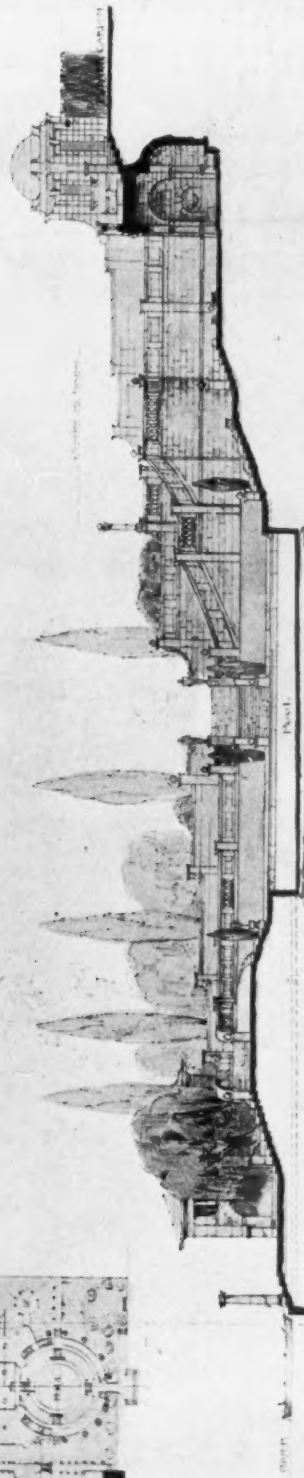
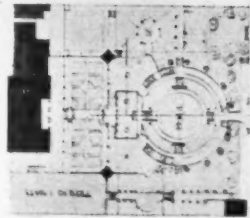
THE TRIUMPH OF THE HOUR: SHIELD
WITH PICTURES IN ENAMEL: HUBERT
HERKOMER, R.A.



DESIGN FOR A FONT: RALPH
KNOTT, ARCHITECT.

DESIGN FOR A CHURCH BY
JAMES J. O'NEILL, JR.

MEMBERSHIP

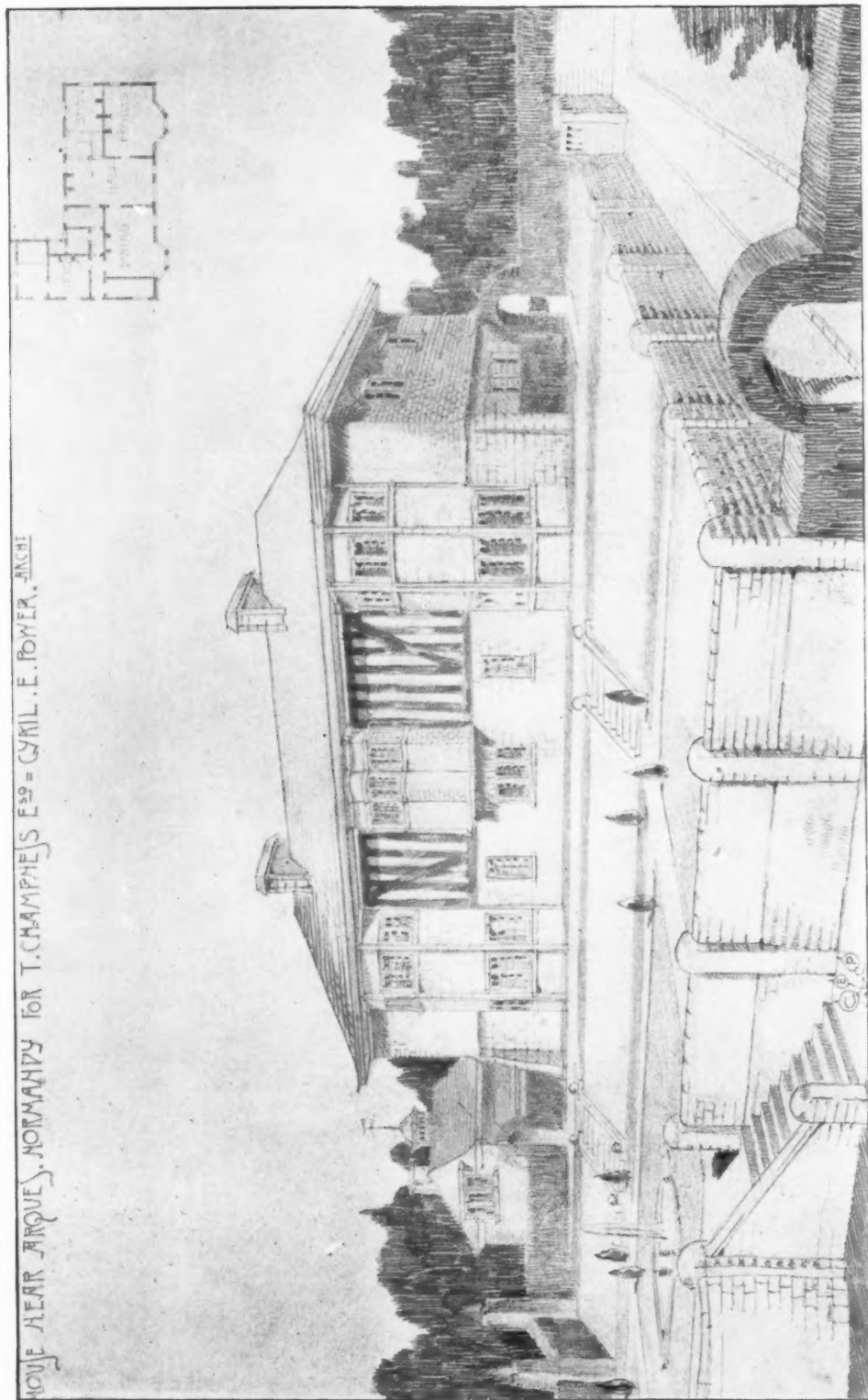


THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DESIGN FOR A GARDEN BY A RIVER:
JOHN S. LEE, ARCHITECT.



HILLINGTON, WALTON-ON-THAMES: NIVEN
AND WIGGLESWORTH, ARCHITECTS.



HOUSE NEAR ARQUES, NORMANDY:
CYRIL E. POWER, ARCHITECT.

Fourth Series.

Architecture and Crafts
at the
Royal Academy, 1899.

Special Supplement to

The Architectural Review,
AUGUST.

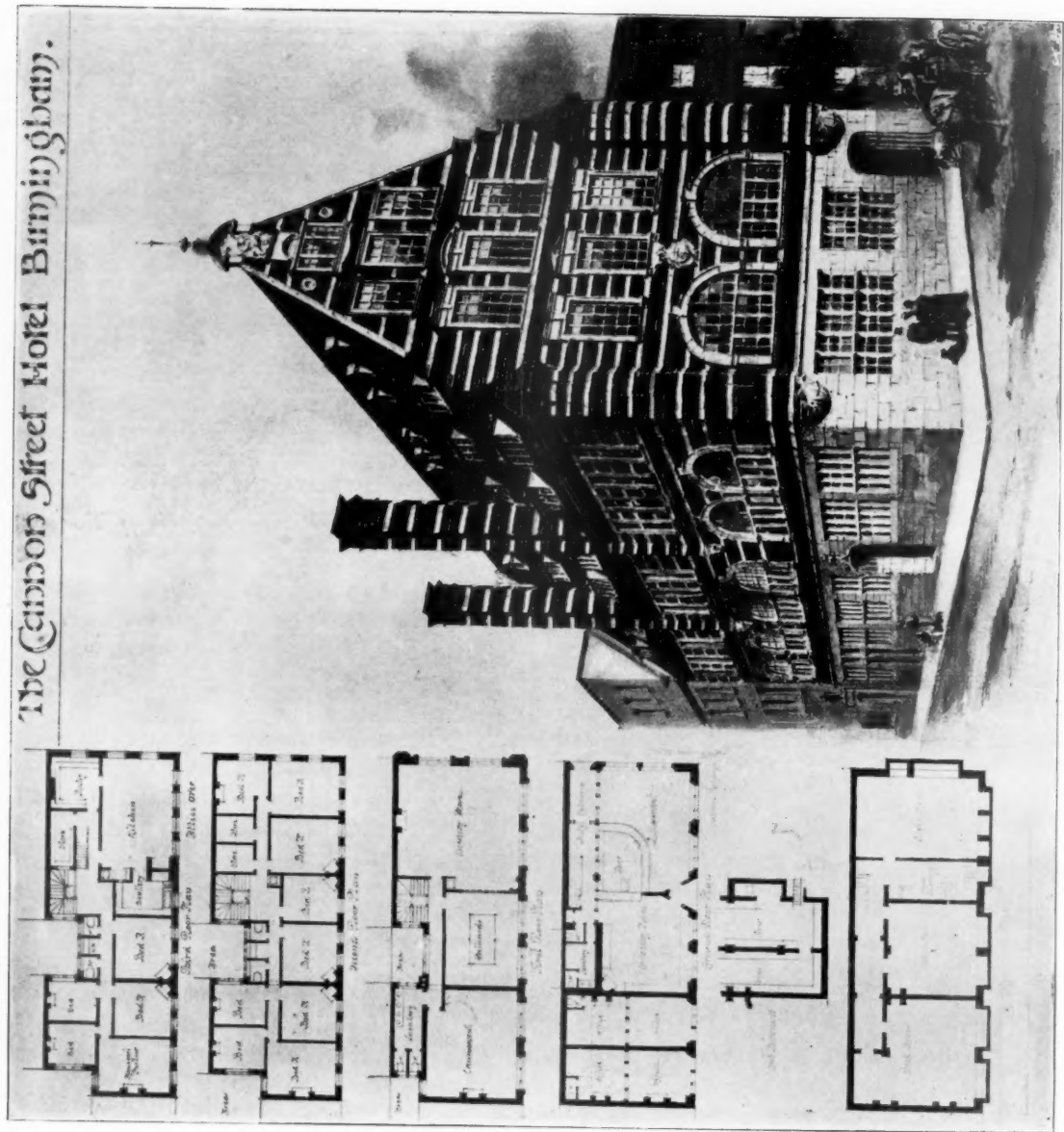
The Editors beg to announce that, owing to the large number of Designs received, it has not been possible to publish more than one Illustration by any individual artist until this issue.

The Fourth Series includes Designs by:—

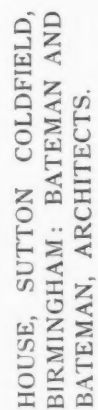
BATEMAN & BATEMAN.
BEDFORD & KITSON.
BELCHER, JOHN.
BREWILL & BAILY.
BRIGGS, R. A.
BUCKLAND, H. T.
CROUCH & BUTLER.
DAWBER & WHITWELL.
FISHER, ALEXANDER.

GEORGE, ERNEST & YEATES.
LEE, T. STIRLING.
MALLOWS, C. E., & GROCOCK,
MOUNTFORD, E. W.
PAWLEY, C. J. C.
POWER, CYRIL E.
SCOTT, M. H. BAILLIE.
VOYSEY, C. F. A.
WILSON, A. NEEDHAM.

THE FIFTH AND LAST SUPPLEMENT WILL BE PUBLISHED
ON SEPTEMBER 1st.



CANNON STREET HOTEL,
BIRMINGHAM: BATEMAN AND
BATEMAN, ARCHITECTS.



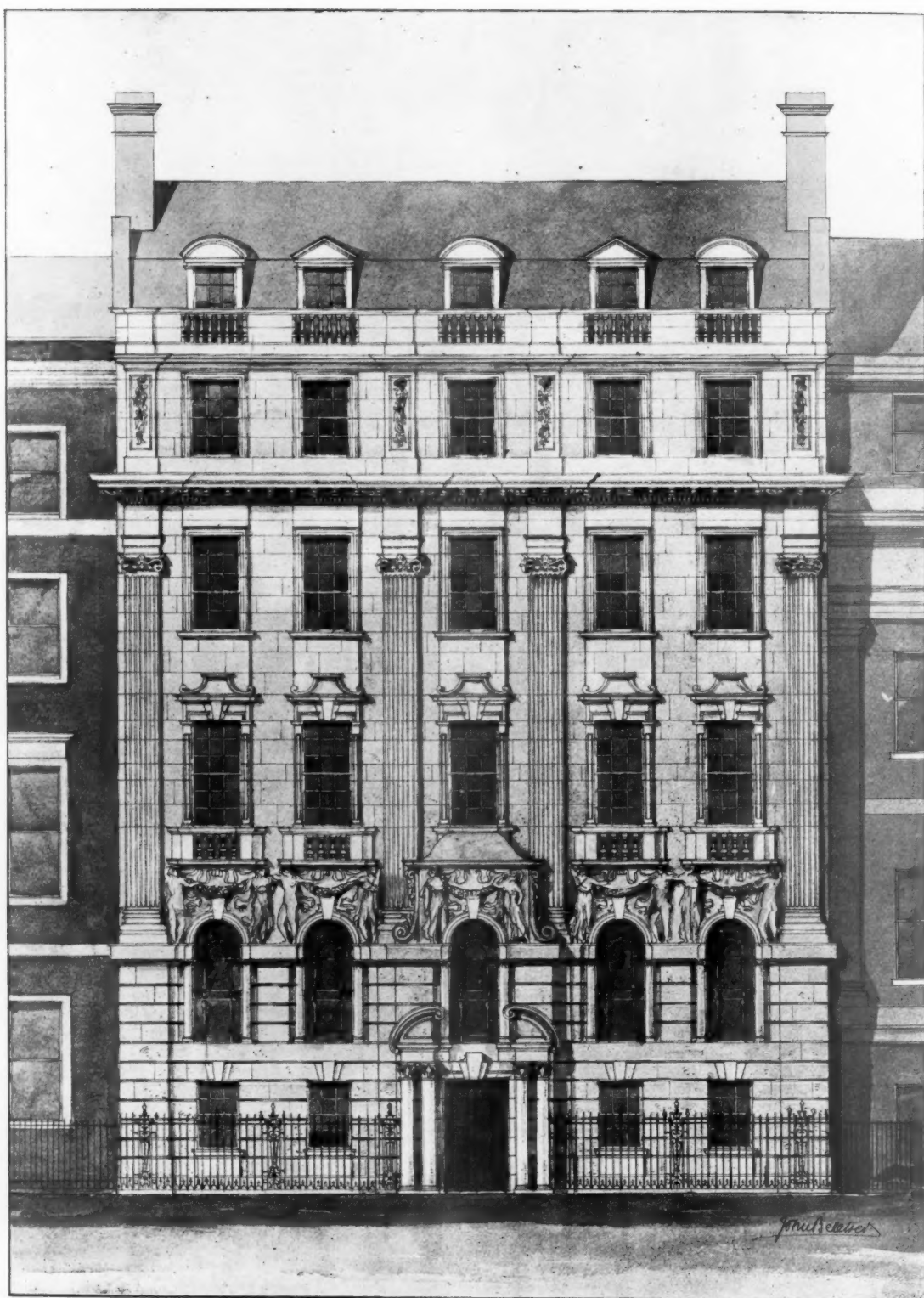
HOUSE, SUTTON COLDFIELD,
BIRMINGHAM: BATEMAN AND
BATEMAN, ARCHITECTS.



BRAHAN, PERTH, FROM THE
EAST: F. W. BEDFORD AND
S. D. KITSON, ARCHITECTS.



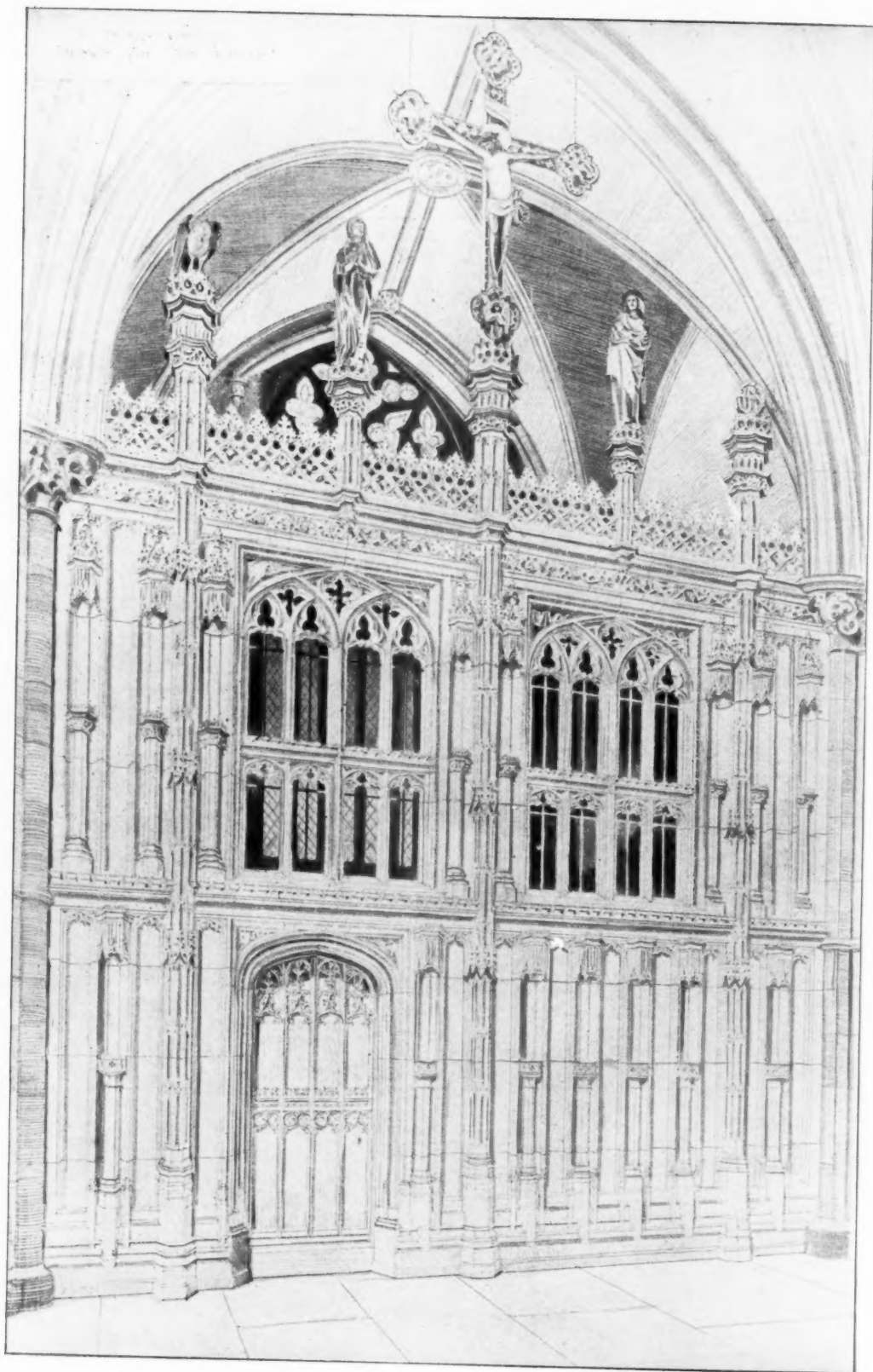
DECORATION IN COUNCIL
CHAMBER, COLCHESTER
TOWN HALL: JOHN
BELCHER, ARCHITECT.



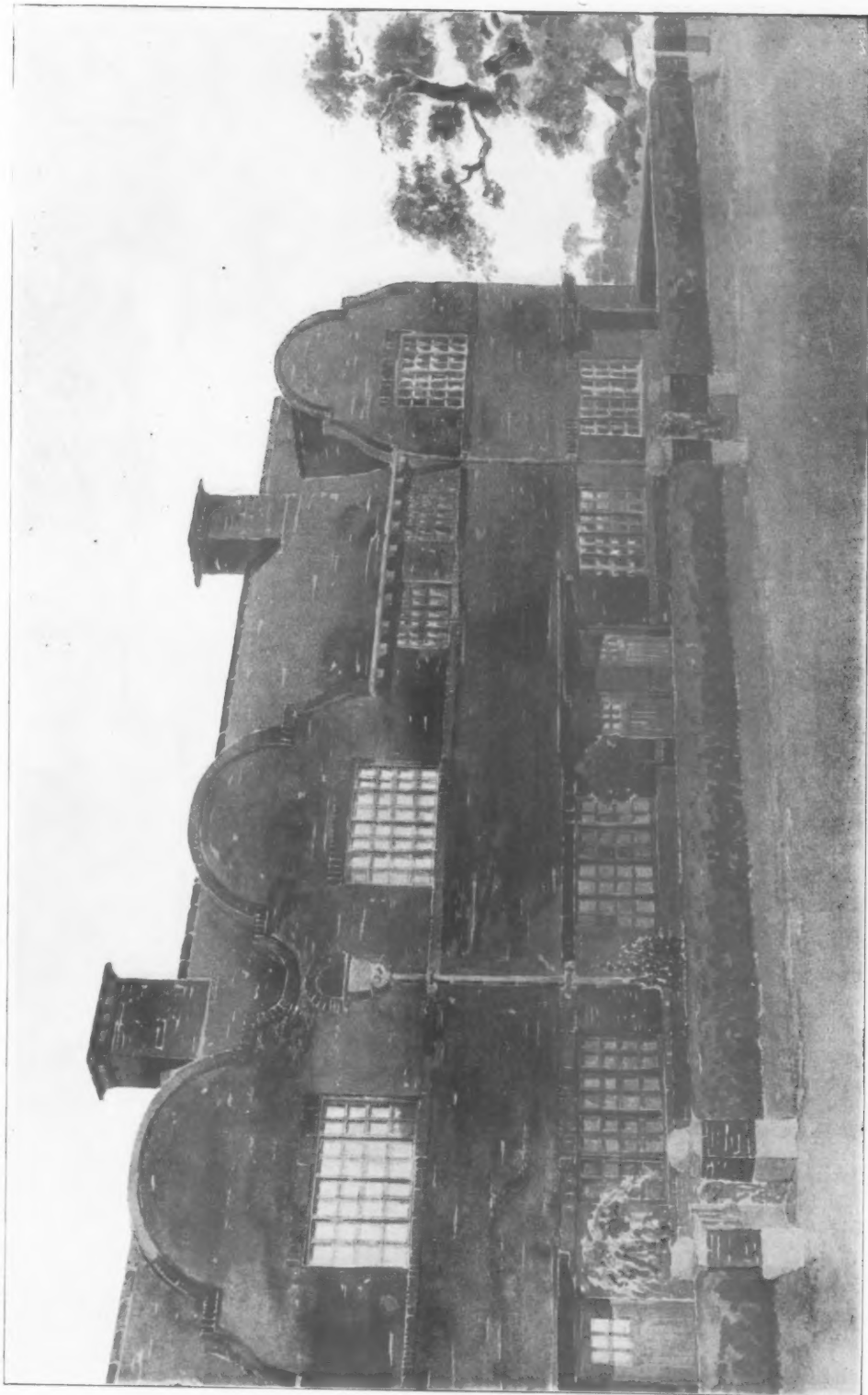
NEW PREMISES, HANOVER
SQUARE : JOHN BELCHER,
ARCHITECT.



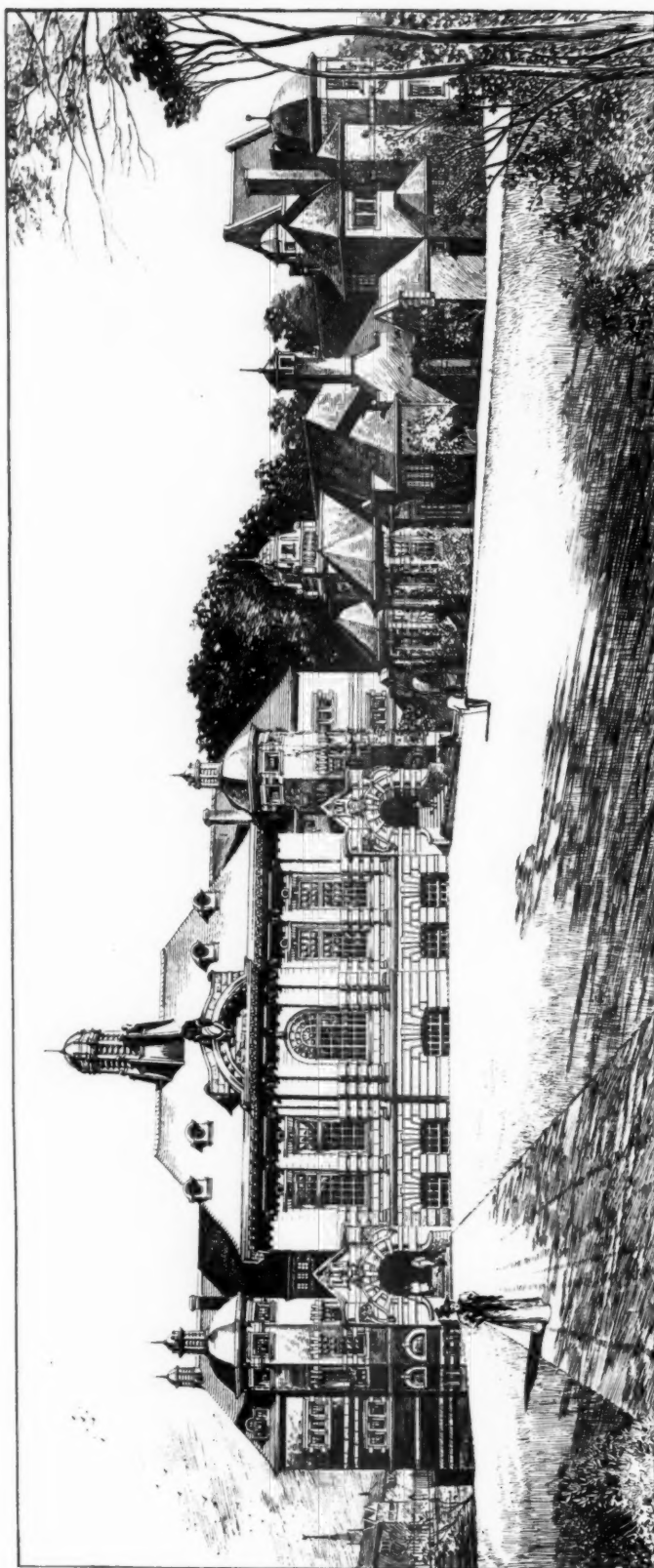
"SILVERBIRCH," ASPLEY HEATH,
 BEDFORD: BREWILL AND
 BAILY, ARCHITECTS.



DESIGN FOR SCREEN, JESUS
CHAPEL: R. A. BRIGGS,
ARCHITECT.

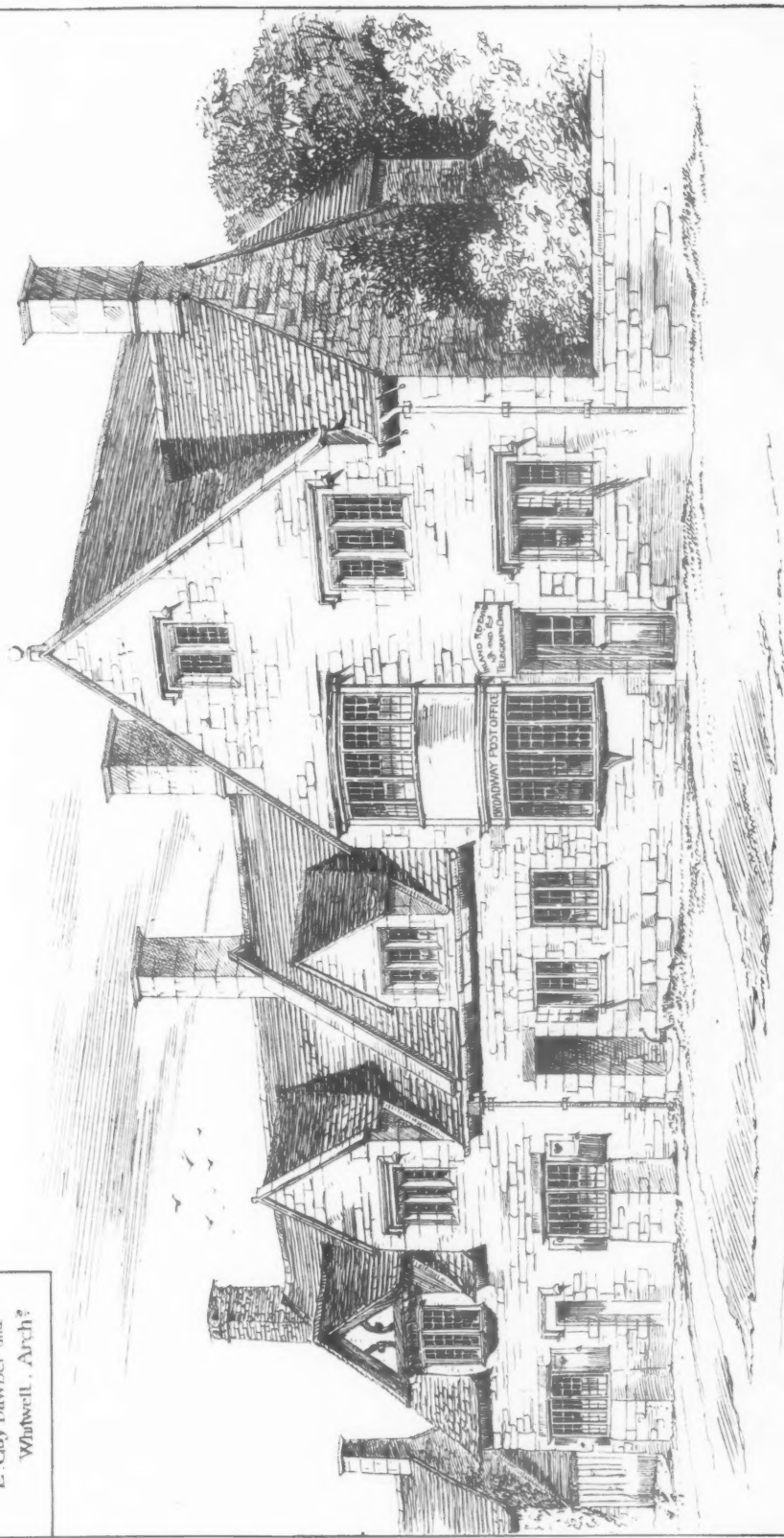


LABOURERS' COTTAGES, BROM-
FORD, NEAR ERDINGTON: H. T.
BUCKLAND, ARCHITECT.



ASTON HIGHER GRADE
SCHOOL: CROUCH AND
BUTLER, ARCHITECTS.

Village Post Office,
Broadway,
Worcestershire.
E. Guy Dawber and
Whitwell, Arch^s



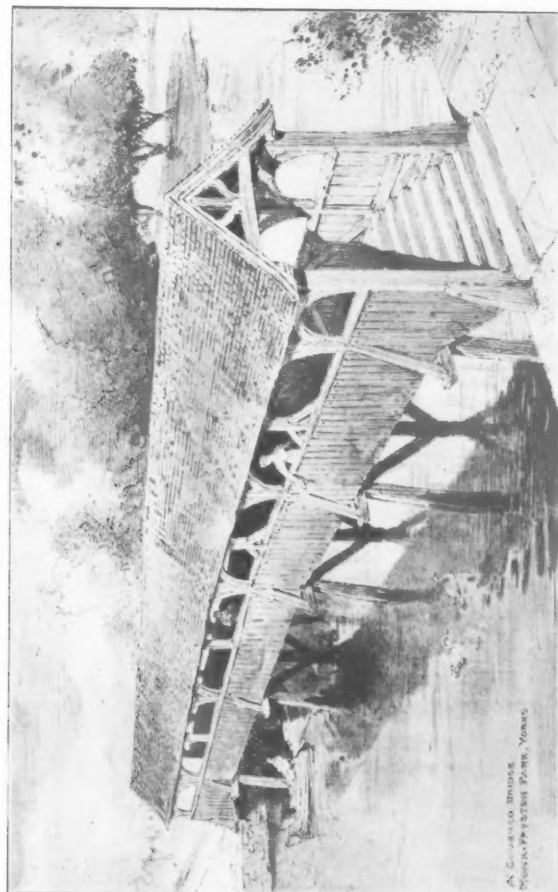
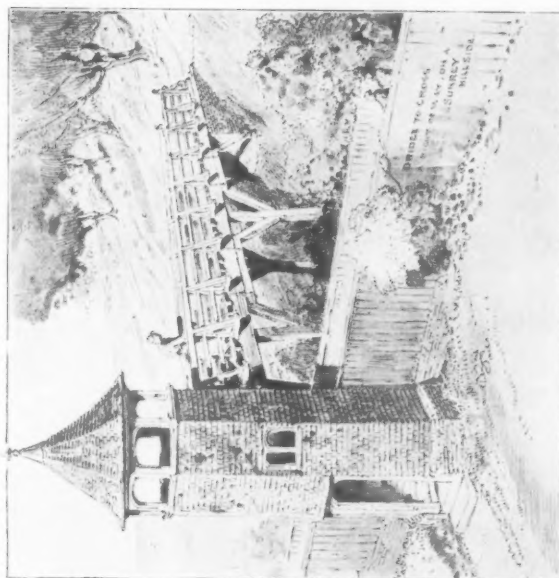
← EASTING OLD COTTAGES

E.C.D. 4414

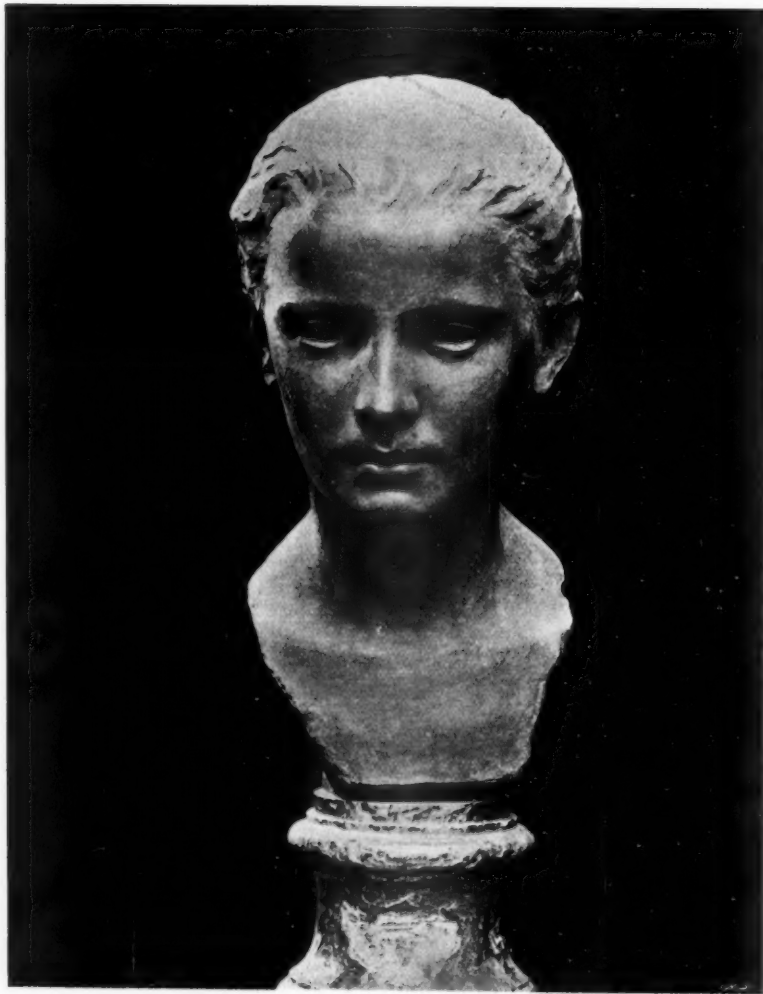
E. GUY DAWBER AND WHITWELL,
ARCHITECTS.



CRUCIFIX, WITH MINISTERING
ANGELS AND TWO MARYS :
SILVER CAST : ALEXANDER
FISHER.



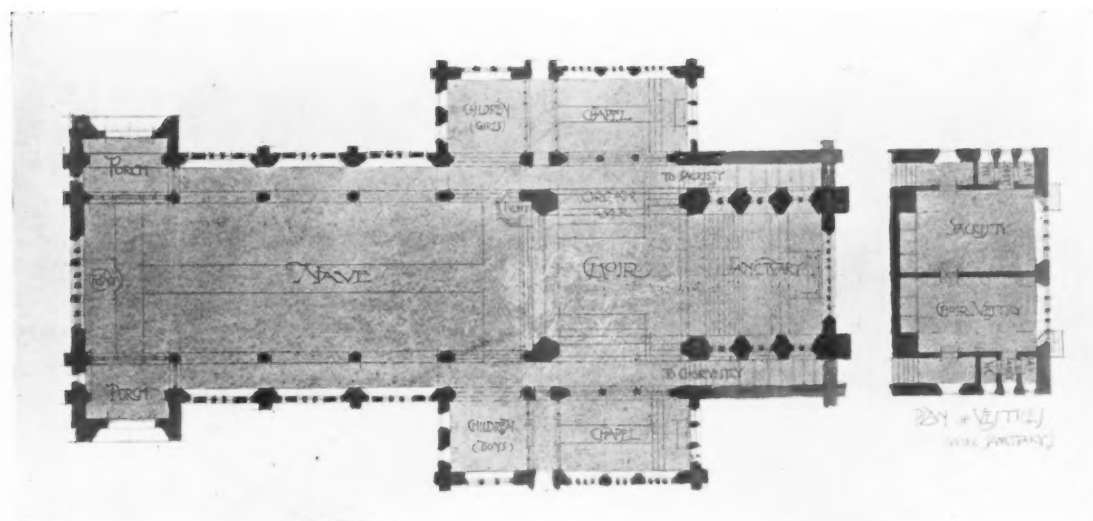
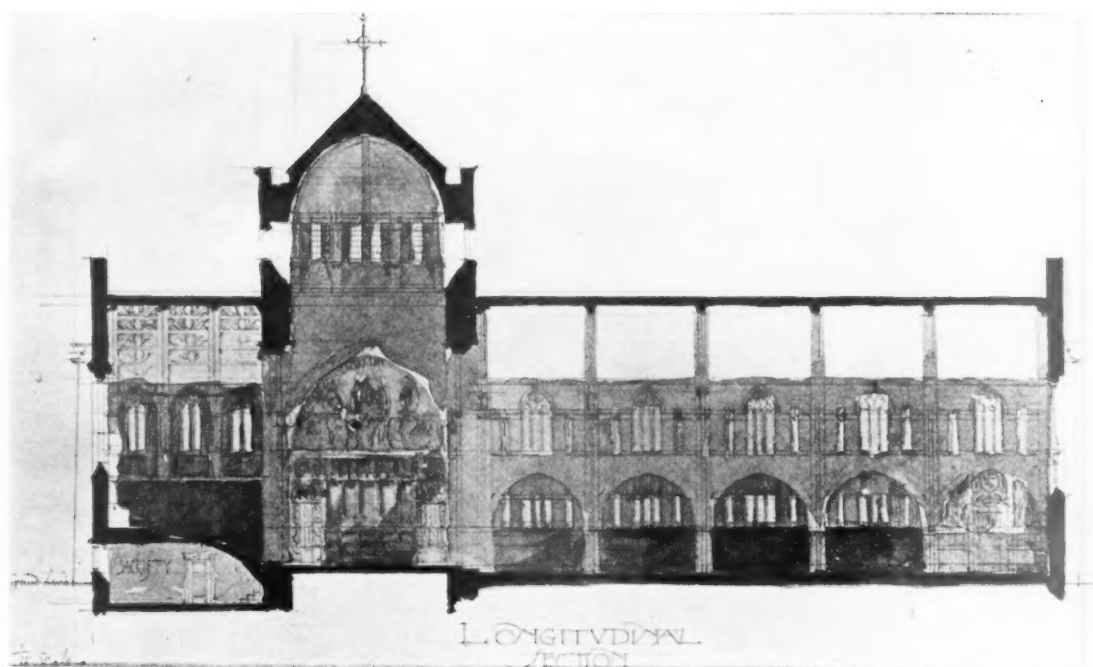
TWO WOODEN BRIDGES:
ERNEST GEORGE AND
YEATES, ARCHITECTS.



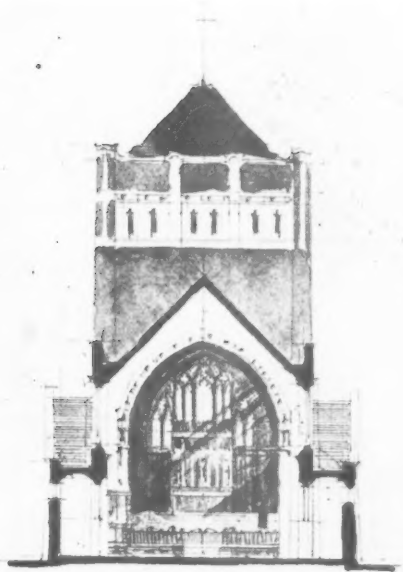
A HEAD—BRONZE: T. STIRLING
LEE, SCULPTOR.



HOUSE AT BIDDENHAM: GARDEN
AND ENTRANCE FRONTS: C. E.
MALLOWS AND GROCK, ARCHITECTS.

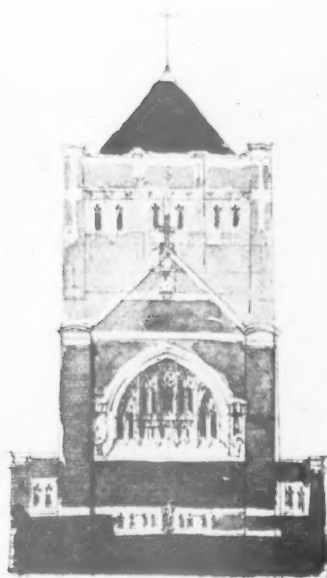


ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH,
WILLESDEN: C. E. MALLOWS
AND GROCOCK, ARCHITECTS.

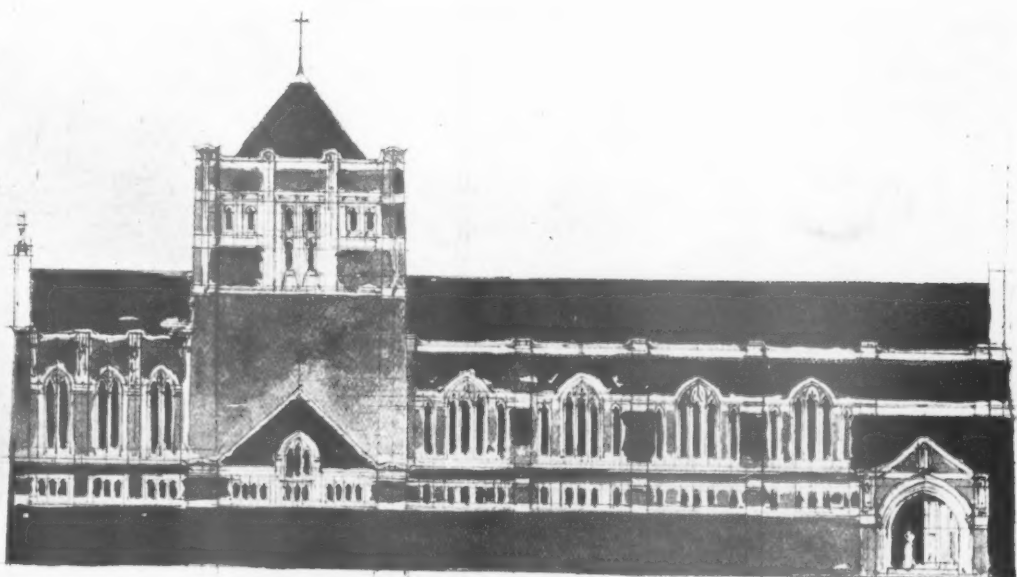


WEST ELEVATION

1/6 SCALE



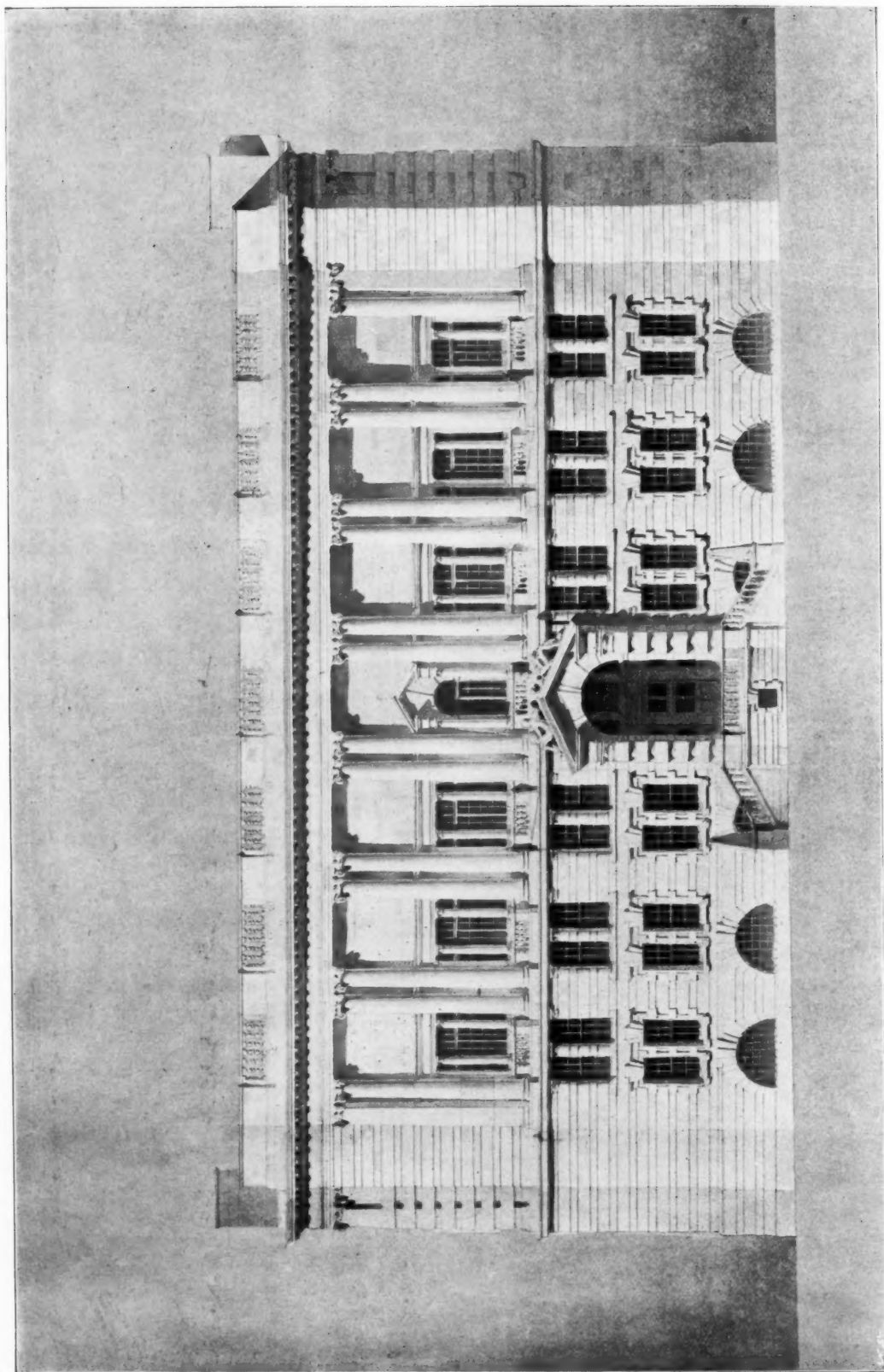
NORTH ELEVATION



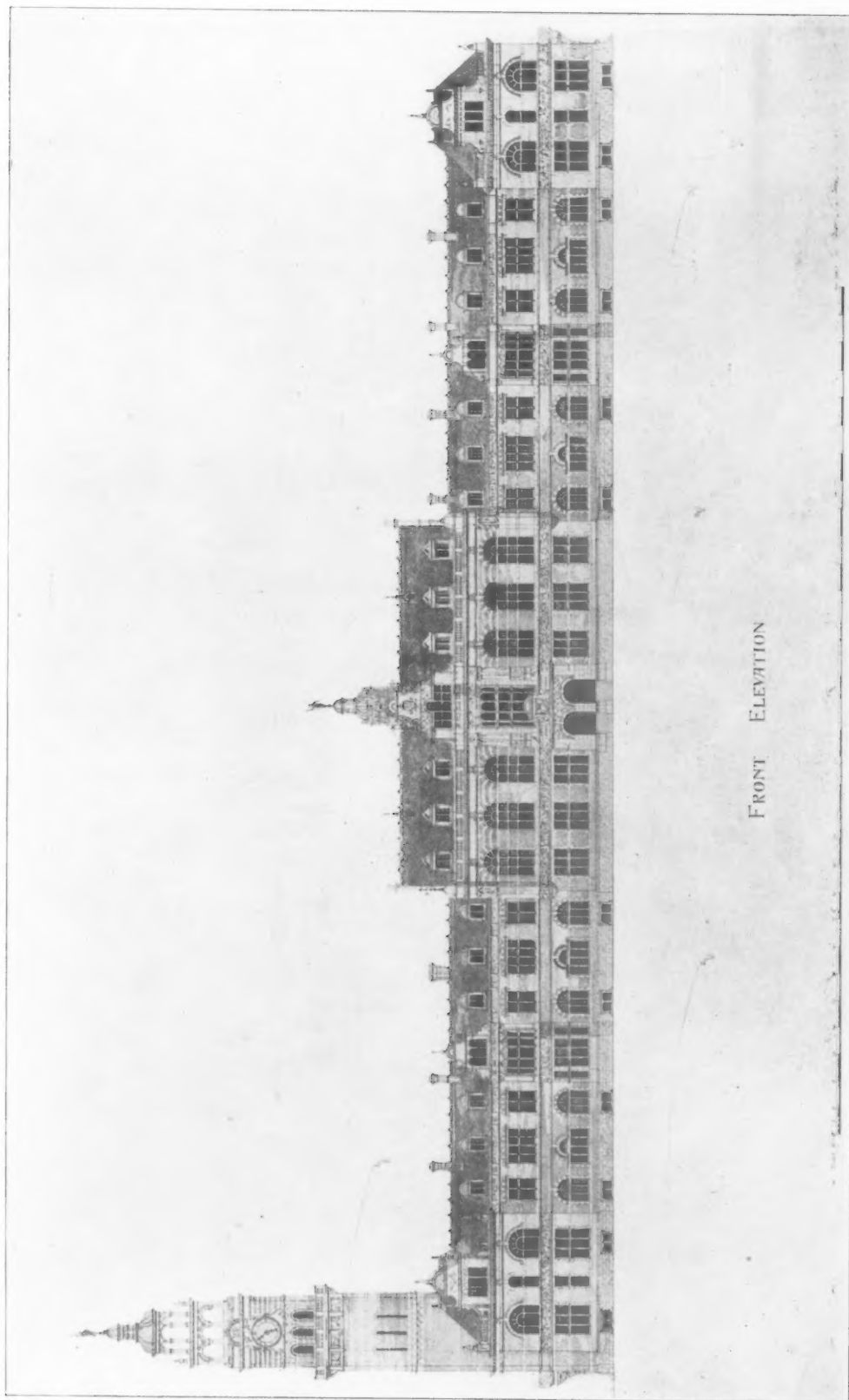
SCALE

SOUTH ELEVATION

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH,
WILLESDEN: C. E. MALLOWS
AND GROCOCK, ARCHITECTS.



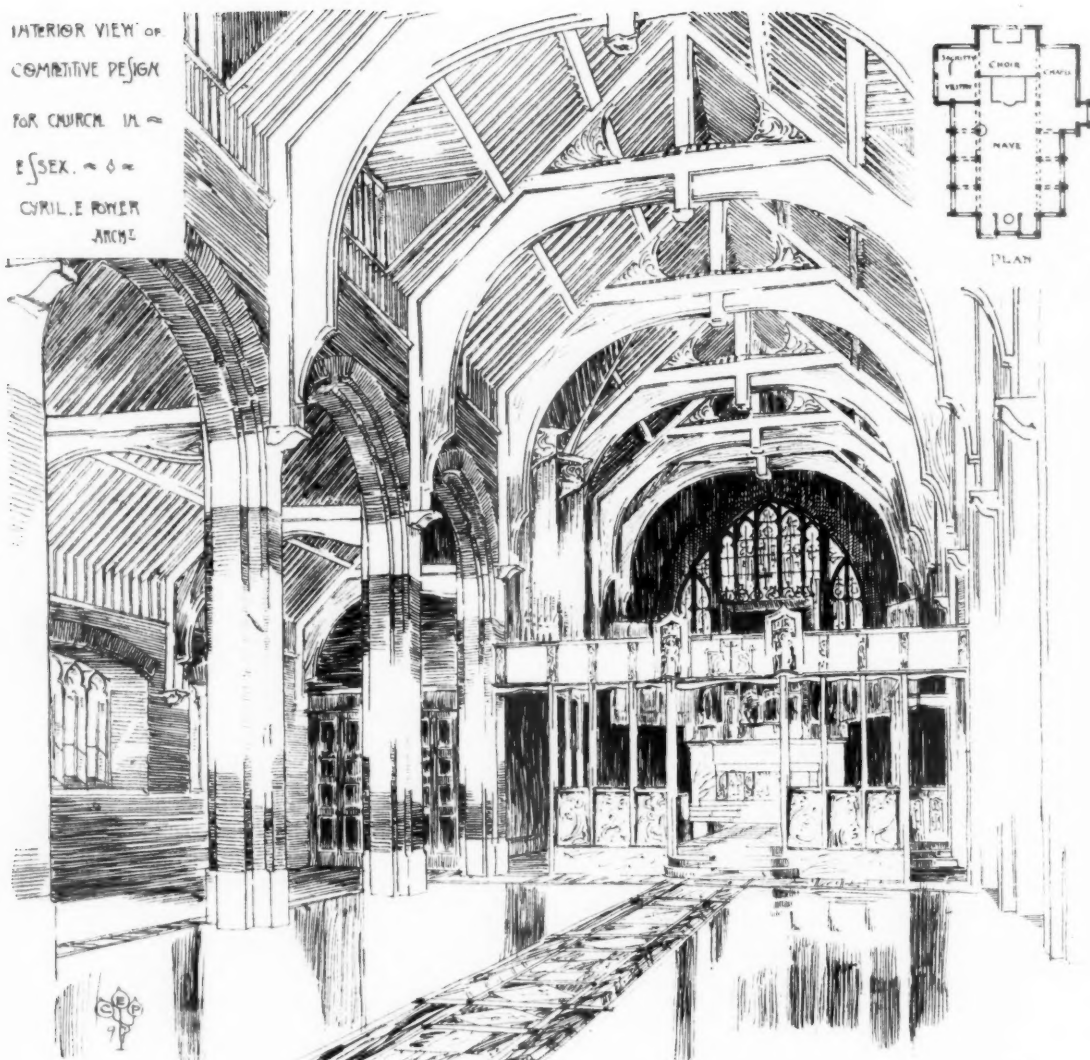
LIVERPOOL MUSEUM AND TECHNICAL
SCHOOL: ELEVATION TO BYROM STREET:
E. W. MOUNTFORD, ARCHITECT.



FRONT ELEVATION

DESIGN FOR TOWN HALL:
C. J. C. PAWLEY, ARCHITECT.

INTERIOR VIEW OF
COMMITTEE DESIGN
FOR CHURCH IN
ESSEX. BY
CYRIL E. POWER
ARCHT.



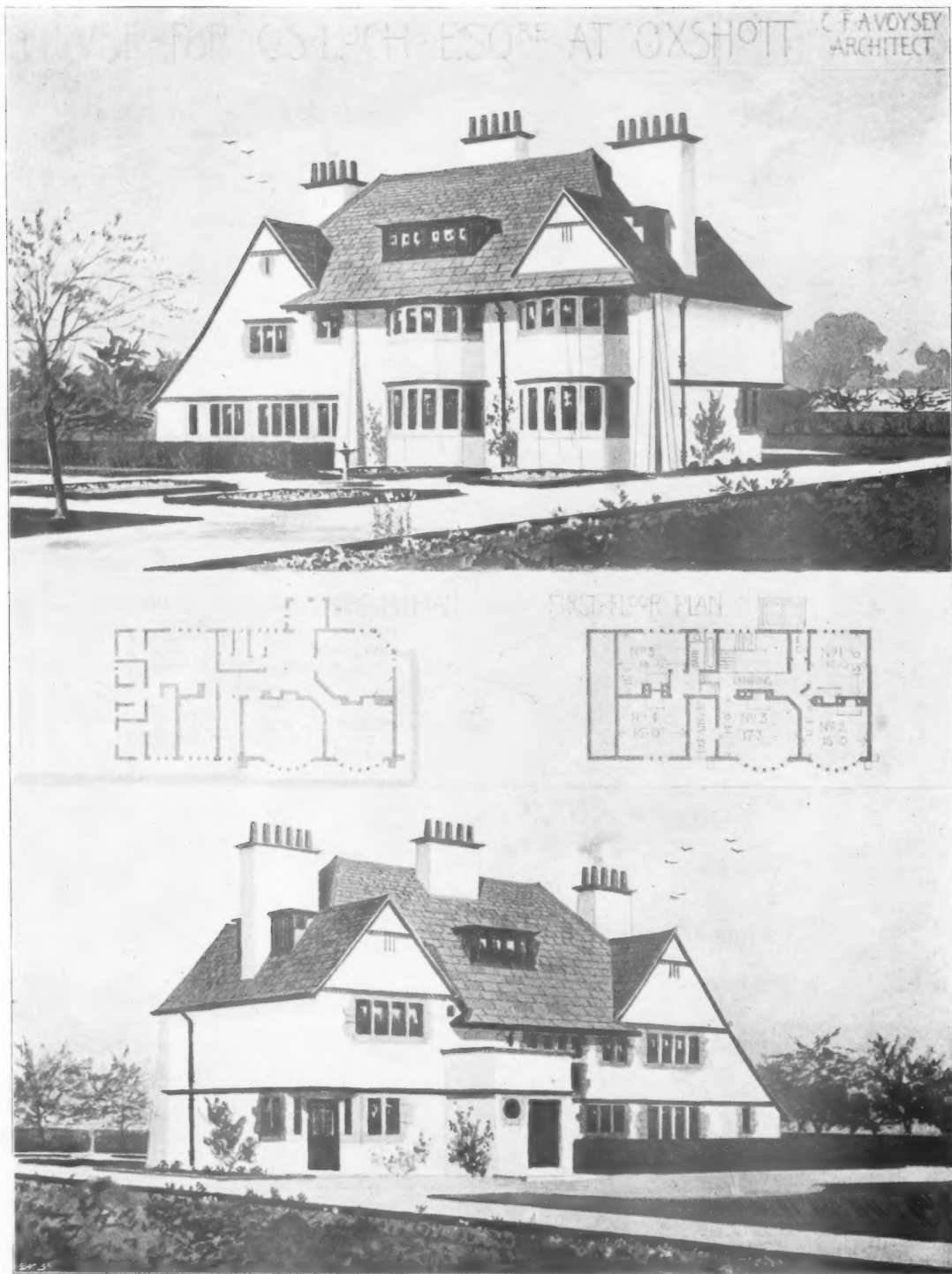
DESIGN FOR CHURCH:
INTERIOR VIEW: CYRIL
E. POWER, ARCHITECT.



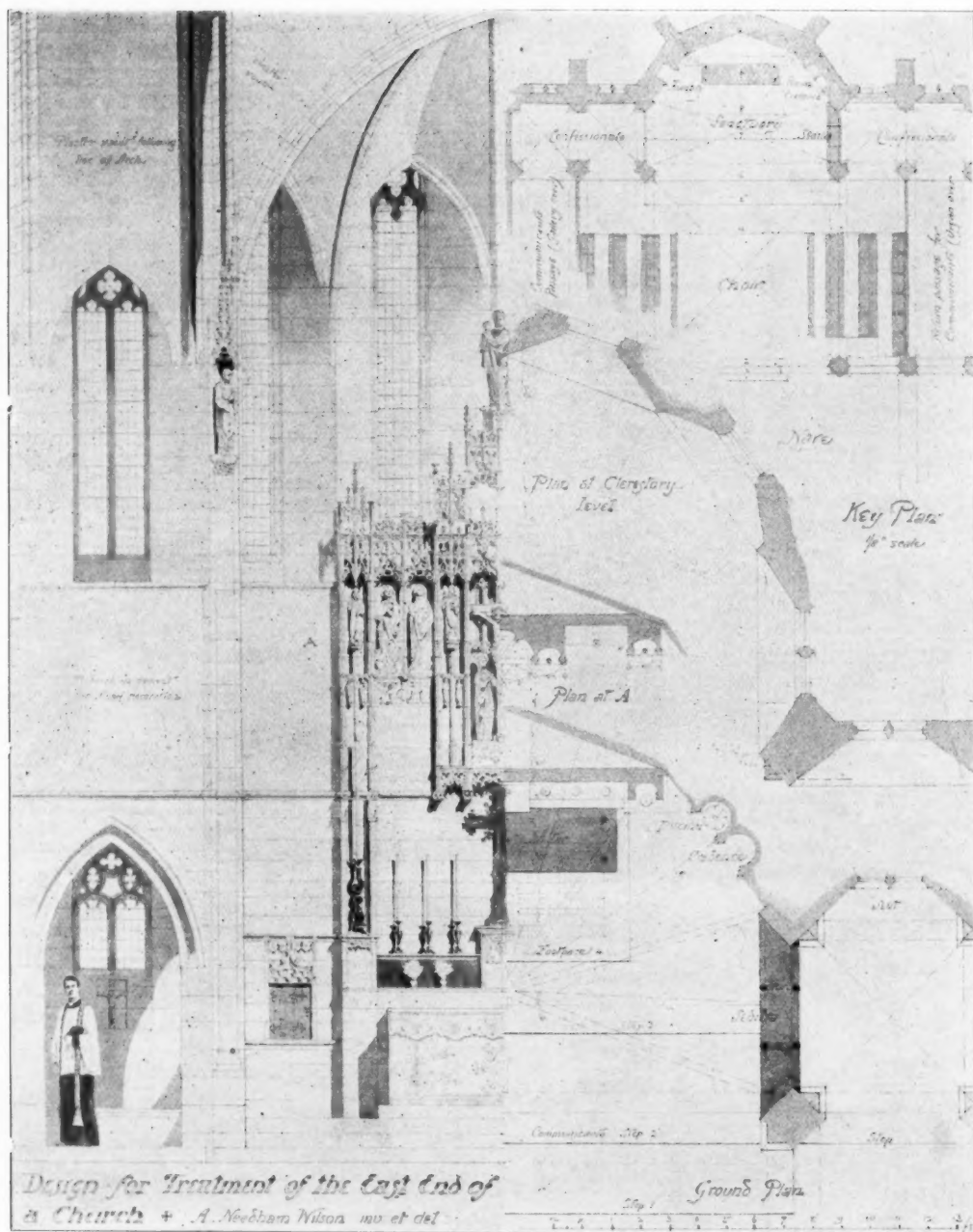
VILLAGE HALL, ONCHAN, ISLE
OF MAN: M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT,
ARCHITECT.



"LE NID" FOR H.R.H. THE CROWN
PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA: M. H.
BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT.



HOUSE AT OXSHOTT: C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT.



DESIGN FOR TREATMENT OF THE
 EAST END OF A CHURCH: A.
 NEEDHAM WILSON, ARCHITECT.

Fifth Series.

Architecture and Crafts
at the
Royal Academy, 1899.

Special Supplement to
The Architectural Review,
SEPTEMBER.

The Fifth Series includes Designs by:—

DRURY, ALFRED.

MALLOWS, C. E., & GROCOCK,

PITE, BERESFORD, M.A.

SCOTT, M. H. BAILLIE.

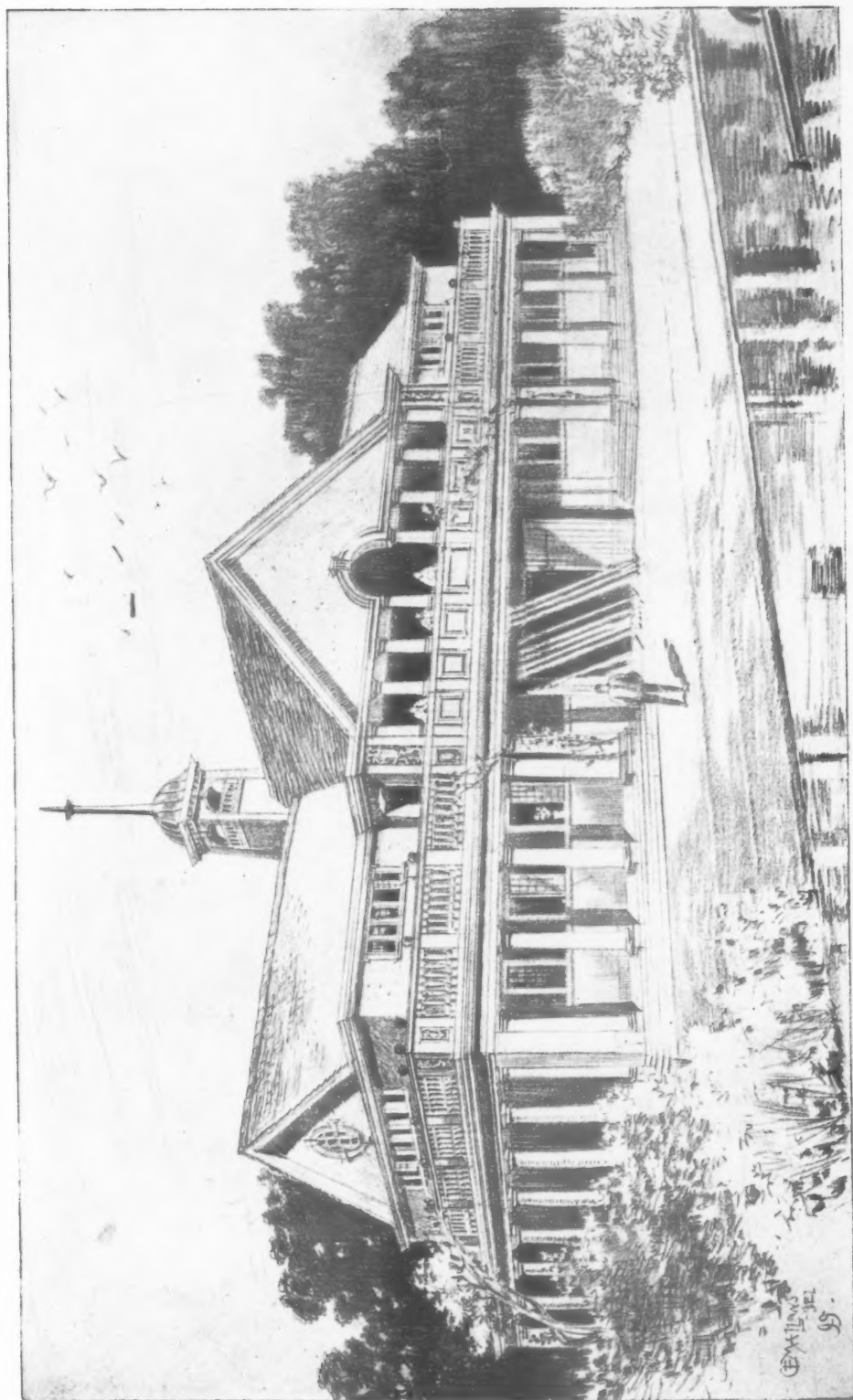
TRIGGS, H. INIGO.

VOYSEY, C. F. A.

The Editors, in giving this, the last of the Academy Supplements, beg to thank all who have so kindly placed their Drawings and Designs at their disposal, thus enabling them to publish a series of Illustrations of Architecture and Crafts at the Academy never before equalled.



JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL.D.:
STATUE FOR CITY SQUARE,
LEEDS: ALFRED DRURY,
SCULPTOR.



GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOAT-HOUSE,
BEDFORD: MESSRS. MALLOWS
AND GROCK, ARCHITECTS.



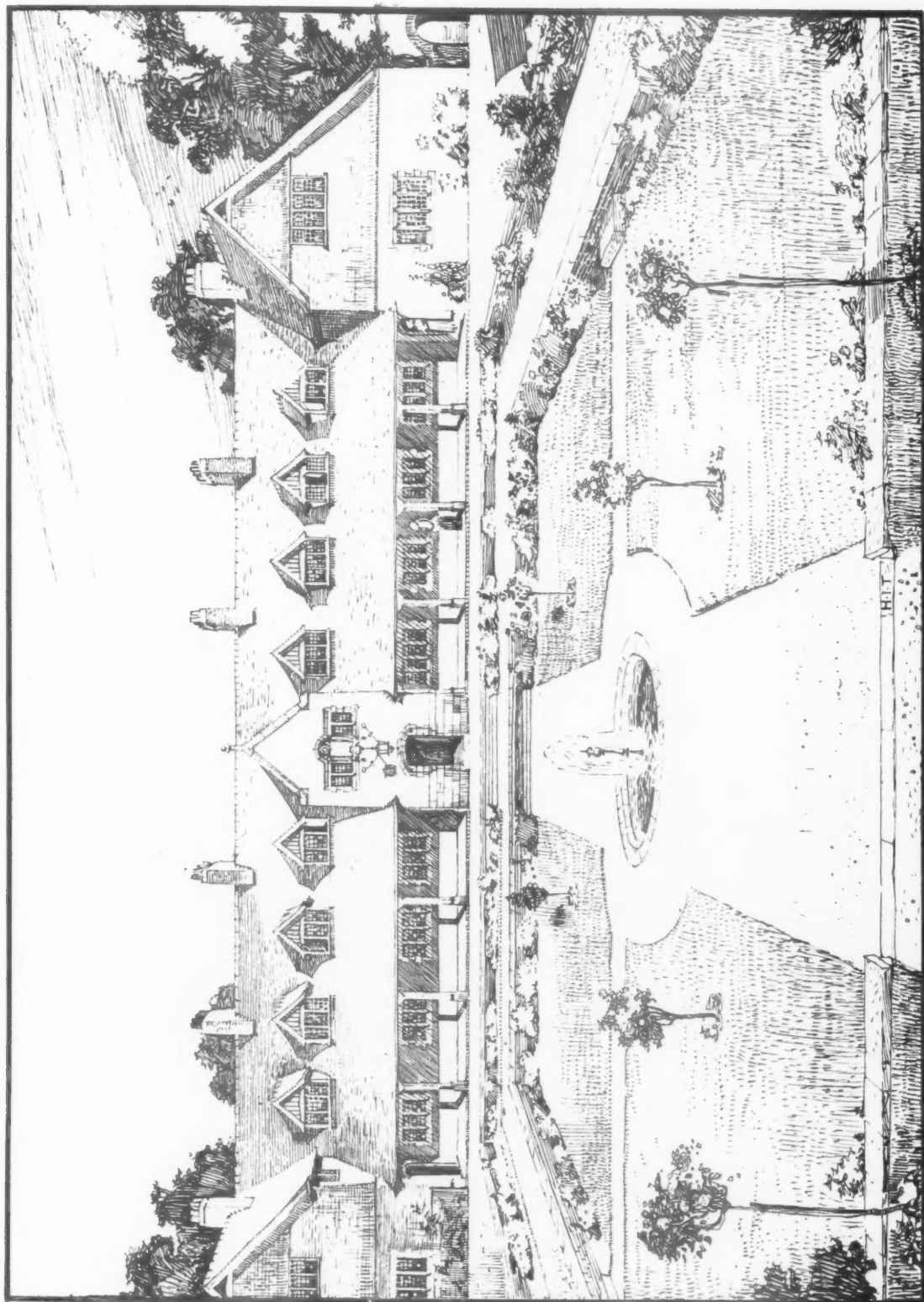
BERESFORD PITE, ARCHITECT.



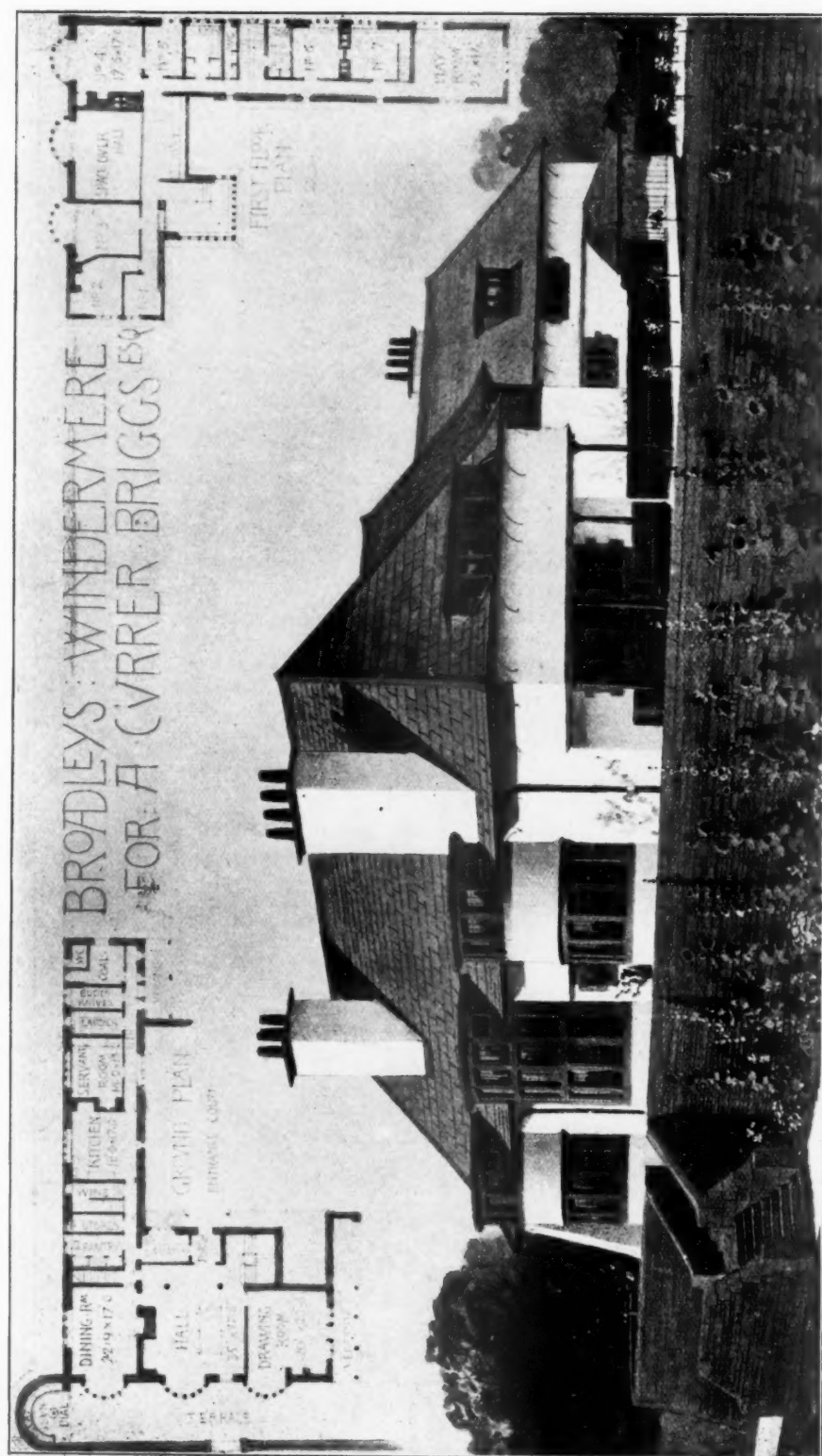
BERESFORD PITE, ARCHITECT



DRAWING-ROOM IN CHAPLAIN'S
HOUSE, ST. MARY'S HOME,
WANTAGE: M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT,
ARCHITECT.



A BLOCK OF ALMSHOUSES:
H. INIGO TRIGGS, ARCHITECT.



HOUSE AT WINDERMERE: C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT.

THE COLLECTOR: Number Three.



LID OF CASKET IN LOUVRE MUSEUM.

THE IVORIES IN THE LOUVRE AND CLUNY MUSEUMS:

WRITTEN BY EMILE MOLINIER, DIRECTOR OF THE LOUVRE.

PART TWO.

BUT stylisation in Art does not necessarily entail the death of the Art which practises it, nor does it exclude further transformation or the possibility for a personal talent to arise. This has been too frequently forgotten in superficial studies of Byzantine sculpture as revealed to us by ivories; writers have too often confounded or classed together works of a very low order and marvels, scarce indeed, but which, notwithstanding their scarcity, are amply sufficient to show us how clearly Byzantine sculpture, in spite of its exterior, apparently so hieratic, still kept in the tenth and eleventh centuries living principles which enable us to recognise that the Art of Constantinople, far from being a frozen Art, petrified, so to say, under one form, was an organism capable of transformation, evolution, modification, and progress. A rapid study of the Byzantine triptych the Louvre has for some years past possessed, gives confirmation to this assertion.

But, nevertheless, many details still remain inexplicable. Once completely formed, or, at least, at a period when we are justified in supposing that it had reached a development which furnished

it all its means of expression, Byzantine Art had a terrible crisis to undergo. The reigns of the Iconoclast Emperors, from Leo the Isaurian to Michael III. (717-842), did not, as was thought formerly, suppress the very existence of Art, but checked its progress. By suppressing all religious Art, save at rare intervals when the terrible measures taken against all artists engaged in making images were relaxed, a blow was struck against all higher Art. It is certain that if, at a certain moment in the development of classical Art, for any reason, the representation of the gods had been forbidden, Greek sculpture would have suddenly been arrested in its development, and thenceforth rapidly declined. Now, like classical Art, indeed, even more so, the Art of the first centuries of the Middle Ages was essentially religious. From the date when Art was forbidden to develop in a religious direction, it received a blow from which it was not destined ever to recover completely. Fortunately the West never practised to any extent the theories of the Iconoclasts, and above all never followed them out to the letter. The greater division of power, a certain degree of

ii *The Ivories in the Louvre and Cluny Museums.*

anarchy even, less despotism in spite of surrounding barbarousness, never allowed principles of excessive intolerance to be applied, such as had been pushed to absurd extremes by people who ever feared to see the half-conquered paganism revive through the cult of images. All the attempts made

in this direction by France or Germany failed miserably, because the execution of such ideas demanded a political constitution which was luckily unknown in the West.

Without exaggerating the consequences of this historical fact, it is not the less true that the quarrels of the Iconoclasts had a deplorable influence on Byzantine Art. They at one time threatened to cause its destruction, and it would certainly have perished if, by the side of religious Art, there had not existed in countries submitted to Greek domination, a secular Art, deeply imbued with classical traditions. The practice of this Art enabled Greek artists to keep even in these dark days the technics of Art and certain antique forms. It may be said that numerous caskets—such as those we find in the collections at South Kensington: such as the fine casket from Volterra, which is now in the Cluny Museum—represent secular Art in Greek countries of the eighth and ninth centuries. On these we see the representation of a number of mythological subjects; the myth of Hercules, for instance, is often told in images; we find, besides, the circus games depicted by sculptors for a people who pushed the love of these games to an almost delirious excess. In all these representations, which are frequently fairly perfect, we note visible recollections of classical antiquity, mingled at times with Oriental influences—Persian above all—which are to be met with later on even in religious monuments.

Less fortunate than the Cluny Museum, the Louvre has not so far had the chance of enriching its collections by acquiring a few specimens of secular Art. But it can at least show with pride one of the finest, if not the finest, known Byzantine triptych. In a better state of preservation, and, above all, in a purer style than the triptych of the Vatican Museum and Minerva Library at Rome—which cannot be earlier than the thirteenth or fourteenth century—this triptych, known as the Harbaville Triptych, from the name of its former owner, is probably of the tenth century—that is to say, of the most flourishing period of Byzantine Art. It was perhaps taken during the Revolution from some church in Belgium: originally it probably came from the sack of Constantinople in 1206. Both sides are covered with carved work, admirable in execution. The Christ, with hand raised to bless, is seated on a throne, between the Virgin and the Baptist; lines of Apostles and Saints stretch in two rows on either side. All these figures, which still bear traces of their having been originally gilt and accompanied with inscriptions, may be considered as the most perfect specimens of Byzantine Art. Without speaking of the admirable proportions—or canon, one might say—adopted by the sculptor; without speaking of the



THE VIRGIN AND
INFANT JESUS.

FRENCH:
XIII. CENTURY.



POLYPTYCH: FRENCH:
XIV. CENTURY.



CENTAURS.

delicacy of the extremities, the beauty of the drapery, each personage has his own physiognomy, and expresses a different and personal sentiment. Nothing stiff or cold or awkward is found here, as is so frequently the case in monuments of secondary or inferior rank, from which so inexact an idea has been formed of higher Byzantine Art. Such compositions can only be compared with the finest miniatures of Greek manuscripts, and show how far the old classical Art was yet preserved. On the reverse side of the triptych, in the central division, two cypresses bend their tops towards the cross, surrounded by stars, and give one of the most graceful representations of a symbolical theme so dear to the Byzantines. On the leaves two processions of Saints are ranged, as grand in style as those which within surround the image of the Saviour. The fastening is concealed by a garland of laurel leaves.

Even in monumental Byzantine works, such as the Mosaics, this impression of grandeur is not surpassed. But whereas in the Mosaics the artist has generally, by a just understanding of decorative necessities, stylised the drawing, in the triptych he is rather, in a certain measure, realistic in treatment, as are certain artists of the Renaissance, who considered that a work of small proportions exacted an accuracy of detail which is prescribed by monumental art.

This admirable work of art was formerly, it is easy to see, entirely painted and gilt. Not only were the inscriptions relative to each personage tinted red, but the personages themselves were gilt from head to foot. We moderns

feel some difficulty in admitting, or at any rate in approving, this polychromy, which entirely disguised the material to whose beauty we are so sensitive. But the conscientious historian must needs submit to evidence; the artists of the Middle Ages, in the east as in the west, faithful in that respect to a most ancient tradition, invariably looked upon sculpture as an art which, by its alliance of high relief with painting, was destined to give a complete illusion of life, without regard for the peculiar beauty of such or such a material. Thus they painted ivory, marble, stone; and bronze itself occasionally did not escape from the general rule. It was a convention which we have some difficulty in accepting since our eyes have been corrupted by the sight of antique work stripped of its primitive colour, and above all by that of Graeco-Roman sculpture, which is the last echo of a dead art. We have grown to love the whiteness of marble, and we have arbitrarily forged an aesthetic principle which the best artists of the most flourishing times of Greek Art would never have approved, under the simple belief that such a principle was theirs. Nowadays the progress of archaeological studies has shaken such a belief; but judicious minds are still to be found which doubt whether the polychromy of ancient and mediaeval sculpture can be approved, and would willingly condemn the Greek artists in the name of those very principles which they formerly looked upon as infallible. Whatever may be thought of these obsolete and stubborn opinions, ivory sculpture in the middle ages was polychromic. If many ivories have lost their traces of colour, a large

The Ivories in the Louvre and Cluny Museums. v

number still preserve them sufficiently to justify the archaeologist in his affirmations on this point.

Few Greek monuments, not even those in the Bibliothèque Nationale, can bear comparison with the Harbaville triptych, which ought certainly to be put before the eyes of all those who suppose "Byzantine" to be synonymous with "stiff" and "cold." I am aware that many works of Greek workmen fully merit this reproach, but one ought to recollect that such works represent rather the industrial fabrication of religious objects in Byzantium than Greek Art. We might as well judge contemporary Art by the second-rate productions of modern manufactories of church ornaments. Many ivories, whatever may be their value as archaeological documents, scarcely rise above the level attained by the products of toy manufactories, and that is the cause of the contemptuous and sweeping judgment thus passed. But on closer inspection we soon see that, in spite of the scarcity of examples, by the side of purely industrial productions, there existed in Constantinople sculptors whose works might rank splendidly among the magnificent luxury of the palace of a Constantine Porphyrogenitus. I may even say such works are more frequent than is generally supposed. The Louvre, to name only one museum, possesses also a leaf of a triptych, representing St. Theodore, which may be considered as a very fine specimen of the Art of the tenth or eleventh century, and as a living testimony to the persistence in Christian Art of some of the traditions of classical Art.

The centre of another triptych—the Christ in

Glory—should also be mentioned. This latter was transformed in the XIIth century by the addition of the symbols of the Evangelists into a binding for the four gospels. These may be considered as the highest examples of the Byzantine art, the last echo of ancient art, from which the west was to borrow so much that was fruitful in results.

The Louvre Museum is relatively rich in ivories of the Carolingian age. To say nothing of a ritual comb—a very rare specimen save those possessed by a few Church treasures in France and Germany—it possesses several carved leaves of ivory, originally belonging to the bindings of manuscripts, representing the Judgment of Solomon, David dictating the Psalms, and, above all, a leaf containing the interview of Abner and Joab (II. Kings ii., 2). These are excellent specimens of an art which appears to have been successfully pursued in all the larger abbeys of Charlemagne's empire. This last above all, admirably delicate in execution, and which affords extremely precious information on the armour of Carolingian soldiers, should be compared with the ivory binding of Charles the Bold's missal, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and with an ivory bas relief in the collection of the Swiss National Museum at Zurich. As in these sculptures one feels the influence the art of the miniaturist has exercised on that of the ivory worker. It is above all the Anglo-Saxon Manuscripts, the Psalm-books, such as the Utrecht Psalms, which have furnished the artists with their models. These encyclopaedias of images of the Christian faith, scattered by the Anglo-Saxon missionaries over the whole Empire, were the models



AN IVORY IN THE LOUVRE.

vi *The Ivories in the Louvre and Cluny Museums.*

used by a crowd of artists. The leaves of Charles the Bold's missal, the leaf in the Zurich Museum, are directly copied from the Utrecht designs, and



BACK OF MIRROR.

it cannot be doubted that the model of the Louvre leaf was an illustrated Anglo-Saxon Bible, which has disappeared, but whose existence is rendered certain by the Louvre bas-relief: it was far superior to those illustrated Bibles of the Middle Ages which have reached us. This influence of the Anglo-Saxon missionaries

and the ordination of an exorcist, show us the transformation of Carolingian Art in Germany under the Othos. The personages are no longer tall and slender; they are short and stumpy; their physiognomy is more stolid, becomes national, so to say, and announces the art known as Romanesque. A very handsome casket allows us to see this characteristic transformation more completely. Some of the scenes represented, such as the Magi before Herod, the Magi adoring the infant Christ, still borrow their iconographical themes from Christian tradition, such as it is known to us from the Sarcophagi; others, such as the Nativity, the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, show profound modification at once from an illustrative point of view, and with regard to the form and proportion of the personages. The drapery which is more elaborate, less simply treated, and also less skilfully thrown, shows a new Art which departs entirely from antique traditions, and keeps, of Carolingian Art proper, only the ornamental borders of leafage round the bas-reliefs.

A work recently acquired by the Louvre shows us that like modifications were taking place in the Italy of the XIth century. This is a bas-relief of two scenes, separated by a column, taken from an altar-piece made up of ivory bas-reliefs, in the possession of the Cathedral of Salerno. This altar, which is no longer complete, is a most interesting witness to the influence exercised



IVORY WRITING STYLE.



CASKET.

by Byzantine art on that of Southern Italy. The iconography—the scenes here are borrowed from Genesis and the story of Christ—is wholly Greek; such also are the general arrangements of each subject taken separately. But if one examines this work more closely, it soon becomes clear that the execution cannot be Byzantine. The sculpture is heavier and clumsier; besides, in certain scenes we find a realistic tendency which cannot but surprise us at such a period. In the bas-relief of the Louvre, which represents the sacrifice of Cain and Abel, the murder of Abel and the cursing of the murderer, we feel the temperament of an artist, unable doubtless to express his thoughts completely, but who opens the way to an emancipation of Italian Art by seeking to free himself from the hieratic formulae imposed by Byzantine Art.

This transposition of a Greek model by an Italian artist is besides analogous in result to the imitations executed by Byzantine artists of oriental models. The translation of a Persian or Syrian original is above all manifest in the ivory horns, the "Oliphants," as they



VIRGIN AND CHILD.

were called in mediaeval French, by a term in which a part stands for the whole. The Louvre possesses two very precious ivory horns: one, covered with ornaments composed of figures of animals inscribed in medallions which form a sort of network, is a work probably from some workshop in Constantinople; the other, of a later date, represents the same traditions of purely oriental decoration transcribed by an ivory carver of the west, perhaps in France during the XIIth century. These copies, these imitations of foreign sculpture, executed in different countries in the XIth and XIIth centuries, at Byzantium in Italy, in Germany, in France, constitute one of the most interesting chapters, not only in the work of the ivory carver but of art in general. Nothing can teach us more clearly the different influences under which Art developed, and which acted most strongly on such and such a country. But, to tell the truth, these works are relatively scarce, and so far no one has thought of grouping them. When this useful operation is accomplished, the Louvre will furnish some curious examples of this mixture of influences; above all

viii *The Ivories in the Louvre and Cluny Museums.*



AN IVORY
MIRROR BACK.

XIV. CENTURY.

one should not omit a figure of St. John the Evangelist, long considered as Byzantine, but which is in reality a German copy executed in the XIIth century from a Greek model.

It must be acknowledged that it is for the Romanesque period that ivories are the rarest in all museums. In the Louvre this period is, most unfortunately, but ill represented; there are only a few backgammon-men, a chess-man—a castle, due to the North of Spain, of extreme rarity—a crucifix belonging to North German art, and three bas-reliefs, which seem to have originally decorated the sides of a portable altar, and which perhaps came from the Abbey of St. Denis—at least the saint who is represented on it, accompanied by his two disciples, Rusticus and Eleutherius, might perhaps indicate this origin. But these bas-reliefs, the architecture of which is very delicate, belong to the extreme end of the Romanesque period; they might have been executed in the middle of the XIIth century, when Abbot Suger was rebuilding in a new style the Church of his Abbey and creating the first great monument of Gothic art.

As monumental sculpture developed in the Middle Ages, the production of carved ivory gradually decreased. We possess fewer ivories of the XIth and XIIth centuries than of the Carolingian period. Stone and marble have, so to say, taken the place of ivory and bone, and the same tendency prevailed throughout the Gothic period. This assertion may appear paradoxical if we consider the number alone of the ivory bas-reliefs belonging to the XIIIth and, above all, the XIVth and XVth centuries, which

are still in existence. But we must recollect one thing; in reality very few of the ivory carvers of the Gothic period executed works of *sculpture*; the greater number are simply by artisans—are industrial products. This is fully proved by the number of repetitions of a single type when once created, the persistency of certain fashions represented with invariable monotony on most ivories, so that during the whole of the XIVth century ivories were executed in France all the figures of which are dressed according to fashions no longer worn after 1340. Such a remark justifies us in affirming that these works must be looked upon as due to artisans, not sculptors who fabricated by hundreds objects of purely industrial art. Whatever may be the charm or interest of these ivories, it would undoubtedly be a mistake to seek in them a complete and superior expression of Gothic art.

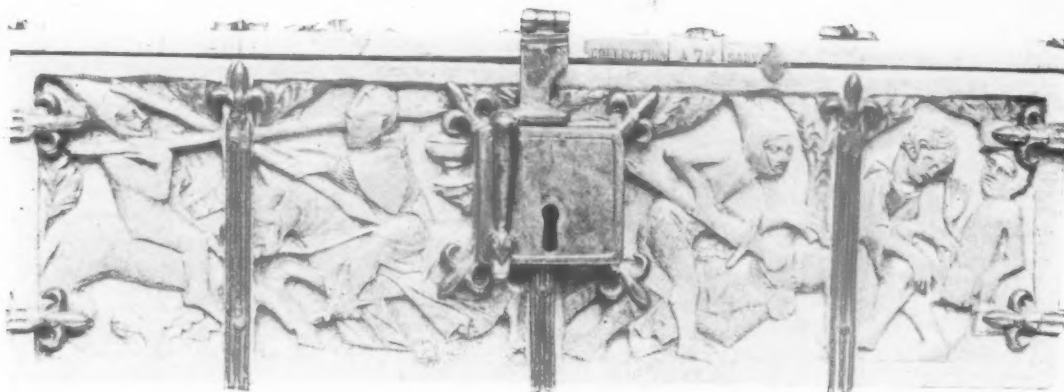
Before speaking of them, it is necessary to make two remarks: firstly, that the greater part of the XIIIth and XIVth century ivories are French or Franco-Flemish, and are representative above all of the art of Northern France; very few belong to the South of France or of Europe; in Italy above all, save for a few very rare exceptions, ivory was never treated as in France. Very few also can be attributed to Germany; a certain number seem to have been carved in England, but they differ from the French ivories less in their style of composition than in the types of the personages which in general present a strongly marked local character. And, secondly, it is in the Gothic period alone—that secular subjects are treated in ivories, and that the carvers are influenced by literary subjects.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



FAMILY GROUP.

THE COLLECTOR: Number Four.



XIV. CENTURY CASKET: FRENCH.

THE IVORIES IN THE LOUVRE AND CLUNY MUSEUMS:

WRITTEN BY EMILE MOLINIER, DIRECTOR OF THE LOUVRE.

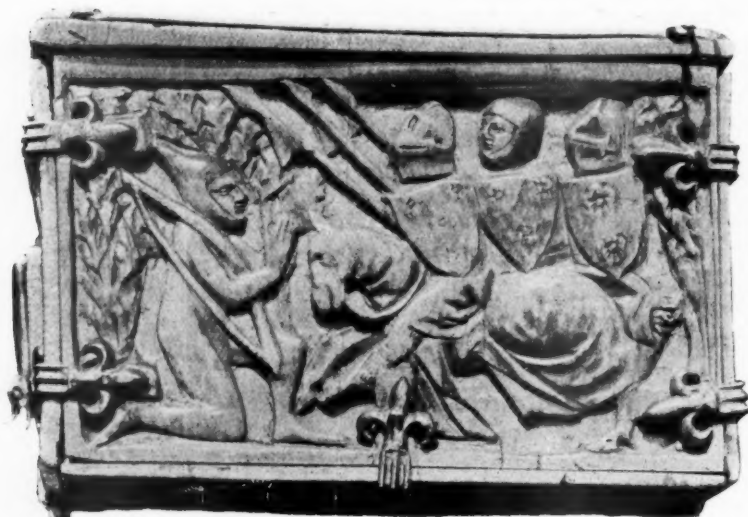
PART THREE.

THE Louvre Museum has been fortunate enough to collect in the last thirty years an absolutely unique series of French ivories of Gothic origin. There may be a more numerous series; one might assuredly be made, though works of this sort become rarer and rarer; but it would certainly not be possible to gather together such a mass of valuable examples. In spite of their small dimensions such works vie with the noblest of monumental sculpture, surpass them in some points by the finish and preciousness of workmanship inseparable from the treatment of ivory. By a lucky chance, not only do we find in these collections unequalled specimens of French art, but also magnificent examples of Italian art, an equivalent to which might vainly be sought for in the museums and churches of Italy.

The *Crowning of the Virgin* is the celebrated group which formerly belonged to the collection of Prince Soltykoff. The story of this group, which has kept the greater part of its painted and gilt ornamentations, is curious. Picked up by an old curio-seller at Chambéry, it was bought for a trifle and offered as a gift to the Louvre, the curators of which refused it. This was in the reign of Louis-Philippe, when no one thought of anything but executing the great artistic idea of the reign, the creation of the grotesque historical museum at Versailles, the clearest result of which was to spend all the resources of the Museum in destroying a

part of the historical château to make room for abominable daubs, or in getting copies of what had been placed in the Galerie d'Angoulême at the Louvre after the dispersion of the Museum of French Monuments. It was the reign of plaster in all its horror, of the most odious taste; and such money as was not swallowed up by these bottomless pits was expended in buying hatchets of savages to form the absurd ethnographical museum which, with the naval museum created by the Restoration, still dishonours the Louvre. It was from preoccupations of this sort that the reign of Louis-Philippe was incapable of adding anything to the riches of the museum; few ivories were catalogued at the time, few of any importance at any rate, unless we count as such an enormous Virgin which had some success at one time, but which has since been recognised as the work of a not very skilful forger. More intelligent and better informed, the curators in 1860 bought at a heavy price the *Crowning of the Virgin* at the Soltykoff sale, or at least the two principal personages, the Christ crowning the Virgin. But the group was incomplete. Two important fragments, two angels, standing, admirably draped, who accompanied it to the right and left, had been acquired by the Town Museum of Chambéry, and it is only recently that, after long and tiresome negotiations, they have in turn been placed in the Louvre. To complete this unique group, which was perhaps a part of the treasure of Charles V.,

ii *The Ivories in the Louvre and Cluny Museums.*



THE MEETING OF SIR PERCEVAL WITH THE THREE KNIGHTS: XIV. CENTURY CASKET: FRENCH.

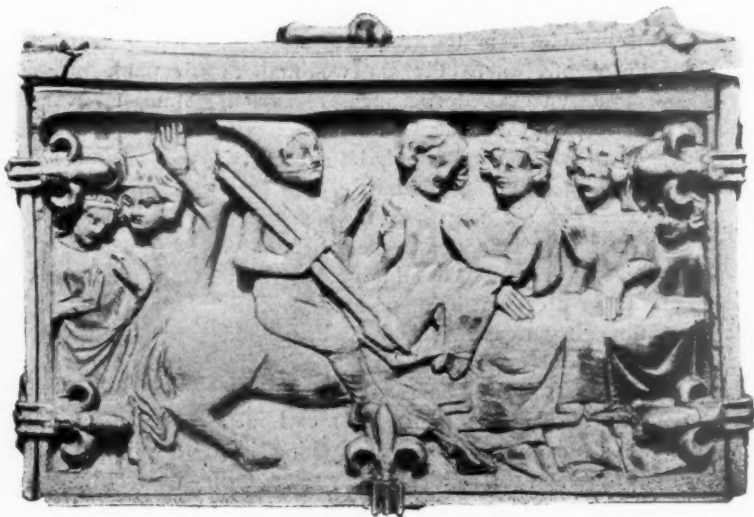
but which dates from the second half of the XIIIth century, a single personage alone is wanting—a kneeling Donor belonging to a Parisian collector who, alas! seems unaware of the intense pleasure he would give all lovers of art if he would consent to part with a work which cost him but little. But collectors are, as a rule, jealous of their prizes, and this one more foolishly than any other.

Such as it is, the *Crowning of the Virgin* is a masterpiece of grace and simplicity. The execution is admirable, and carried to the finest detail; the group would not be out of place on the Tympanum of a great Cathedral. And, what is rarest of all, the polychromy has been preserved almost entire. The flesh is, so to say, enamelled, whilst the garments, lined with azure, are spotted with gilt ornaments. The angels standing on either side of the group, though much mutilated, are still admirable. Their faces, surrounded by long, curly hair, have the smiling and somewhat enigmatic expression we find in early Greek sculpture, and form a strange contrast with the idealised Christ and Virgin. They have preserved almost entire the colour which adorned them, and give us fresh information on the polychromy employed by the sculptors of the middle ages, even on the most precious materials, such as ivory, gold, or silver.

What date may be assigned to this work of Art? It has been supposed that it was executed in the Ile-de-France during the reign of Philip the Bold, who in 1274 married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Brabant. It has even been suggested that the Christ and Virgin represent Philip and Mary, and it was consequently thought that Mary was related to the family of Bar, for bars are drawn across the Virgin's robe. But this relationship has not yet been proved. The fish also which are engraved on the Virgin's dress have so far received no explanation. But it matters little if the royal origin of this work is still doubtful; the date is sufficiently indicated by the

style. It was clearly executed between 1275 and 1280.

If the "*Crowning of the Virgin*" is a remarkable document in the history of French plastic art in the thirteenth century towards its decline, the "*Descent from the Cross*" is far more important as a specimen of expressive Art. This work, in full relief, recently acquired by the Louvre, is of Italian origin, but certainly of French workmanship. This group, one may fairly say, without being accused of pleading *pro domo piâ*, is the very pearl of known mediaeval ivories. Originally it was composed of at least six figures: in the centre, Joseph of Arimathea, bearing on his shoulders the Christ, whose right hand the Virgin kisses: on the other side,



THE ARRIVAL OF SIR PERCEVAL AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR: XIV. CENTURY CASKET: FRENCH.



CROWNING OF THE VIRGIN:
XIII. CENTURY WORK.

iv *The Ivories in the Louvre and Cluny Museums.*



BACK OF MIRROR IN CLUNY
MUSEUM: XIII. CENTURY.

St. John in tears; at either end two women, symbolising the Old and New dispensations, the Church and Synagogue. Of this majestic group, four figures alone subsist, and how mutilated! But one forgets the mutilations before this incomparable group, as before certain Greek sculptures. The movement of Joseph beneath his burden, the tender grace of the mother of the Saviour bending to kiss her son's hand, which she scarcely dares to touch, for one of her hands by a pathetic delicacy of feeling remains beneath her cloak, all these details are found in germ in the Byzantine formula of the descent from the cross as interpreted in the Romanesque period by German artists. But the stiffness of Byzantine workmanship, the coarseness of the German, is here replaced by an extraordinary nobility of feeling, a sense of grandeur only found in French Mediaeval sculpture. If we pass from the study of the expression to the anatomy, movement, and disposition of drapery, we find the same superiority, the same perfect understanding of harmony of line. From whatever point of view we may examine it, the group resists the severest criticism. It may unhesitatingly be compared with the sculptures of Chartres, Rheims, or Amiens. It is the highest

expression of Art in a period great among the greatest. I imagine that this group, behind which probably stood a cross of considerable size, was sheltered by an architectural arrangement whose form is indicated by the size and lofty stature given to the central personages. A large arcade enclosed the Virgin and Christ, Joseph and St. John: two smaller arcades the Church and Synagogue; the arrangement is one that the study of monumental sculpture of the Gothic period, and above all, the figures sculptured in the tympana of the great porches, enables us to easily reconstitute. But of what importance is archæological reconstitution when one has to do with such a masterpiece? It has its interests no doubt, but adds nothing to the admiration we feel before such exquisite beauty.

Certainly of later date than this group, which represents the art of Northern France at the end of the thirteenth century, is the Virgin known as the Soltykoff Virgin, but which might more accurately be called the Ste. Chapelle Virgin, since it comes from the celebrated church founded by St. Louis. Until the Revolution it formed part of the treasure of the chapel. It is a work of the first quarter of the fourteenth century. It was bought by Alexandre Lenoir for 500 francs, and sold by him to Prince Soltykoff, at whose death in 1861 it was acquired by the Louvre. This Virgin is in admirable conservation; its enamelled silver pedestal, borne by



BACK OF MIRROR IN CLUNY
MUSEUM: XIII. CENTURY.



THE TRIUMPH OF FAME: NORTH ITALIAN;
END OF THE XV. CENTURY.

lions in full relief has, however, suffered from time. Unlike the Virgin of the Coronation and of the Descent, the Virgin of the Ste. Chapelle is a noble lady of the fourteenth century, adorably pretty, beautifully draped, quite aware she is pretty, and that it becomes her to draw her mantle in seemly folds as she bears her child; that it also becomes her, and enhances her grace, to walk slowly with a slight undulation of the hips—in one word, to verge on the mannerism which, in some fourteenth century figures is excessive. It is, therefore, a figure of an Art somewhat too affected, too elegant, and too dexterous for those who esteem above all the grand simplicity of lines characteristic of thirteenth century figures. But, nevertheless, this charming Virgin is still the very queen of ivory fourteenth century Virgins, affected, doubtless, but just so far as still to be delightful.

A very pretty ivory harp, ornamented with stylised lilies and realistic lilies, gives rise, on account of the initials of the possessor, A. Y., which are several times repeated, to an insoluble problem. The story of this specimen, which the Louvre owes to the generosity of a lady whose devotion to the museum is almost religious in its fervour, the Marquise Arconati-Visconti, is somewhat singular. It was formerly in a large English collection. The owner gave it to a friend, and finally the precious harp found its way into a very inferior sale at the Hôtel Drouot a few years ago. The presence of such a jewel among a crowd of worthless objects might well astonish those who are ignorant of the organisation of public sales. The harp was sold as modern, and in bone, for a ridiculously small sum. And such is the foolishness of some critics, at once ignorant and obstinate, that for a considerable time they persisted in



PANEL IN CLUNY MUSEUM:
XIV. CENTURY.

vi *The Ivories in the Louvre and Cluny Museums.*



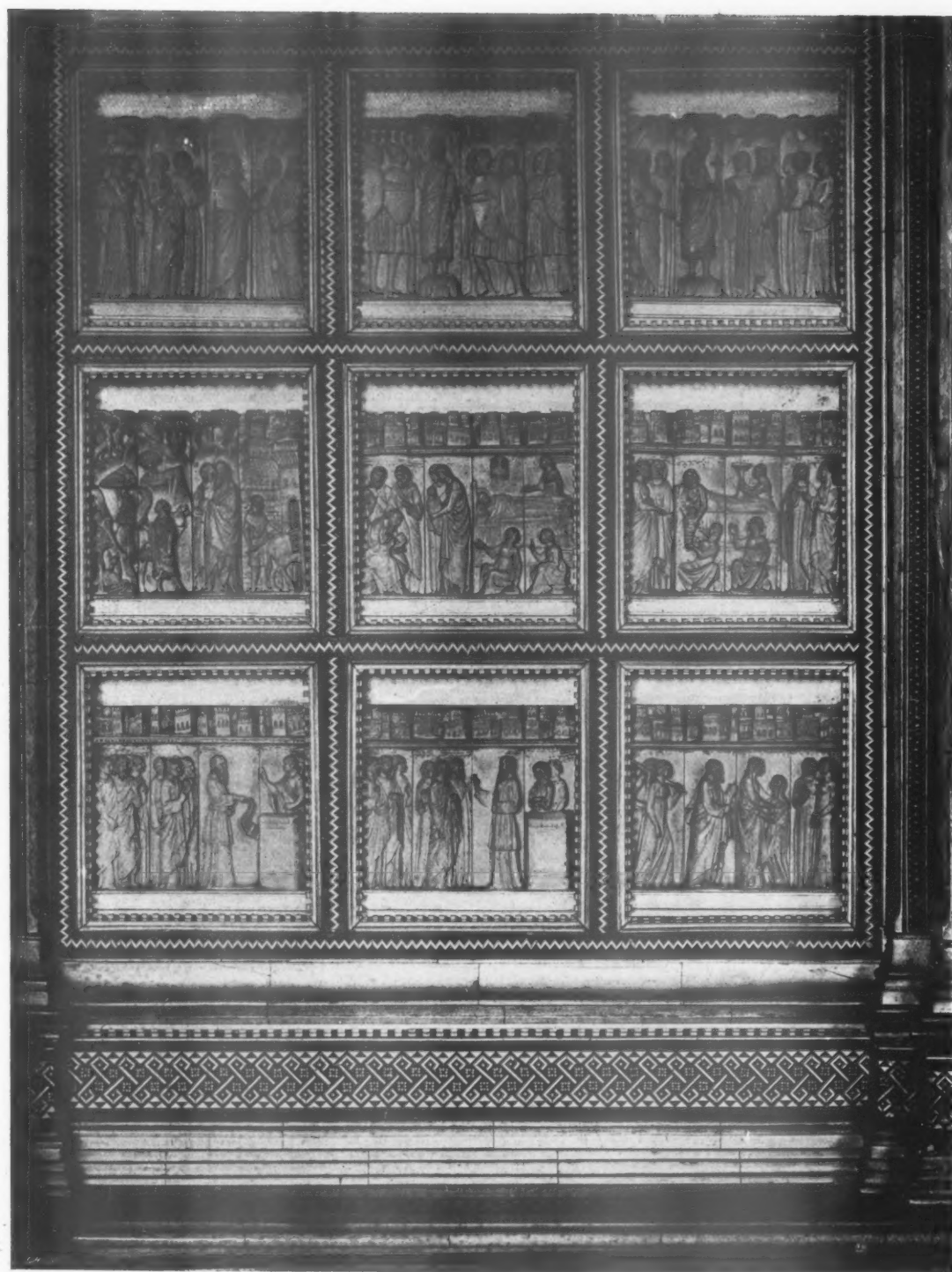
FUNERAL GENIUS: FLEMISH;
XVII. CENTURY.

declaring spurious a most admirable work of art, unique indeed, but still offering all the marks of absolute authenticity. Better still, a few second-rate musicians, whose pretention it is to pass for authorities on ancient musical instruments, went so far as to affirm that no fourteenth century harps could possess twenty-five strings like the one in the Louvre, though a celebrated fourteenth century writer, Guillaume de Machault composed a poem on the twenty-five strings of the harp. If I mention this story it is simply to show how imperfectly archaeology and the history of art have penetrated into the ranks even of those who profess to love Art and to collect specimens. Great nonsense has also been written on another work of art which, from the Spitzer sale passed into the Louvre, the ivory saddle of the beginning of the fourteenth century. It belonged to the Possenti de Fabriano collection, then to a

well-known Parisian collector, who exchanged it through ignorance of its value for a few second-rate eighteenth century pieces of furniture. This ivory was the ornament of some knight's saddle-bow. Two knights are carved in turnery, and the arms sculptured on their shields show that one of the personages is a prince of Aragon and Sicily. The same arms are to be read on the edges, and it has been inferred that this ivory was carved for Frederick, son to Peter of Aragon, who was elected King of Sicily in 1296, after the abdication of his brother James, and died in 1337. This is the period marked by the armour of the knights; it shows the transition between the coat of mail and plate armour used to protect the arms and legs. This saddle was probably carved in the south of Italy or in Sicily, in a country where ancient traditions of decorative treatment were still preserved. The *entrelacs* which run round the saddle recall certain decorative motives of the Romanesque period. In any case, if to this magnificent fragment we add another piece of a saddle also of Italian workmanship and of the thirteenth century, on which we find a sort of battle of the Amazons, and a large altar

piece of the end of the fourteenth century which comes from Poissy, we shall see that Italian ivory work is represented in the Louvre by choice specimens of the art.

This Poissy altarpiece was probably frequently repeated in Italy towards the decline of the fourteenth century and beginning of the fifteenth; but at present only one more is known of such importance—that of the Certosa at Pavia, the work of Niccolo degli Ubbriacchi. It was offered by John, Duke of Berry, son of Charles V., to his grand-niece, Mary of France, a nun at Poissy. Its size is considerable. It is divided by architectural divisions into three great sections, whose numerous partitions give us the history of St. John Baptist, of St. John the Evangelist, and of Christ. To right and left are kneeling figures of John, Duke of Berry, and his second wife, Joan of Boulogne. It



FRAGMENT OF ALTAR PIECE:
ITALY: XIII. OR XIV. CENTURY.



PANEL IN CLUNY MUSEUM:
XIV. CENTURY.

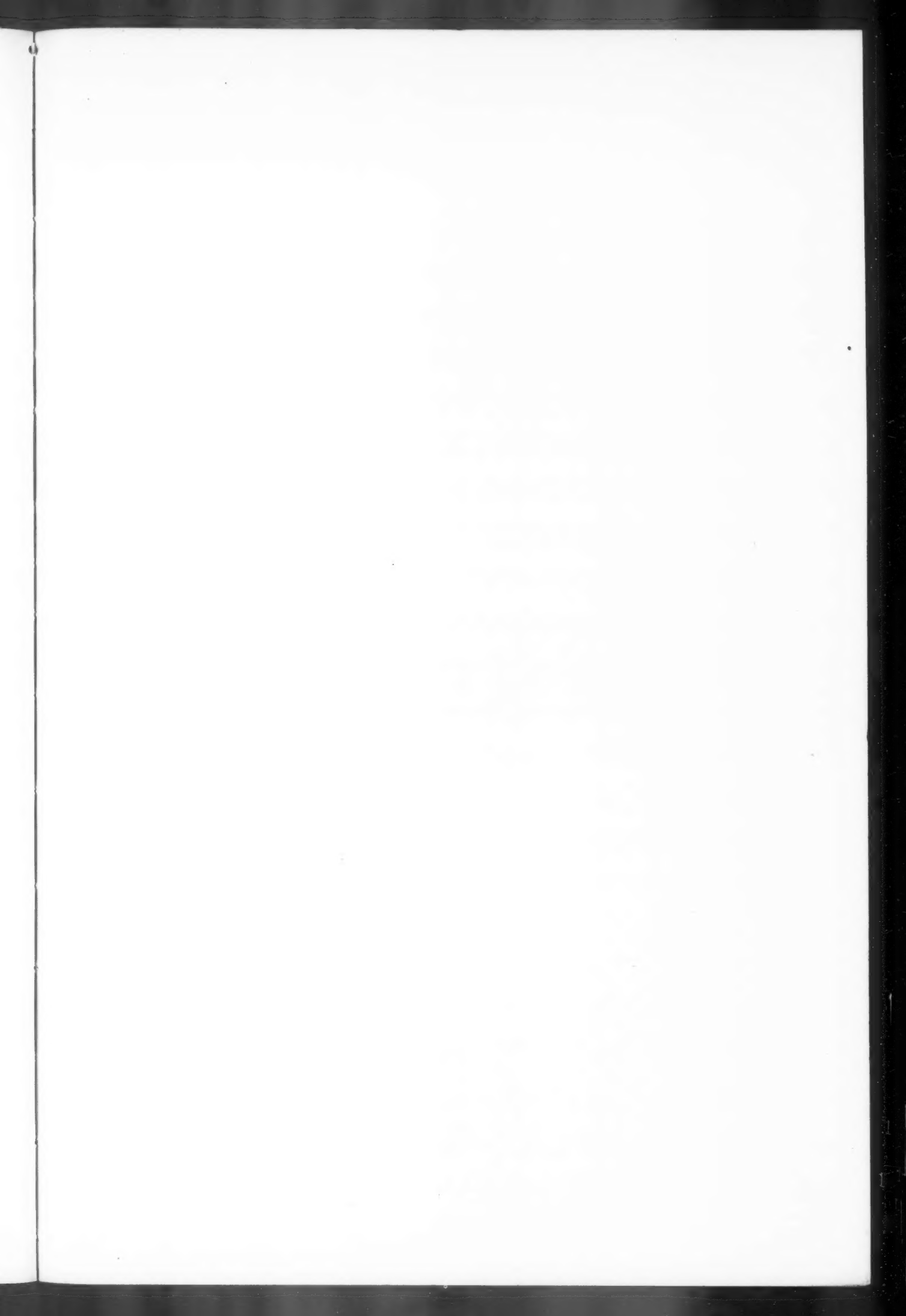
is entirely executed in bone, not ivory, like most Italian works, and is wholly covered in the architectural parts, which are somewhat complicated in line and ornament, by inlaid work of woods of many colours, in extremely graceful geometrical designs. This combination of inlaid work and bone was frequent in the fourteenth and fifteenth century in Italy. Many caskets—marriage gifts, doubtless—retrace either legends of antiquity, such as the Conquest of the Golden Fleece, the story of Paris, or mediaeval tales such as the story of Patient Gris-el, and are frequently found in the collections of the Louvre, Cluny, or other museums. But the great triptych of the abbey of Poissy is one of the most important specimens of this art, and shows that the Duke of Berry, a great collector of curiosities, like the Dukes of Burgundy, was fond of Italian Art.

The caskets just spoken of have their fellows, both numerous and interesting, in fourteenth century French Art. Some—and they are the least

interesting—represent the same religious subjects as one finds on the dyptychs and triptychs—the death or Assumption of the Virgin, from the text of the Golden Legend, scenes from the New Testament, and, above all, the Passion. Others, in large numbers, constitute, in a certain degree, one of the oldest examples of illustrations of scenes popular in the literature of the Middle Ages. Of this sort the Louvre possesses two most interesting specimens: one gives us with extreme detail the complete illustrations of a poem of the thirteenth century whose celebrity was immense, and a last echo of which is to be found in the plays of the eighteenth century—"La Chastelaine de Vergi." In eighteen sketches the sculptor has faithfully represented the principal scenes of this charming poem, any translation of which can only destroy its charm and delicacy: this be said in passing for all who might be tempted to give in modern speech a transcription of the play illustrated by reproductions of the ivories. The tales of the Round Table have also furnished numerous subjects to the carvers. On one of the caskets in the Louvre is represented the opening of the romance of Sir Perceval. We successively see the departure of the hero, his arrival at the Court of King Arthur, his struggles with the knight in Scarlet Mail. A few subjects borrowed from literary works also appear on the lids of mirror boxes. The best known and commonest of these show us, under a tent, Huon of Bordeaux and the daughter of the Saracen Admiral Yvareus playing at chess, while different personages anxiously watch the game, the stake of which is Huon's head. The Louvre possesses an unique exemplar of this theme, which, to reassure the sensitive, ends well for Huon, since he is victorious over the young lady who, so far, had met no rival. She has to submit to the victor, but Huon is too good a Christian and knight to marry a pagan, and is satisfied with stripping the astonished but unprotesting Admiral of his wealth.

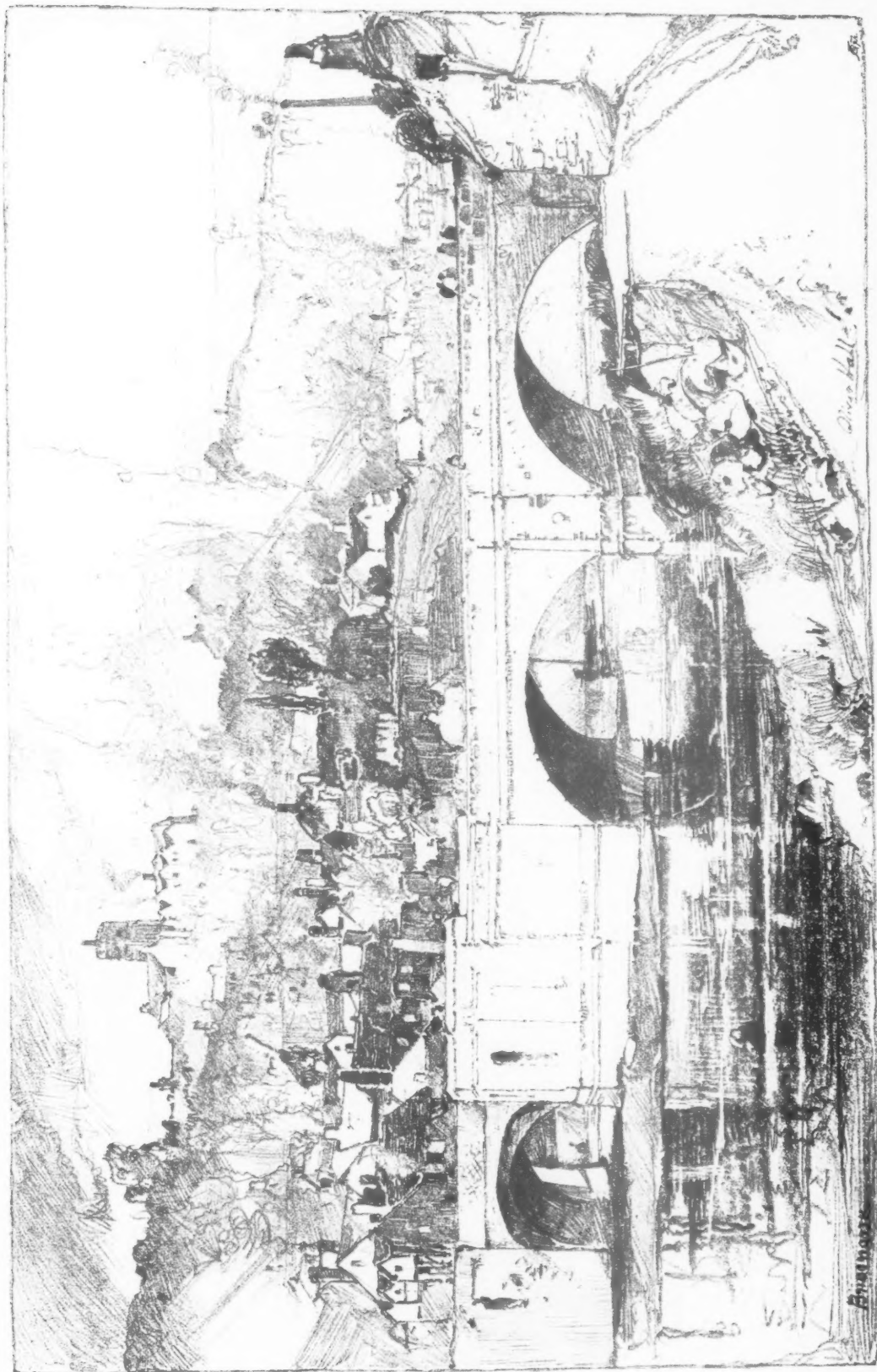
The Middle Ages have left us a number of small writing tablets, whose wax-covered leaves were fixed on hinges, and protected on the outside by two thicker leaves adorned with bas-reliefs: a whole set is rarely met with, and former archaeologists generally kept only the bas-relief, without attaching the same importance as nowadays to the whole. The Louvre, by a lucky chance, besides many such bas-reliefs, possesses a complete set, enriched with two of the most popular subjects, the Spring of Jouvence, or Eternal Youth, and the Castle of Love. The sculptures are, in truth, somewhat coarsely executed, and it is clear such works cannot be ranked with those which honour French fourteenth century art. Yet they merit notice on account of their scarcity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





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